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"THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE"

JANUARY, 1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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MY COUNTRY.

MY COUNTRY is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life currents mount
And mantle brows like snow,
Or red, or yellow, brown, or black
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town or state;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And whereso'er men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream,
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human kind,
My platform, brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind,
Who work for human good
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time,
But spite of ignorance and hate,
Known and exalted soon or late.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 JANUARY, 1908 NUMBER 1

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, LAMONI, IOWA.

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1910

IN THE BEGINNING.

The Herald Office as first erected in Lamoni, in 1881, builded of brick burned in Lamoni during the summer of that year. The first number of the *Herald* to issue from the new building was dated November 1, 1881. The *Herald* set up in business in Plano, Illinois, in 1863, with an editor and one compositor, and an office eighteen by twenty feet in size, and with three hundred subscribers. The new office in Lamoni seemed palatial, and was occupied by the editor, bookkeeper, foreman, and five compositors.

THE ENLARGED "HERALD" OFFICE.

During 1891 and 1892 a wing was added on the west, consisting of two stories and basement, almost doubling the capacity of the building.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

The Herald Office was destroyed by fire on the morning of January 5, 1907. Before the day was done steps were taken looking toward rebuilding. At a citizens' meeting in Lamoni, the Sunday following, over seventeen thousand dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding.

ERECTING THE NEW BUILDING.

The work of rebuilding on the old site began during the last week in May, considerable work in excavating and clearing away debris having been done prior to that date.

THE NEW OFFICE COMPLETED.

The basement under the entire building gives the new office practically three complete stories. The top story is occupied by the editors and proof-readers, the church library, and offices of general church officers. The ground floor is occupied by the manager's office, the composing-room, mailing-room, bindery, etc. The basement is occupied by the press-room, repair shops, and storerooms. The power, heating, and lighting plant is in a fine building not shown in the cut. The new building is practically fire proof throughout, being built of brick, lathed with steel, and floored with mosaic tile, and for the further protection of valuable documents or other articles, a large fire-proof vault is found on each floor. Linotypes, presses, engines, sanitary arrangements, lighting arrangements, and all other appurtenances to the new building are entirely up to date. The manager moved into the new building November 5, just ten months from the date when he moved out hastily at the cry of fire. This is good time, considering that several months were lost waiting for General Conference to decide where the new building should be located.

HOLLY AND BITTERSWEET.

BY DOLLIE RODGER OLSEN.

The day is done. The peaceful night
  Is welcome, for it brings repose;
The calm oblivion is sweet,
  And Christmas time is at its close.

I never see a holly branch
  Where dark green leaves and berries meet,
But fancy pictures to my mind
  Bright clusters of the bittersweet.

Ah yes! methinks that scarce there be,
  In cottage low, or mansion fair,
In quiet, restful country home,
  In village, town, or city's glare,

Where merry laughter fills the place,
  And happy voices echo round;
But deep, down deep within *some* hearts
  A subtle sadness reigns profound.

For thoughts of other years will come,
  And though the day be very dear;
Their memory is sure to cast
  A shadow o'er the Christmas cheer.

Sweet gifts of friendship oft we bring,
  And words of peace we oft repeat
In tones of pleasure, mirth, or pain,
  For Christmas joys are bitter-sweet.

It is not always death that causes
  The tears unbidden quick to start;
For other sorrows keen, severe,
  Can chill the once glad, merry heart.

Perhaps 'tis best that at this time
  Some mem'ries from the past we borrow,—
Christ was a man well known to grief,
  And thus he was a man of sorrow.

If we would follow in his steps,
  Our lives would oft be filled with gloom;
For him earth held but little joy,
  E'en from the cradle to the tomb.

So when I see the holly bright
  That sometimes decks the Christmas treat,
In fancy nestling close I see
  The berries of the bittersweet—
        Of bitter, bittersweet.

HOW NIAGARA CAME TO BE.

BY CHARLOTTE PEARSON.

I AM STANDING in the shadow of magnificent, mighty Niagara,—I say in its shadow, for indeed it seems to cast a shadow of awe and of sadness indescribable. It does not seem to me to speak of love and peace, but of ruin, death, and destruction, and of power immeasurable.

Courtesy of the *Chautauquan.*

"I am standing in the shadow of mighty Niagara. I say in its shadow, for indeed it seems to cast a shadow of awe and sadness indescribable."

How often it is that something we see, hear, or touch brings to our consciousness something we can not account for. Emotions will arise in us and almost overpower us at times when we gaze at some beautiful picture. There will come a responsive thrill that will bring us the most beauteous thoughts to lift our souls above the sordid things of earth. Sometimes a revelation of some grand truth will suddenly enlighten our minds when some particular scene or landscape opens to our view. Sometimes it is only a beautifully worded sentence we hear spoken, or perhaps only just the way a shadow falls. It not only brings a remembrance of the past but it often brings a sweet promise of things to be. But when I stood watching those foaming, turbulent waters, I did not seem to hear anything pleasant of the past, but much that was pleasant of the future. I heard some one say near me: "How long do you think those waters have been falling over there? How long since this deep chasm was rent for them to flow through? Don't you suppose it has only been since the Christ, the Savior, was crucified?"

I closed my eyes as a vision seemed to float before them, and that far away time, nearly two thousand years ago, came back to me, and I seemed to know some of those living then, and I could feel with them and for them in their fears and their griefs and their joys.

. . . . . .

The water was flowing peacefully past rich, green meadows. A gently undulating prairie stretched away on the other side. Not many trees were there. The great trackless forests that the early settlers cleared away were not even sprouted. As I looked I saw two walking on the bank; brother and sister, they seemed to be—the same dark eyes that could flash love or anger, according to the mood of their owners—the same nobly formed heads and lithe, supple forms, they seemed a pair ordained of God to do and dare great things. God's crown of ordination rests upon all of us in greater or less degree, but upon those two it rested in no ordinary way.

The boy was seemingly in deep thought as they walked along close by the water's edge. Ever and anon he swished the water at his feet with a willow switch he held in his hand. At last he spoke: "Naomi," he said, "I saw a strange thing last night; I saw instead of this smoothly flowing river that we could step out into, a deep, deep chasm, through which the water was roaring most frightfully, while away over there," pointing with his stick, "I saw it falling over a precipice. It was the grandest sight I ever beheld, but awful in its beauty. As I gazed, spellbound, I heard a penetrating voice that seemed to come from no one place, but yet filled all things. It said, 'This shall be when the Christ dies.' It was repeated three times, and then I heard no more. Can it be true? How could the Christ die when he surely shall possess all power? Naomi, how long is it since he was born? Do you know just the time?"

"Why, brother," she answered, "it is just about thirty-three

years. You know that the most of us reckon the time now from that wonderful miracle of having a night in which there was no darkness."

"Why, surely, how stupid of me to forget that was the time. I have been so much with my Uncle Laban that I have forgotten many sacred things, and methinks he labored hard to make me forget. He is ever departing from the faith and going into strange paths."

"Well, brother," said Naomi, "there was no necessity for you to follow him, was there?"

"No, Naomi," he answered, "neither did I follow him, but you know constant intercourse with any one whom one loves and respects will naturally cause one to take up with his ideas. I believe our uncle is honest, however, and really thinks he is right, but I now see since I have returned home that he is much mistaken, and to-day, as never before, there comes to me a consciousness of a supreme power and knowledge, of something infinitely greater and better than our puny selves. Also I feel a power or warning in the air about us, a premonition of impending disaster, of judgment for sin, the earth mourning because of the transgression of her children. You know, sister, there was also a prophecy of terrible things to happen when the Savior should die, but I have always felt to reject it because I could not see the necessity for his death, and it really seemed impossible to me that the God of heaven and earth would allow death to conquer him."

"Yes, brother, but I have always looked upon that as a fight with death. It will seemingly conquer him, but in reality it will be completely conquered itself, for the same prophecy says that after the three days of darkness and destruction that he will again receive life in his body and will arise from the dead. Is it not an evidence of far greater power to restore life to a dead body than it would be to keep life in a living one?"

"Naomi," he answered, "I believe you are right. I feel the witness of the Spirit while you are telling me. It shall surely be, and soon, too; and may the great Father protect us through it all, for I desire to live to tell his truth to others. But listen, Naomi, what is that? It must be thunder. Look at that great black cloud gathering in the west. We must hasten home."

They turned, and hand in hand ran back along the path by which they had come. Blacker and more terrible looking the cloud became every moment. It seemed a huge bank of inky blackness stretching from north to south as far as they could see. Lurid flashes of red, forked lightning lit it up every moment into awful grandeur. A deadly calm was upon everything. The birds forgot to sing, the very murmur of the river was hushed. It was as if all nature held its breath in fear of—it knew not what.

"Oh, brother," Naomi panted, "I am afraid. I never was afraid of a storm before. I can feel the earth tremble beneath my feet. This seems to be something more than a storm."

"Aye, sister," he said, "I, too, believe this to be something more than a storm; but hasten, we must get home."

Suddenly they both paused to listen as a voice broke upon their ears.

"Oh, what did that voice say?" Naomi cried, fearfully, "I could not make out all the words."

"It said," he answered, "that we were to make haste home and get our father and mother and go to that large cave in the mountain back of the house and to fear not, for the angels had charge concerning us."

They fairly flew over the ground and reached home just as the storm was about to break upon them.

"Father, mother," they cried, "hasten! hasten! we must get away from here at once and go to the cave. Terrible things are about to come to pass."

There was no time for explanations, but father and mother both seemed immediately impressed by the truth of their children's words, and hastily gathered together some things they thought they might need, while the brother and sister busied themselves storing some provisions in a box.

"Why do you do that?" Reuben, the father asked. "We shall doubtless be home for the evening meal."

"Nay, father, we shall not," his son answered, "nor for to-morrow either. Let us take all that we can."

In an incredibly short time they were ready and on their way to the cave. Just as they reached the entrance the storm burst upon them in all its fury.

It was well they reached it so soon, for it was growing dark, and with the darkness and the blinding sheets of rain it would have been difficult to find it. At length they were safe and they sank down on the ground trembling with fear, but thankful that they were safe.

It was strange that in this hour of fear and trouble Naomi clung to her brother rather than to her father and mother: her mother noticing, asked her the reason.

"Because," she answered, "he is not afraid at all. He knows the reason of this storm and how it will end, and he keeps me from being afraid. Oh, brother, tell father and mother the vision you had last night about the river."

The boy began and related all that he had told Naomi.

"Aye, aye, son," his father said, when he had finished, "the Lord hath truly shown thee and I am glad with a great thankfulness that thou hast found favor in his sight. I know you have wondered how it could be that the Redeemer of men could die. The prophets have spoken of it and it is strongly borne in upon my mind that this is the very storm and darkness that Samuel the Lamanite prophesied of when he foretold that there should be great earthquakes, insomuch that valleys would be in the place of mountains and mountains in the place of valleys. We have left kindred and friends and come to this far north land that we can the better serve God. We need fear nothing for ourselves,

but I greatly fear for those we have left behind, for some of them were becoming very wicked."

They all knelt on the rocky floor of the cavern and poured out their souls in fervent supplication to God that through all the terrible hours to come he would be with them and would suffer no harm to come to them, and that he would also lead others to come to them out of the storm. As they rose from their knees strengthened and comforted, confident of the Father's loving care, they thought they heard voices of weeping and wailing.

"Listen! listen!" cried Naomi, "surely that is our uncle Laban's voice calling."

They all listened intently, straining their ears, for it was difficult to hear anything above the roar of the storm. It seemed as if there were noises not usual in an ordinary tempest, as if Nature herself were sobbing, mourning over the loss of her Master Architect.

Soon they were able to hear plainly several voices coming nearer, and now they were able to distinguish the answer to the call they sent out into the darkness.

"Come," shouted Reuben, "come this way, we are all here in the cave. Come and you will be safe."

At length, after much stumbling and falling, they reached the rocky retreat, as the darkness had not yet become so dense but that they could dimly see obstructions in their way.

It was indeed Reuben's brother Laban and his family who were there with them, safe and well.

"Brother," eagerly questioned Reuben, "how is it that you are here at all? I thought you were many days' journey away."

"I have much to tell, Reuben," he answered, "but first I must tell you that the Lord sent us, and now I will tell you how. You must know that after the departure of this dear son of yours I began to sorrow for the loss of him. I have no son of my own, and I beg that you will allow me to share him with you," he said, as he laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder. "Nothing went right, or so it seemed to me—I even fancied the flocks and the herds missed him too, and I truly think they did, for they plainly showed that they loved him when he was with them, and no wonder, for I believe he loved every one of them, and I even think he loved his contrary old uncle, too."

"Oh, uncle," the boy broke in, "you were always most kind and loving to me! I never thought you contrary, except perhaps you could not indorse all the scripture, but I always thought you honest in it."

"I was, indeed, my son," said Laban, "but you will not find me contrary and slow to believe any more. Shortly after you left, I was out on the hills one evening with the flocks, helping the shepherds to fold some sheep that were getting wild, and I was wishing for you more than ever before. I had gone some distance away from the others, and as I was weary I sat down to rest behind some bushes. Suddenly a light shone round about me and a form appeared in the midst of it. He was of exceeding beauty and his

raiment was of exceeding whiteness and of a shining texture. I greatly feared, as you may suppose, and fell to the ground. I felt his hand upon my head and heard him say, "Arise, fear not, and listen to the great thing I have to tell thee." I arose and stood upon my feet, but durst not look upon his face. I felt too unworthy, and felt it still more as he began to tell me of my unbelief in the prophets. He told me moreover of my rejection of the prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite, and told me it was shortly to be fulfilled. He told me to make haste and sell my flocks and herds and to follow you into this far north land, and there I should prosper and be safe when the great destruction came. He told me many other things and also told me how to find you when we arrived here. When he went away he laid his hands upon my head and blessed me and told me he knew I would be obedient. I immediately began, the next day, to sell all my possessions and was ready to come in a short time. I felt a guiding hand in all our journeying, and surely I can never doubt again."

They were all overjoyed at the great things Laban had told them, so much so that they had not noticed that the storm had greatly increased in violence, and mingling with its noise came another and more fearful sound. The earth began to tremble and rock like a drunken man. A dull, sullen roar seemed to fill all the air and to swallow up all the other sounds because of its own greatness. Sudden loud reports that we would liken in our day to great cannon reports, came often, and then would ensue a trembling of the earth as if it were in mortal fear. Laban's wife and two daughters were so terrified that they ran to the back of the cave when the first tremor of the earth was felt, and also the darkness terrified them. Reuben and Yillah tried to comfort them, assuring them that all would be well and not the slightest harm should come to them. After a while they became as calm as the rest were.

While they were still talking and comforting them, there came a sound from the north as if the earth were rending in twain, as if some giant power was plowing a way through solid rock, as indeed it was. The noise was terrific. I doubt if there has ever been anything in the history of the world at all like it, so tremendous was the thundering and splitting sound of it. Every face turned white, except that of Reuben's son. He stood at the mouth of the cave, eagerly peering out. They could see his face by the incessant lightning flashes, but no dread of what was happening showed in his countenance. Serene and placid he stood there, and why should he not when he knew that an omnipotent Creator and Father was controlling all those warring forces.

Then came another sound, that of rushing water falling, falling from a great height, and then rushing, tumbling madly on as if striving to get away.

Naomi stole to her brother's side and, slipping her hand in his, whispered, "Are you not afraid? I am, very much, sometimes, and then when I can see your face I feel better. I do wish there had been no need for this storm, I am sure it is causing fearful destruction."

"Sister," he replied, "is it any wonder that the earth should show sorrow at the death of its Creator, when man, his choicest creation, manifests so little? But listen, do you not hear the water falling somewhere over there? That is just like I heard it

Courtesy the *Chautauquan.*

"Down over the precipice the water fell, making a scene of unrivaled grandeur. It was rushing and roaring just as it does to-day."

in my vision, and I know exactly what I shall see when it becomes light again."

Darker and darker it grew, until when they would eat after the

storm had somewhat subsided they had to grope their way to where their food was. Sleep was out of the question, so they sat and talked for many hours. The earth did not tremble so much, but, as Yillah said, they could almost feel the darkness, it was so dense. After some time Naomi said, "Why should we not have a light? there are many resinous sticks in here somewhere that I gathered some time ago. Let us light some of them."

She found them in a short time, but when they tried to light them in the usual way they found they could not do so.

"Sister," her brother said, "There is no use for you to try to have a light. The prophecy expressly says that there shall be no light upon all the face of this land for the space of three days.

So they sat together through the long hours of darkness, without even a glimmer of light. They sang and prayed and talked, although it grew so dark that they could feel it like a misty vapor around them, oppressive in its density. After a while they could sleep, when the world grew somewhat less troubled and was still again. But there was one sound that never ceased, neither did it grow louder nor weaker; it was the continual sound of falling water. It disturbed them at first, but they gradually grew used to it.

They had been sleeping at one time for a long period, how long they had no means of knowing, when suddenly they all seemed to waken at once. They felt a presence, a something around them, not a fearful presence, but a loving, protecting influence.

Soon they heard a voice, a voice which told them many things. It was Jesus Christ who was speaking. They all fell upon their knees as soon as they heard it and remained there all the time until the voice ceased speaking. Unspeakable awe was upon all of them. Adoration and love swelled their hearts almost to bursting, and it was long after they heard the voice the second time before they could feel like doing anything but talk of the wonderful things that had been told them.

At last they again slept, and when they awoke they found that it was growing light again and presently it grew so light that they could easily see each other. It was not long ere the sun arose in all his glory, and the darkness with all its attendant horrors was at last ended. How thankful they were to see the light again and to feel the warmth of the sun upon them. But what a scene of desolation they now looked upon. The whole face of the land was changed. Where there had been valleys there were now hills, and where there had been hills there were now valleys. Their house was completely gone, and they now saw the wisdom of the command to go to the cave.

But who shall describe their amazement when they looked towards the river? Where had it gone? They could hear the water rushing and roaring, but where was it?

Naomi and Nephi led the way over broken rocks and debris of all kinds and at length reached the bank, but where had the river gone? Down, far below them they found it, deeply sunken in its rocky bed, with granite sides for protection. Just as we see it

to-day, they saw it rushing and roaring that morning, only there were no green trees and mosses and shrubbery to enhance its beauty. A grander sight awaited them. As they went on, the sound of falling water grew more and more distinct, and as they made a sudden turn they saw what had caused it.

Down over the precipice the water fell, making a scene of unrivaled grandeur. The mists were rising from it just as they have been doing ever since.

Again they fell upon their knees and Nephi's voice rose in mighty prayer and thanksgiving to God for his loving care and miraculous protection over them, for his thoughtfulness for them, his unworthy children, when his own son was suffering death and disgrace. It showed the All-father love to care for them as well as to care for his own child, the Christ.

. . . . . .

Thus it was that Niagara the Beautiful came to be. It has gladdened all lovers of beauty who have gazed upon it ever since, and we hope will ever continue to do so. It was like the Master in its resurrection. He awoke to greater beauty and greater power. So it was with the river. It also awoke to greater beauty and greater power; may it be so with us when we awake on the resurrection morn, when all things shall be finished.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART 3.

EXPERIENCE: OF AN "APOSTATE:" LEAVING UTAH; THE DESTROYING ANGELS.

WE FINALLY arrived at Carson Valley, and there I left the train. In those days going to California was "Going to hell," but I felt under no obligations to go back to Utah with Bill Smith, for he had refused to pay me my wages, although I had done my full duty, and now I was going to California, hell or no hell. In fact I had intended it all the time. This was a scheme to get out of Utah. I came to a little station called Guroah, in the Carson Valley, and hired to work for a man by the name of Thornton, who was known as "Lucky Bill," whom I found to be a hard case, as the common phrase is. (This Lucky Bill and a man by the name of Gray were soon after this hung near where Carson City, Nevada, is now located.) I left Mr. Thornton and hired to burn a coal pit for a man by the name of Warren Smith, whom I knew in Nauvoo, and after I got through with the coal pit I started for California over the "Big Tree," across the Sierra Nevadas, a road that had just been laid out or blazed out, but had not been traveled, except by a few pack teams, and there were no settlers on the road until we got to Murphy's Camp in California, about one thousand miles. I started out on foot and alone to cross the Sierras, and on the way lost the little cash I had. I think it was stolen from me.

There was a good wagon road for about twelve or fifteen miles, and just before I got to where the trail that I was to take turned off, I saw a finger-board pointing to a little trail and bearing the inscription, "Hope Valley Copper Mines nine miles," and as I was already quite tired, and had begun to rue my bargain, I turned off on the trail to the copper mines, where I arrived just at dusk, fully convinced that it was a long nine miles. I found that they wanted a man to work, and I soon struck a bargain at eighty dollars a month and board, which finally turned out to be board, for I found that the company was not good.

Mr. Smith did not pay me anything, and the little I got for burning the coal pit I had used or lost, and while I was anxious to pursue my journey, I did not feel like starting out again without a little something, for one day's experience was enough for me. I worked on, hoping that the head boss would come, and then I might be able to get a little money. The head boss or proprietor was a man by the name of Rodgers, familiarly known as "Uncle Billy Rodgers," a noted gambler of San Francisco. I worked on and hoped on, but in vain. The boss at the mine was an overbearing man by the name of Pat ——. In those days hardly any man was known by his proper name. It was Kentuck, Tennessee, or Pete. I was dubbed Salt Lake, and there was a good deal of fun poked at me on account of my being from Salt Lake, which I tried to endure without murmuring. But sometime after I had been working more than a month, some one brought a small keg of whisky to the camp, which turned the camp into a pandemonium, and my boss and his right hand man became very abusive and ordered me around, seemingly to see how very humble they could make me, but I finally became rebellious, and most decidedly so when Mr. Pat went to the head of his bunk and got a big knife, and he and his right hand man were going to devour me. I did what I thought for the moment the best, and I left the two ruffians behaving themselves quite well, and I took a notion to leave the camp at once, money or no money, and I started.

It was late in the afternoon, and I struck across the country in a direction to strike the trail that crossed the mountains on the Big Tree route, the trail that I had left when I turned off to go to the mines. There was a fellow at the mines by the name of Sanburn, and he made up his mind to go with me, and we left the camp without any preparation, not a bite of grub, nor even a match, and we traveled on till after dark, and in those high mountains and among those high trees when it is dark it is dark indeed. As the way was rough and traveling very difficult, we stopped under a little fir-tree on as open a place as we could find, and began the long and tedious night. But soon we began to hear cougars and lynx screeching, and Sanbourn was scared almost out of his wits, for he was a notorious coward. He began to climb the little tree, and succeeded in getting up about fifteen feet when a happy thought struck me; to kindle a fire at the root of the tree and smoke him down. I had to kindle a fire Indian fashion, for we had no matches, and I only had just the chamber of my revolver filled and no other

ammunition, and could not make fire with my gun; but I finally succeeded in getting a fire, making the fire Indian fashion, by a temporary bow and a stick of wood, as I had often done before; but what I started as a joke, turned out to be rather serious, for the pitch or rosin had run down the tree, and it caught fire and went flaming and roaring up to Mr. Sanburn, who began to beg and make more noise than the lynx did. He came sliding down the tree, tearing his clothes on the knots and limbs, and was all ablaze with burning pitch, and I blistered my hands in putting out the fire from him. We had quite an interesting time; but it had the effect of keeping Mr. Sanburn down out of the tree.

MRS. NANCY CLAPP.

Mother of Elder J. C. Clapp.

"I determined to save my money, for I had in mind to return to Utah and bring my mother and her children away from there."

After spending a wretched night, and suffering on account of cold (for in the mountains it gets cold towards morning, even in mid-summer) morning came at last, and as soon as we could see to travel we started out, and to our surprise found that a dog had followed us from the camp. He too had been disgusted with the camp, and wanted to go away. The dog belonged to a man that we knew by the name of Ben, from New Jersey. Ben had been down Guroah way and indulged in too much whisky, and had died while on his way to the camp. His dog had stayed with him for about a week and then on account of hunger had gone to the camp, a mere skeleton. When he got something to eat he started back to his dead master, and we followed him and found the unfortunate man with two quart bottles that had contained whisky, but now mostly empty. We buried Ben, and his dog "Boy" took up with us.

Boy was an agreeable addition to our crowd, and a very profitable one, as the sequel will show. Boy was an extraordinary animal, but we did not understand "dogology" well enough to appreciate it at that time. He struck a poor crowd so far as grub was concerned, for we had nothing for ourselves or the dog either. About ten o'clock in the day I shot a ground squirrel and gave it to the dog for his dinner. Hunger began to make us a little desperate, and we were on the outlook for almost anything that we could get. There was plenty of game such as grouse, but they were always too far away for the range of my little pistol. I now had only four loads in the gun, and I would not shoot unless I felt that I had a pretty sure thing. I finally shot a pine-

marten, and we again made a fire in the Indian fashion, and broiled and ate the marten, but it was only sufficient to aggravate our appetites. Then night came on; we were weary and hungry, with no apparent chance of getting anything to eat. We camped as best we could, and spent another uncomfortable night. About nine or ten o'clock we heard some whooping and yelling on ahead of us, and again my partner was badly scared; for although it was a very poor imitation of an Indian war-whoop, Sanburn thought it was the genuine article and said he just knew we would be scalped before morning. I was not alarmed, for I had heard too many war-whoops to be deceived by a counterfeit. Our dog began to bark a little and Sanburn wanted to kill him to keep him from making a noise. As soon as it was light enough in the morning to travel, we started on, and in less than a mile we came to a camp. An old man by the name of Fillison had a few mules packed with merchandise, on his way to the new gold mines lately discovered on Walker River, and was trying the new trail. He had two hard looking fellows with him, and I soon learned that instead of the whooping being an Indian whoop, it was the result of bad whisky, the effects of which they had not fully recovered from. I soon got into conversation with the old man and learned that he was from Western Kentucky and was well acquainted with my grandfather, and by the way he talked they were great friends. I was soon on the very best of terms with Fillison and could have anything in his camp, even to his whisky, of which he seemed to have a good supply. We soon filled up on bacon, hardtack, and coffee, and felt much refreshed. Fillison did not break camp till about ten o'clock, and he had many things to tell me about my grandfather, much of which I doubted, but I did not tell him so, for I felt it good policy to keep on the sunny side of the old man, and this was a case demanding diplomacy, for we were not nearly through the mountains, and we were neither of us good walkers. I was lame yet from the effects of the wound in my leg that I had received in the first part of my journey. When we broke camp Fillison gave us bacon, hardtack, and matches to our hearts' content, and we were well fixed for the balance of our journey. In either four or five days from the time we left the copper mines we landed in Murphy's camp in the gold mines of California, in Calaveras County.

My destination was San Jose, where my oldest brother was,—Sanburn's destiny was just any place, or where mine was. I could have gotten work at Murphy's camp, but I had been cheated out of everything I had earned since I left home, and I was anxious to get to my brother's place, which was many miles away. I had no money, but just about the time we were ready to start, a man took a fancy to our dog and offered us a hundred dollars for him, and we immediately sold out, and both of us were well pleased at the sale; but we soon found out that our dog was worth much more, but we did not understand dogology well enough to know that Boy was a very fine thoroughbred, and would have sold at that time for one thousand dollars as well as one hundred dollars.

Such stock was very scarce, and money was plenty in those early times. The man that bought him said as soon as he took possession of him that he would not take a thousand dollars for him. This man was the sheriff of Calaveras County, by the name of David Mulford. The old man was killed by the street-cars in Los Angeles last winter. We next went and took a bath, made some improvement in our underwear, and started out in good shape.

In going down from Stockton to San Francisco on an old rickety steamer we came near getting wrecked. There was a very strong wind putting in from the Golden Gate, and our steamer seemed doomed to go to the bottom, and when I saw some putting on life preservers I began to think that maybe salt water navigation was not my gift; but we finally landed in San Francisco, and later on San Jose, where I found my brother a prosperous farmer.

I immediately went to work for my brother for good wages, and determined to save my money, for I had in view to go back to Utah and bring my mother and her children away from there. Sanburn also began working for my brother, but worked only a short time, and I have never heard of him since, but in about a month I was surprised by a neighbor of my brother's presenting a note with my name attached to it for thirty-five dollars. Mr. Sanburn had forged the note and cashed it with our neighbor. I paid the note rather than let the folks know what kind of company I had been keeping, and said nothing about it, excepting to my brother.

I worked for my brother and saved my money till I got quite a little pile of cash; for we got along with our work so well that I made considerable on the outside while my time was still going on with my brother. My brother let me have a team free, and I plowed for other parties at five or six dollars per day, and this was a rich harvest for me, for what work I had done for other parties before I came to California was for very small wages, and I did not succeed in collecting that.

Although I had pretty well gone back on the Utah church, I could not bear to hear anything said against it or the people. There was a man by the name of Jones working for my brother who was very loud in his denunciation of the people of Utah, and on one occasion he spoke in such a way about the women of Salt Lake that it resulted in an altercation in which I took an important part. I told my brother that he ought not to allow such talk in his house, for his mother and father were there in Utah, and I told him his ranch was not big enough for me and Mr. Jones both. The result was, Mr. Jones left and I stayed.

In the fall of 1857 I left my brother and made my way back to Utah. I came as far as Hang Town, now called Placerville, and met with my old friend, Lot Huntington. He was the mail conductor or stage driver, but was not to take charge of the business till we got to Carson City, Nevada. So we rode over the Sierras with the world-renowned stage driver, Hank Munk, the man who gave Horace Greeley that reckless ride that has become so notorious

in history. I paid my fare, one hundred and ten dollars, but I also took my turn with the whip and reins.

We got along quite well till we got on the Humboldt River, near where the city of Elke, Nevada, is now located, and there we had a little trouble with the Indians. A short time before we got there, a brother of Sr. Grannilich, of Lower Lake, California, had been robbed by the Indians; but he was a brave man and had fought his way through to Salt Lake, although he had lost his six mules and everything he had. Our condition looked desperate for awhile, but we could talk their language. Lot Huntington could talk it much better than I could, and was one of the best Indian fighters in the Territory. We did not let on that we could understand them. We wanted to see what they intended to do. We were well armed and prepared for a desperate struggle. I had a large flask of powder hanging by a cord to my side, and a hideous looking brave pointed to it and wanted me to give it to him, but I turned off with a disgusted look and paid no heed, when in the twinkling of an eye he drew a huge knife and cut the cord and took my powder flash. The Indians laughed; but whether it was at his dexterity or my chagrin I do not know. I do know that I felt that strange sensation along the spine that I had often felt before.

Lot soon found out that their being so hostile was on account of the Government not having sent them their annuities according to a certain treaty. Every year the Government gave them blankets, calico, and other goods, but that year their presents were late, and they got it into their heads that they were not going to get any. Finally Lot began to talk with them in their own language and explained to them that they were all right, and that we would meet the agent in Salt Lake, and all would be right, and that they would get their presents in due time. We soon got on good terms with them, and Huntington hired them to bring in the mules that they had taken from John Mayfield sometime before. The Indians, who were of the Piute tribe, were to bring the mules to the Pine Station, which was some fifty or sixty miles on towards Salt Lake, for which they were to get a certain number of red blankets, which I afterwards heard that they did according to contract. In those times the stations were far apart, and it was dangerous traveling much of the way between Salt Lake and California.

After the usual amount of hardship that was incident to traveling in those early days, we landed in the city of the Saints, where I found my mother well, only in a little trouble with the church, or the ward officials. Of course I had written that I was coming to take the family away, the family had told of it, and they were looked upon as apostates. I, of course, was branded on account of leaving the train that I left Salt Lake with, and we were in a bad box. But there was plenty of money in circulation, for Johnson's Command had come into the Territory, and it made times so lively that I concluded to stay over winter. I got a house in the thirteenth ward, but a short distance from where our misson

chapel is now located, and there I went into winter quarters; but I found I was spotted as an apostate, and was warned by some of the Saints, or members of the church, to flee from the city or I would be killed. I do not like to mention names, but I could give the names of those who warned me.

Now, I know that if I should tell only the absolute truth about this, many of the people of Utah would say it was not true; but at the same time they *know* that I do know of very many of the dark deeds that were done in those times, and many of them know of the attempts that were made on my life, and some of them know that I am now carrying wounds that I received in the attempts that were made to put me out of the way. The young men that are now sent out to represent the Utah church are ignorant of these things and of course do not believe them; but I know that many of their fathers know, and I could call their minds to facts that they would not or could not deny.

One evening an old lady by the name of Able, who was our neighbor, and was also a neighbor to us in Nauvoo, came to me and warned me to flee for my life. She had heard her husband and two others of the brethren planning to put me out of the way. The other two men were Elijah and Elisha Everets. They were drummers in the Nauvoo Legion. We had been well acquainted with them in Nauvoo also. (They were twins.) Now I do not *know* that the old lady told the truth, but subsequent events rather confirmed the truth of what she said. I was in no condition to fly, and don't know that I would if I had been possessed of wings, for I had become rather stubborn, and I confess I was in a very bad state of mind, and I said too much for my own good. I know of a number of my friends who were in the same condition that I was, but they were wise enough to hold their tempers, and they got along much better than I did.

A few nights after this warning I was convinced that there was something in it; for about twelve o'clock there came a crash at the door like a peal of thunder, and the door was split almost into kindling wood. This night I had a young man staying with me by the name of William Hall. Hall lived with us, but was a mail carrier over the Wasatch Mountains, and on this occasion he had just gotten home from a hard trip, tramping snow for two days and nights without sleep. I told him in the evening what might take place, and as Hall was a very brave young man he did not seem to be alarmed. We took the precaution to lay our revolvers on chairs at the head of the bed, and had them handy and in good order. At the noise I sprang up and grasped my guns, and Hall also sprang up, but he was so bewildered that he acted more like a wild man than the brave Bill Hall that he was. I suppose that the noise made by Bill made them think that I had a strong garrison in the house and they fled up the street. The leader of the band of midnight assassins was one Jason Loose, who was after that shot to death by a United States vedette, at Douglass.

At another time a man was caught at the window of my room with a gun in hand, and I was dogged and followed so that my

friends insisted on me leaving the city. Johnson's Command was then located at Camp Floyd, in Cedar Valley, sixty miles south. My brother-in-law was in business there, keeping the Mount Vernon Hotel, and he wanted me to come and go in with him. I finally consented, and after running two or three more narrow risks, I hired a man by the name of Tom Williams to take me to Camp Floyd. At that time it seemed rather a desperate undertaking for me, but Williams was a brave man, and I know if any one could do it Tom could. This Williams was a son of old Elder Alexander Williams, and a brother to Bro. Clinton Williams, of Montana. Tom Williams and a man by the name of Levi Jackman were murdered in Southern Utah sometime after this, supposed to be by Indians.

Tom came to my house after dark with a four-horse stage, and we bundled my mother and the three children that were with us into the vehicle, and rolled out for Camp Floyd, where we arrived sometime the next morning, and where I hoped I was out of trouble.

All this had great influence on me. I began to look at things as I never had looked at them before. The thought that I had indulged that they were still God's people and that in due time God would make all things right did not trouble me, and I became determined to break off all connection with them. I had spent a couple of years in California, and I had learned that the Saints (?) were no better in character than the sinners. I concluded that I would take my chances with the world, and if I had to go to hell I would just as soon go with sinners as with professed Saints. I had also gotten my eyes opened in regard to some of the things that Utah would boast of in evidence that they were so highly favored of the Lord. One, for instance, in regard to the crickets and Brigham Young's prayer, and the sea-gulls coming to devour the crickets. I had always supposed that there was something in it; but in traveling in the West I found out that it is no uncommon thing for the gulls to swoop down on an army of crickets and devour them; this they do and would do if such a man as Brigham had never lived. I, myself, have seen it several times, and there was no miracle about it.

I had not been in Camp Floyd long until I discovered that I was not out of danger, as I had supposed; for one night I had been out, and as I came to my room and was about to open the door, which was on the outside next to the street, some one sprang from behind a corner and made a thrust at me with a big knife, and instantly I threw up my left arm and dodged back. I received the knife in my left shoulder; and this escape I have always looked upon as one of the most mysterious escapes I ever knew of. I had on a tight silk undershirt that I had bought in California, and there was a hole cut in my shirt that I could easily put my hand through, but the wound in my shoulder was very slight. I kept the shirt for several years and have shown it to many as an evidence of my narrow escape. I was satisfied that I knew who the would-be assassin was, and I met him in the morning

and told him what my suspicions were and added, "If I knew it, I would not let you live long enough to say your prayers." This is not very nice to write here, and when I look back I am appalled that I was in such society and used such language. My reason for withholding the name of this man is that there are those who are related to him who are good people, and I do not wish to injure their feelings. But there are those living who know that these things are true. I could select many of them near my own age, and read this to them, and they would not dare to deny one word of it to me.

It was a very common thing, when they had put objectionable persons out of the way, to say that they had gone to California, and when they threatened them they would say, "Help them over the rim of the basin," or worse, "Send them to hell across lots." I will warrant if there are any in Utah of the old stock reading this, that these phrases will sound familiar to them. It will seem queer to some people to read the frequent mention of guns and revolvers, but in those days nearly everybody went armed. Both a revolver and bowie knife were in as common use as almost any kind of tools, and much more common than books and newspapers.

I will mention only one more little episode of the Camp Floyd experience, and pass over a great deal that was interesting to me at the time. I do not wish to give my readers too much of this kind of experience, lest I weary them. I want to hasten on to that part of my life that has been devoted to a better cause, after being born again and having been made anew in Christ.

It was one time about two o'clock in the morning; I awoke and I heard some one in my room. I lay quiet and listened and watched until I saw the form of a man between me and the window. It was moonlight on the outside, and I could plainly see the form, and I knew that whoever it was he was an intruder. On the spirit of the moment I sprang out of bed and clinched him. I instantly found out I had an elephant on my hands; for he was a big, strong man, and he had a big dragoon revolver in his hand. By some lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, I got hold of the revolver about the first of the scuffle, but it felt like it was in the grip of a vice. In the tussle the gun was discharged. No one was hurt, but it excited me till I made an almost superhuman effort and wrenched the gun from his hand, and I began beating a tattoo on his head or any place I could hit in the dark. The report of the pistol and the noise excited the neighborhood so that the provost marshal rushed in and took my nocturnal visitor to the guard-house, but not before I was master of the field. He was a rough looking fellow, as I saw after a light was struck. I think he was one of the loafers or camp fellows that follow the army. I do not know what became of the man, but the gun was left in my room, and I brought it to California with me and kept it for many years.

It was not long after this until my father came to Camp Floyd. He had gotten into difficulty with some of the officials in Southern Utah, and an attempt had been made to "blood atone" him.

I think he had some trouble with two of the bishops, and he came to the camp for protection; but lest some one should claim that there was a cause for the trouble, and that my father knew the cause of it, I refer the reader to the report of Joseph Young, who was the chairman of the Quorum of the Seven Presidents of the Seventy. (My father was one of the seven presidents.) Joseph Young, in his report after my father had left the church, gave my father an excellent character. My father had been very outspoken against some crimes that had been committed, and had accused Brigham Young of being the mover in the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and also of the Potter and Parrish murder; and he had discovered a young Danish man whom the bishop had unsexed in a most barbarous manner, all that for the crime of wanting to marry a young girl of his own nationality that the lustful bishop also wanted for a plural wife. My father brought the young man to Camp Floyd, and finally took him to California, and he stayed with my father and his family for many years. He is now a member of the Reorganized Church and lives at or near Stewartsville, Missouri. My father had been nearly all of his life (since he was a *very* young man) out in the mission field, and knew but little of the dark deeds done at home, and when he came home and saw the condition of things he was appalled, and said altogether too much for his safety. It was the policy of the leader to keep such men away as much as possible.

(To be continued.)

THE TEST.

BY FERN.

"WHAT made Aunt —— so cross yesterday? What was the matter with her? She was so cross with me."

"Oh, she was not feeling well, and perhaps you did things to try her patience," was the answer.

This conversation was repeated to me by one of the parties. As I was the third party in question, I of course was quite interested in what had been said. I thought of it more and more, and I wondered if that was a good excuse that was given. I was glad that an excuse had been made for me, but really did I deserve it? Is it any credit to us to be happy and kind and patient if there is nothing to try us. When there is a test of our powers and we are tried, how do we stand it? Had I been feeling well and this little girl had done nothing to try my patience then I would have been thought patient and very good, I suppose.

Is that true?

When are we patient?

Why, when we can be kind, when we say nothing cross, when we avoid the sharp, hasty words, and angry looks and actions, while the surrounding conditions are tempting us to be the opposite.

When ought we to be considered persons of strong faith? I believe when everything looks dark and we can't see and under-

stand the dealings of God with us as individuals or as a people. We do not know what we are until we are tried, until the test is given.

If we had a piece of mineral that looked like gold we might believe that it was the genuine article. If we put it through the tests that are used for gold, and it proves true in all these, judgment is passed upon it that it is pure gold. If it does not stand the tests, we know there is some dross mixed with it. So it is with our qualities of character, when put to the test, what we thought was patience, faith, meekness, temperance, long-suffering, hopefulness, or whatever it may be, we may find that there is a great deal of impurity or dross mixed with it. When we find the dross and we seek to remove it, and are submissive to the tests, then do we deserve credit. The tests show us our imperfections, then it is our work to proceed to get rid of these and let the pure gold shine forth.

Editor's Corner

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THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

OUR DIVISIONS of time may be artificial, and New-year's Day may be but a man-erected mile-post in life, but at least it serves the useful purpose of calling our attention to the flight of time.

What use are we making of time? What tribute of happiness are we exacting from time?

All scripture indicates that God desires a generous people, but not a people who are impoverished and embittered by sacrifice. "God loveth a *cheerful* giver." Also God desires a busy people, but not an overworked, exhausted, melancholy people. The Book of Mormon declares that man is that he might have joy. God desires a brave people who enter into the warfare with zest, and who, in the language of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, are "cheerful in their warfare."

In point of time, when should we be happy?

Here is a picture for your consideration. Yonder is a little lad. His dreamy eyes are big with wistfulness. He is looking into the future, to the time when he shall be a man. He thinks, "I *shall* be happy *then*."

The scene changes, and yonder is an old man. He sits in his chair with his chin upon his breast. Gray, bent, and melancholy—his dim old eyes are looking at the past when he was a boy. He thinks, "I *was* happy *then*."

Why not be happy *now?* Now is the time for happiness. It is proper to reverence the past and in reverie to tread again its primrose paths; but not to the extent that we will undervalue and neglect the opportunities and joys of to-day. A similar thought may be expressed regarding the future.

Memory paints the past with soft, alluring colors; faith, hope, anticipation, paint the future with consumate skill—if we are not careful our attention will be distracted forward and back until the precious now is forgotten and lost. "*This* day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of your Lord is your strength."—Nehemiah.

. . . . . .

When should we be at work?

Another picture comes to mind. Here is a field of fully ripened grain. A farmer leans idly upon the fence and watches the cloud shadows that trail across its gently undulating surface. He notes the heavy heads that bend low and nod to and fro in the sunshine. He says, "*To-morrow* I will harvest it."

The scene is changed. Another day has dawned. But during the night the whirlwind and the hail have passed over the field. The farmer stands with hands in pockets dejectedly viewing the ruin. The full ears of wheat are beaten into the ground and all is lost. He reflects, "I should have been at work yesterday while the fine weather lasted."

When is the time to labor?

"Behold, the field is white already to harvest, therefore, whoso desireth to reap, let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap *while the day lasts.*"—Doctrine and Covenants 6:2. This commandment does not apply to the work of preaching, alone, but to all classes of work connected with the great latter-day harvest; for we are told that those who toil in the affairs of business and those who preach, all classes, are laborers together.

It is the old cry, "Work while the day lasts." If you have not been baptized, *to-day* is the day to attend to that matter. "Why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized." If you have not paid your tithing, *to-day* is the day for paying tithing. If you have not settled that quarrel with a brother, *now* is the time to seek him out and become reconciled. If you have not warned your neighbor, *to-day* is the day of warning.

In short, yesterday had its duties, to-morrow will have its glories, but *now* is the important time, *now*.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations; do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

We spend our lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period when we have time. But the present time

has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come.—Colton.

Duty and to-day are ours, results and futurity belong to God. —Horace Greeley.

Trust no future, however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead. Act—act in the living present, heart within, and God o'erhead.—Longfellow.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Note the change of address at the head of this department and address all communications to AUTUMN LEAVES, until further notice, accordingly.

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LETTERS FROM THE PAST.

This series of interesting articles will begin in the February number. It was our intention to begin them in the January number; but for reasons we have deferred them one month. Read these letters, which describe events connected with the rise of the church—at Palmyra, Kirtland, Far West, and Nauvoo.

❁

A MOMENT'S RELAXATION.

"As usual he complained that the buckwheat cakes were heavy, the coffee weak, the bacon burnt, and so forth.

"His wife, in the end, looked up calmly from her letters.

" 'Don't growl so over your breakfast,' she said, smiling. 'Nobody is going to take it away from you.' "

Some years ago Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness, and was denying himself to all visitors, when Robert G. Ingersoll called. The bishop received him at once.

"I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to your friends?"

"It is this way," said the bishop; "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you."—Argonaut.

Retiring Statesman (preparing to leave his office for the last time)—"Let me see, John, have the railroads paid up?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."

Retiring Statesman—"Has the Meat Trust settled their bit?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."

Retiring Statesman—"And all those other trusts and corporations, have they squared?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."

Retiring Statesman—"Well, I guess that is all. I haven't forgotten anything, have I?"

Secretary—"You haven't sold your testimonial to the medicine companies yet, sir."—*Puck.*

A public-school magazine contains this courteous announcement: "The editor will be very pleased to hear of the death of any of the old boys." No doubt the old boys will oblige the editor from time to time.—New York *Tribune.*

"A WHOLE CHRISTMAS EVERY MONTH."

Announcement of the feast of good things in store for *St. Nicholas* readers during 1908 emphasizes afresh the important rank this splendid magazine has held in American thought and literature called "the best child's periodical in the world." It is *St. Nicholas* of which George W. Cable said: "Nothing that has ever come into my household of children has been in equal degree the stimulus to their artistic and literary tastes."

When *St. Nicholas* means so much, and brings so much, to its young readers—some one has happily called it "a whole Christmas every month"—wise parents and grown-up friends will see to it that their children's home and happiness outfit, whatever else it lacks this coming year, does not lack *St. Nicholas.*

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Macedonia, Pottawattamie County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

CATHARINE HOPELEIGH'S HOME.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

Country Versus Flat Life.

"SHALL YOU stay where you are?" asked the minister kindly, rising and walking toward the door.

"No, I think not," answered Mrs. Hopeleigh. "I shall be sorry to leave this street," glancing out on the clean swept brick paving, with well kept parkways at the side, "and my old friends, and my home;" this she said softly, choking back any appearance of feeling, "but I think we ought not to

stay here if we could, if I find anything for less rent which will be at all suitable. I shall pay my rent here for this month, and then I shall have time to look around and think about it a little."

"Your friends will be sorry to lose you and your family. Good afternoon," and he raised his hat and went down the steps. He had been very kind and helpful in a trying time. The family had depended upon him and he had not failed them.

One blow had followed another for Mrs. Catharine Hopeleigh; for scarcely two weeks after the husband and father of the family had been taken, leaving to her care a large family of boys and girls, a dear sister had gone, too, and for days she was so occupied with the sad details, with calls and letters of condolence, that she could not come down to these matters which were now forcing themselves upon her attention. The home had been sold and the present owner wished to occupy the house the first of May.

She had also just nursed all the children through the chicken-pox, and did not feel equal to any task; but there were bills to be paid which she must pay; there was business to see to that only she could attend to, and she was obliged to put aside her sorrow and her desire to rest, and attend to these very necessary things.

Her husband had thought to shield her from the routine of the business connected with the home, and so she had seldom paid a bill or attended to any business. This, she now realized, had been a sad mistake, however kindly meant. She knew now that every woman ought to know very definitely about matters connected with the home, that she might plan to better advantage and work with the provider of the household income.

They had lived many years in the old home, and she was to have a new experience, looking for another house. To assume such a responsibility seemed a great undertaking, and she went about it with a timid, hesitating air. But there had been borne in upon her the very firm conviction that she would have to do something, and that before long, for it was beginning to be house cleaning time, and she wanted to move before the grand moving time.

"There are only two houses in the village to rent, and they are on the West Side," announced Harvey, the oldest son, after he had made inquiries, at his mother's request.

"The West Side"; said Mrs. Hopeleigh, "dear me; we don't want to move over there. Most of our friends are over here, and besides—"

The village was divided by the railroad, and the East Side was the chosen side for a home.

"It doesn't make any difference to me where we go," broke in Bertram, the second son.

"But the little girls," said Mrs. Hopeleigh. "They can't cross the tracks, and they would have to come over on this side to school. You know I have never allowed them to go to the post-office, or over to the other stores on that side of the track for candy, no matter how badly they wanted to go."

"Nor to the library alone," said the oldest little girl. "We

always go with Miss Lane for the children's hour; but we can go alone just as well as not."

"Of course we can," chimed in the youngest little girl.

"Of course you can not," said her mother, catching her up and hugging her, curls and all, and kissing her rosebud of a mouth.

"Now mother, you are too particular with those girls," said Harvey. "You know the bell rings and the gates are put down for every train."

"No, I think I am not too particular," said the mother gravely. "The electric cars come so quietly, and children are often killed in the city. I prefer to be careful." The little daughters were as dear as the apple of her eye, and they were also very dear indeed to the stalwart sons.

"There is the West Side school," suggested one of the younger boys. There was a pair of them.

"I shouldn't want them to go over there if they could go over here," said Mrs. Hopeleigh, very emphatically.

"I think we better be looking at a house first, before we go crossing the tracks to go to school," growled Bertram. So the matter rested for a few days, till they finally decided they must do something.

First of all the mother tried Evansville, for it was not far from Glenfield, and that would be better than an undesirable part of their own village. She went to three offices, and then started out to find a house. She found the street, turned into it and walked and walked before she discovered that the numbers were getting less instead of greater and that she was going in the wrong direction. She must have been thinking of something else. She crossed over to the next street, took a car to go back, and finally found the house. It was in the block next to the track, and though it was a good-sized house, it had rather a dismal, forlorn look. But it had just been rented, so she tried another street in another direction from the office, only to come out in the next block next to the railroad again. She had asked for houses at a "reasonable rent."

Then she tried still other streets, and looked for apartment buildings, but met with no better success. There were fine buildings near by, and beautiful private residences not far away, but when she found the number she was looking for, it always proved to be a two-flat building, with furnace heat, and near the railroad. And as the track did not run straight north and south, it ran directly back of the buildings, as well as crossing the street upon which they were situated. She went down a second time, but could find nothing. Clearly, if they wanted a house or apartment in a good neighborhood they would have to pay well for it.

So she and Bertram started out at home. They heard of several houses on the East Side, but rents were very high there. So they went to the West Side. There were three houses in one block for rent, but all they did for awhile was to look at the outside of them, and at the children they saw playing in the street.

The first one was a nice-looking house, but had numerous barns in the rear which were not to be rented with the house, so of

course they wouldn't take that. They learned afterward that that was where there had been a "blind pig." Mystified as to the exact use of the place, it was explained to Mrs. Hopeleigh that it was a beer-bottling establishment, with a saloon attachment, in a temperance town. They were within the four-mile University limit. At the second house an old lady was very sick, and they would not intrude. The third one was locked, and they had forgotten to get the key.

"Suppose we walk past it, anyhow," said Bertram, and as they were crossing the street they saw a lady and gentleman going up the steps of the house, and they hastened on in time to ask permission to go in with them. These people had provided themselves with a key before they came over.

There were six tiny rooms, three above, with a good-sized bathroom, three down stairs, and a very presentable little front hall and stairway. It might be made very cozy. The piano could go here, this piece of furniture there, and that in another corner. Just then the owner came in.

"If you wish to see the basement just come this way," he said, leading the way to the back door. No inside stairway! There was a diminutive furnace which might heat the house, but the basement had no floor except some boards and they bore traces of mud and water. And then how unpleasant to go out of doors to fix the furnace for the night with the snow piling up in drifts and the mercury going down below zero, to say nothing of the morning. So they went home to think it over.

The next morning was beautiful. The sun shone brightly and the air was warm and pleasant. It brought the house-hunting fever upon the Hopeleighs.

"I should just like to see that little house," said Mother Hopeleigh, who had come out for a few days. They took the little girls, and all enjoyed the walk. Mrs. Hopeleigh often thought in after years when she was not hunting a house, how the weather seemed made to order for house hunters; for in between the rainy ones, there were often, in this locality, warmer and pleasanter days in April than in May.

The owner showed them over the house again. Catharine was turning things over and over in her mind. They could economize in a good many ways here. They could manage nicely for a year and see how things looked by that time.

"And how much do you say the rent is?" asked Madam Hopeleigh.

"It isn't for rent, it's for sale," said the owner.

"Oh, it is not for rent," said Catharine, who had been slowly making up her mind to the whole situation of taking a smaller house and coming to a neighborhood which was clearly not what they had been used to. "Oh, it is not for rent? I understood that it was."

"Not if I can sell it anyways soon," said the man. "Now, why don't you buy it? I'll tell you what I will do," and he proceeded to tell her what he would do, and, further, what he would do for cash.

If she bought again it must be a small place. There was a good lot. She would think about it.

"I will talk to my sons, and they can let you know, perhaps to-night," she said. But on the way home she remembered that they would not be at home until late. They had been invited to the annual banquet of a Young Men's Bible Class, where prominent men were to respond to toasts, and they were "going to stay and see the thing through," and she might not see them to talk with them till the next night. So she telephoned to Bertram in the city.

"How would you like to buy the house we looked at yesterday?" she shouted. "We looked at it again to-day. Mother and I went over."

"What, that shanty?" Bertram called back, laughing.

"But it seems cheap, and we needn't stay in it always; we could sell it. And the rent would stop. And we must go somewhere."

"Yes, but the taxes and all."

"I know. Well, tell Harvey, and think it over. I thought I would tell you about it, knowing you wouldn't be home. Good-bye."

After that a real-estate agent called her up and told her about another house that was for sale, so they went to see that. It was on the East Side and was cheap. The entrance and first floor were delightful—nice, light, sunny rooms; but the bathroom was off the kitchen instead of upstairs, and there was no foundation under the house, and no furnace; and no inside stairway leading to the basement, and no cement floor in it. And there was only one room finished upstairs, though there was room for two more and a bathroom.

When they got home Grandma Hopeleigh said,

"I wonder what the boys would say. It would be worth ten cents to know."

So Mrs. Hopeleigh called Bertram again.

"How would you like to buy the Maxwell dove-cote?" she called.

"Well, you folks must have been getting busy," exclaimed Bertram.

"We have been," said his mother, laughing. "It was so pleasant that we thought we should like to go out and see what there is to see. It's a pretty little place, and we could fix it up. The lot is beautiful."

"I know the place, but I don't know about it. I would have to think about it," said Bertram.

"Very well, think it over. Come home as early as you can, will you? Good-bye."

And they all thought it over and talked it over. It would be so nice to be settled. They could not live in this unsettled state. Either place would make a nice little home when a woman set her mind to it; but the one was so small and the other would take so much fixing to make it comfortable. One might almost as well pay the difference and build a new house.

Then Mrs. Hopeleigh remembered an old friend who had been

in the real-estate business for years, so she called him to ask him about the houses.

"Don't you buy anything on the West Side," he said, "for you can't sell it. And that Maxwell cottage—it's too near the tracks. The electric road is trying now for a new right of way, and if they get it the second track will be nearer still. I'll tell you. Don't you do anything in a hurry. Take your time, whether you rent or buy."

"I have heard of another house to rent," said Bertram one night, "so get ready, and we will go and see it."

By the time they were ready it was beginning to rain, but they hurried along, and reached the place without getting wet.

The house was large enough, but sadly in need of repairs. If the repairs were made the rent was to be raised. If a new veranda was put on and new walks laid it was to be more still. They couldn't live in it the way it was. Why, the paper was hanging from the ceiling in waves and festoons, and the hall, which had been tinted one time, was losing its color in flakes and patches. The whole thing needed paint. There were no hardwood floors, and it meant lots of expense to cover them, or lots of work to prepare them for rugs.

On the way home the rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and Mrs. Hopeleigh got such a drenching as she had scarcely ever had before. After that it rained for days, and, though the gloomy weather affected her spirits somewhat, she was glad to be relieved for a time, to have a brief respite from this new and trying ordeal.

Just at this stage of her discouragement, Mrs. Hopeleigh wrote to her husband's brother, Mr. John C. Hopeleigh, stating the case as far as they had gone. And this was part of his reply:

"I am afraid to tell you what I think you ought to do, for I feel pretty sure you will not want to do it. You are up against a rather hard proposition, and yet I think you can win out if you will simply make up your mind to do it. I think the thing for you to do is to give up Glenfield for awhile, unless you can get a house for eighteen or twenty per month. Your present rent is, considering heat, water, car-fare, etc., equivalent to about fifty-five per month. If you could move, with the four small children, to some place like Lakedale or Meadsville, where you could get a house for eight or ten per month, and where living is cheaper, your money would last you eight or ten years.

"By the end of that time you would have three big boys, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, and it would seem that everything would then be fixed for you."

"And one or two of them ready to marry and make homes for themselves. If the home is broken up it can never be gathered together again," thought Mrs. Hopeleigh, indignantly.

Then she continued reading. "You might not have to stay in a small town more than a couple of years, as Harvey and Bertram may make such advancement by the end of that time that you can all be together again, and in such circumstances that you would

be able to retain for later years or for the education of the girls, some of the money that is now coming to you. You can live nicely in a small town, but to live in your present house and style, I am afraid your money will be nearly all gone in two or three years.

"The alternative would be to rent an apartment in the city where you can all be together, and arrange for Harvey and Bertram to give you nearly all of their earnings. This all sounds hard, but it is quite practicable, and from a business standpoint for the future of both yourself and the children, is, I think, to be seriously considered.

"The boys have not yet made their way to such an extent that they have assured positions or incomes, and they may not do so in two years, hence my anxiety in your behalf as regards any plan which will deplete your cash account within that time. The boys might be sick, or some equally unforeseen and unfortunate accident might occur which would make it necessary for you to materially aid them in a financial way, instead of their aiding you.

"If you can see your way clear to adopt a plan something like I have outlined above, I think it will enable you to go to bed nights without worrying greatly over the question of bread and shoes."

Mrs. Hopeleigh's spirits went down below zero upon receipt of this letter. Break up their home? Leave the boys and go away? Never! Not as long as they could stay together and live some way. They must do it. They could do it. They would do it. That was what mothers were left for—to keep the home together. It was broken up enough now. They would try it for a year. The next time she saw Mr. J. C. they talked the whole matter over.

"The boys are not old enough to be left here alone," said Mrs. Hopeleigh. "My duty to them is not discharged. They still need a mother,—and—and—I need them."

"They are older than I was when I came to the city," said Mr. Hopeleigh.

"True, they are, but the way I look at things you were not old enough, either," said Mrs. Hopeleigh.

"Wasn't? Well, perhaps not," said Mr. Hopeleigh. But do you think you can find a house in Glenfield?" he said.

"No, I am quite sure I can not. The next thing seems to be to look for an apartment, as you have suggested; and I have thought if we should go to Crosswood it wouldn't be quite in the city and wouldn't be so much of a change."

"Suppose we go down there to-morrow. I will meet you any time you say, and go with you," said Mrs. John.

"I can leave here at 10:12," said Catharine.

"And that gets to Crosswood at 10:29," consulting the timetable. "I will be at the station at that time."

(To be continued.)

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

A SHORT NEW-YEAR SERMON ON BLOTS.

I believe that there is nothing done or thought by any one but what leaves a permanent impress upon them. You may think that what you are doing can be done away and the effect of it be erased by and by; but it is not true. Every thought of your mind and every act you do, based upon that thought, leaves a prominent impress upon you.

But, some one says, "Does not that do away with the doctrine of forgiveness, based upon repentance?"

I say, No. Repentance is a good thing, and the forgiveness based upon it is a good thing; but you are mistaken if you think that when you repent of your sins and are forgiven, you have not suffered loss, and that God will ever make up to you all that you through slothful neglect lose. It can not be.

Often we have prayed, Lord, blot out from the book of thy remembrance all things that you have against us.

Suppose it be done, and in the judgment time we stand before the bar of God, and the book is opened, which is the book of life, containing a record of our deed. By way of illustration suppose that we do an evil act and it is recorded there, and we ask God to blot it, and he blots it, what will we have there when the book is opened?

Blots!

That is what we asked for; we got it, and we can not complain. plain.

And if all along through life that page has been covered, and succeeding pages have been covered with things that were wrong, and we ask God to blot them out, what do we find there?

Blots!

That is what we asked for.

Now, I am not saying that there will be any blots in that book; but I am saying, according to this theology, if we get what we want, there will be blots. And there is our judgment. Whether it is a blot, or what it is that we shall see there, one thing is sure, at the moment, at the hour, at the day, or week, or year that we are accomplishing evil, there is no credit to us on the book, and we have lost that time. We might have been doing something that would have been to our credit; and if we failed to do it, we have lost time.

Why, some people seem to think that when they repent that means they are innocent.

We would not need to repent if we were not guilty. Repentance is a confession of guilt.

You lost the opportunity of doing good when you were doing evil, if you lost no more.

These characters of ours when they are blotted will never again be exactly what they were before; and how important it is that we do not deface them.

If this book were a block of marble, polished as the art of man could polish it, and I should take the point of the finest knife blade and scratch it, it never can be what it was before. You may rub it out and polish it again until it looks smooth; but you will waste material in doing it.

So we waste material, we waste time, we waste opportunity in doing wrong, though afterwards we may be polished and made smooth again. HEMAN C. SMITH.

Lay to our hands with all our strength;
Begin the record on this yet white page,
That in its freshness our great Master spreads
Before his children, with a high resolve
That the good things recorded shall outweigh
The evil of the other blotted leaf.
—David H. Smith.

SOME UNIQUE BOOK OF MORMON GAMES.

"There seems to be a need for something that will give our young people a choice between instructively-merry and 'merely merry' recreation."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Bro. Earnest Webbe, of the Cleveland (Ohio) local, sends us the following account of some interesting games originated by himself and used in that local. We are sure that other locals will find them of use.

To refresh our memories over our Book of Mormon lessons of the past we recently gave a drill including the names of fifty places, people, and prophets of the Book of Mormon, with a few Bible characters mentioned therein to increase the interest and sharpen the wits. The session was such a lively and good humored one, and withal such an evidence of past good learning, that we have evolved a few others calculated to amuse and entertain while keeping us posted on the Book of Mormon work. Try them occasionally in your Religio and see if they will not help to keep the

young folks together, supplying that healthy love of fun inseparable from youthful nature and keeping the thoughts active on former studies at one and the same time. One thing should be observed: In selecting names, etc., do not choose those too little known as a rule, remember *most people like to win most of the time,* but sandwich in a few "hard nuts" now and again, which when brought to light will benefit the whole membership. Trophies, or prizes, may be inexpensive, but show appreciation of the winner's efforts—a bookmark, pictures, a small frame, etc. Cultivate cheerfulness in your Religio, it pays big dividends, without it you stand a good chance to literally "fade away."

The leader is spoken of as "Referee" in all these and following games.

NO. 1. "INDENTIFICATION."

Give each player a sheet of paper ruled so as to divide it into four perpendicular columns. The four columns are labeled as follows: Places; Rulers or leaders; Ministry; Bible characters. The referee then reads a list of names gleaned from the Book of Mormon, with a few from the Bible—such names as Ammonnihah, Jershon, Amlici, Hagoth, Alma, Kumen, Abel, and Ephraim. A pause of one half minute follows the reading of each name, during which time each player endeavors to write the name in the column bearing the proper heading.

NO. 2. "BUNCH."

Have fifty names of Book of Mormon places, people, and things, each written on a separate slip of paper; distribute them equally among members, who should be divided into small groups. Now let each group compare their slips and consult as quietly as possible, arranging their subjects in order, with prominent incidents relating to same in Book of Mormon as remembered by any of each group.

At call of referee, after a proper interval, each group reports through a chosen spokesman, the one making the best report may receive a small trophy.

NO. 3. "TAB."

Distribute small slips with single names of familiar Book of Mormon places printed thereon; slips should be gummed or have a pin attached.

Hang a large map before the class, or draw outline of same with a few leading geographical features (modern).

Referee now reads from a *brief* story (prepared beforehand) which embraces the names on the slips. As each name occurs in the reading a pause is given to allow the holder of slip bearing that name to arise and affix same to the map in its proper locality.

NO. 4. "CATCH."

(Supply each member with a blank paper and pencil.)

From the Book of Mormon prepare a list of misleading questions,

on Book of Mormon cities, places, animals, coins, people, etc., etc., the answers to which must *correct* the question asked, thus:

Referee: 1. Q. What great battle did Rameumpton lose?

Write the answer: Rameumpton was a place in churches where people wrongfully worshiped.

2. Q. Did Cureloms rule as a judge or a king?

A. Curelom is the name given certain animals in the Book of Mormon.

3. Q. Was Ziff a Nephite or Jaredite city?

A. Ziff was a name given a certain metal in Book of Mormon.

Each person writes the proper answer to the numbered question, till all are answered. Referee then reads the correct answers, members crossing out their own errors. Neatest paper to win a token.

. . . . . .

I hope to get from six to twelve graded games to suit different conditions and people, yet all more or less instructive in their use. Perhaps we should not hope to successfully compete with "Wink" and other games of the kind used at parties, but there seems to be a need for something that will give our young people a choice between "instructively-merry," and "merely-merry" recreation.

In due course will reach you three additional games—one for team work, another a floor or lawn game with a *ball or "director,"* (as in Book of Mormon, and the third a test exercise on names from *posed subjects.*

The first game, bringing out the widest latitude of Book of Mormon knowledge, I will classify as best, requiring two teams, "Lamanites" and "Nephites," and a geographical battle-area of two clusters of chairs, representing North and South America, the play centering about the "narrow-neck of land" between, in interrogatory battle, and with counseling features.

It may be advisable to sketch the supposed teams at work and I shall try and furnish this, if agreeable.

EARNEST A. WEBBE.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

The young man had been told that he might "ask papa." He prepared a speech, says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine,* which ran something like this:

"I dare say that you know, Mr. Rocks, that I have been paying your daughter Madge marked attention of late, and now I have come to ask her hand in marriage. I know that I am a poor man, but I am an honorable one, and I am not afraid of work. We are willing to fight the battle of life as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together. I love your daughter devotedly, and I have come to ask your consent to make her my wife."

That sounded all right when he read it for the fiftieth time from the sheet of paper on which he had written it; but this was what he really said when he stood before Mr. Rocks, with his teeth chattering and beads of cold perspiration on his brow:

"I—I—dare say that—that is, Mr. Rocks, I—I—your daughter Madge has been paying me marked attention—er, no, I have been paying her marked attention, and I—I—we are willing to fight—er, the battle of life—I mean that your daughter seeks my hand in marriage, er, no, I—I seek her hand and—and—I love you—er, no, your daughter. I mean she—she—that is, I—I—have come to ask your consent to be my wife—that is, I—love you devotedly—your daughter, I mean—she loves me devotedly—no, I mean that I love her—and she—she—I trust I make my meaning clear, sir."

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa!
Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say?
Bride (reading)—Do not come home and all will be forgiven. —*Collier's Weekly.*

"Does your daughter play the piano?" asked Mrs. Wiggs. "That's what she calls it," replied Mr. Biggs, "but it always sounds more like work to me."—Cincinnati *Commercial-Tribune.*

TO SLEEP.

Come fold me in thy soft embrace,
  And breathe thy sweet, perfumed breath
Upon my cheek, and while thy face
  Its beauty pours into my eyes,
Let thy dark locks fall over them,
  So as they close to outer sight.
The inner vision bears thy likeness,
  For thine is beauty unalloyed.
The gaudy queens of worldly pride,
  Whose clothed beauty is their trade,
May fascinate—not as thy charm—
Nor naked sculptured Venus' curves
And fair proportions can compare
  With thee. The one adorned is flesh,
Too warm with passions that consume;
  The unadorned is stone, so cold,
To love it is to chill the soul.

Thy beauty is the placid calm
  Upon thy brow, the quiet love
Like mother's love, by which thy soul
  Is spoken in thine eyes. Thy soul
Is rest, and rest is my soul's need.
  When to thy care I unreserved
Resign, thy rest is passing sweet;
  But when I seek thine arms and turn
My eyes still toward the busy world,
  I dream of weariness and trouble.
So fold me in thy soft embrace,
  And while thine eyes gaze in my own,
Let thy dark locks fall over them—
  My closing eyes, then, from thy soul
Shall bear its rest unto my own.

A. J. Keck.

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

"A structure built of such materials, upon the foundation of Christ, is fire-proof, storm-proof, time-proof, judgment-proof, and eternity-proof."

"When a man builds his home," says T. Dewitt Talmage, "he builds for eternity." The saying is true; yet the home itself is only for a time and not for eternity. It is only a part of the scaffolding on which the builder is doing his work of raising up the imperishable walls of human character.

When time has done its work upon it the scaffolding falls away and only the spiritual structure remains, which is a house not made with hands, "indestructible and eternal."

Looking out from our home windows upon the busy world, with all its latter-day wonders of science, art, and discovery, we see but a larger part of the vast system of temporal scaffolding upon which the builder for Eternity finds temporary footing to carry on the real work of life. One of the greatest men, who had an experience perhaps never paralleled in human history, in being permitted to pass the line of the unseen and return again with visions and experiences in his heart which helped him to climb the earthly scaffolding and carry his unfinished work to completion, declares that, "The things which we see are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The testimony of God through all ages has been that our material, temporal frame of nature is to serve a temporary purpose—for a time, which to God is but as "one day," and then shall fall away as the scaffolding from the finished building, disclosing the greater structure.

When Jesus, the divine teacher, draws the line of division between the wise and the foolish, he puts on one side all those who build their house on the sand, for time only, and on the other side those who build on the rock, for eternal security. The Apostle Paul emphasizes the importance of bedding one's life work on an imperishable foundation, for he has said, "Other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. He carries the thought still farther and shows the distinction between the perishable and the imperishable materials which the builders use, and his warning to us is to let each one see how he builds on it, for, if any one buildeth on this foundation either gold, or silver, or precious stones, or wood, or hay, or stubble, the work of each will be exposed to view, because it is to be tested by fire. The builder whose work shall endure will receive his reward, while he whose work shall burn will suffer loss, although he himself will escape.

The valuable and precious materials represented by gold, silver, and precious stones, which enter into the structure of a life that shall stand approved by God for eternity are all unseen and spiritual. Peter also admonishes the builders for eternity to add layer to layer on the walls of character—faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and love.

Paul has mentioned some things which are almost identical with

those mentioned by Peter, showing that both apostles had been taught by the divine Master. Some of the materials named by Paul are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

A structure built on the foundation of Christ, and of such materials as these, is fire-proof, storm-proof, time-proof, judgment-proof, and eternity-proof. It shall stand when the wood, hay, and stubble houses shall go up in smoke.

Frederick W. Robertson has told us, that feelings, thoughts, imaginations, and dreams may pass, but *work* remains.

What will be our condition in eternity depends upon our life of work here. The phrase, "Building for eternity," may be a startling thought to some, but it is a work which takes a lifetime for its accomplishment. The work is great, the time for its performance is short. Nothing can equal the importance of it. For this great work God has not left the builder to his own wit and wisdom, for he, himself, has drawn the plan. In the Bible he has put it down so plainly and simply that even the fool need not err.

One by one the builders are dismissed from their work. How sad the foolish builder will be when he sees the work of a lifetime vanish in the testing fire of God. But how glorious, builders, will be the day that shall declare the work of a lifetime approved by God. What a blessed compensation for all the toils, tears, and sacrifices of this life; to be for ever with the Lord. To have a permanent place in that City whose king is Jesus, and whose citizens are Saints.

Into that City of God, with life's work well done, may we all at last have an entrance. DELLA L. DICKEY.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa.

THE ELOCUTIONISTS' CURFEW.

England's sun was slowly setting—(Raise your right hand to your brow).
Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a gaze of rapture now);
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair
(With movement slow and graceful you may now push back your hair);
He with sad, bowed head—(A drooping of your head will be all right,
Till you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try here to resemble Bess,
Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a charming dress),
"I've a lover in that prison"—(Don't forget to roll your r's
And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison bars).
"Cromwell will not come till sunset"—(Speak each word as though you'd bite
Every syllable to pieces)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here extend your velvet palm.
Let it tremble like the sexton's, as though striving to be calm),
"Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew"—(Don't forget to make it y'ars
With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears),
"I've done my duty ever"—(Draw yourself up to your height,
For you're speaking as the sexton)—"Gyurl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(Now here is where you've got to do your best;
Let your head be twisted backward, let great sobs heave up your chest,
Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees,

Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees;
Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white,
Then gaze at your mangled fingers)—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

. . . . . .

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell—(Right hand to the brow once more;
Let your eyes look down the distance, say above the entrance door)
And her sweet young face so haggard—(Now your pathos you assert.
Then you straighten up as Cromwell and be sure you get it right;
Don't say "Go, your liver loves!")—well, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

—Wilbur Nesbit in *Harper's Magazine.*

OUGHT I TO ATTEND CONVENTIONS, AND WHY?

To the mind of the writer this is one of the most important questions that can engage the thought of our young Sunday-school and Religio workers.

The convention has for its object, primarily, the accumulation of thoughts and experiences under proper classification and in demonstrable form, that their utility might be expressed under a proper order comprehensible to all; secondarily, the bringing together of the district workers for comparison of methods and suggestions of improvement; thirdly, the strengthening of sociability and the interchange of well wishes.

"Ought I to attend?" We would say, Most certainly, if you can afford the price of transportation, and business interests will permit of your absence from home.

It is a well authenticated fact that the really active, wide-awake, up-to-date society workers are those who attend the different conventions of the societies, and not only attend, but who make themselves a portion of its machinery.

Life and energy is always diplayed in activity; death and dissolution is the portion of the lazy, inactive, and indifferent.

Conventions are institutions of life, representing the characteristics of the budding life of development and progression, hence those who attend should be awakened to the possibilities of future achievements attainable through proper application to the processes of expansion, displayed through the mechanical and spiritual agencies contained in the auxiliary societies of the church.

Man was made complex, that he might deal in complexities. Religion is more or less mysterious and complex, needing spiritual enlightenment for proper discriminations.

Conventions are the open arenas in which the deductions of, or solutions to the problems confronting man are displayed for the edification of all, therefore the attending of conventions brings us intelligence, and helps to fortify us against subtle machinations of the Evil One, and assists us in building a stronger hope in the divine Creator.

It must be remembered that we are co-workers with God. Our calling is a holy one; our responsibilities are great; our capabilities are unfathomable, when raised by the lever of spiritual influences. On us depends the salvation of many souls. Our convention work

will make or mar, save or condemn, according to the degree of truth or error inculcated in our institutions.

We have the souls of the young in our keeping, and as the young minds are actively engaged in building up cells in the brain matter for future development, we are to a certain extent, at least, responsible for the creation and building of some of them.

"Why should I go to convention?" Each man, woman, and child who is capable of assisting in the great work of promoting the cause of righteousness, not only can go, but is under as much obligation to go and assist as the district officers; and I believe they will be held responsible for the capabilities they have had and kept dormant, even as the open offender, and disobedient will be.

The conventions are for the instituting of plans and methods for the instructing of those who are placed under our care; you are responsible for those plans, whether you stay at home or attend. If error is inaugurated in our forms and you could have averted it by your presence and power of discrimination, you are doubly responsible for your negligence; if we fail to reach the standard, possible with your assistance, you are responsible for our inferior position, for not giving us your assistance and superior wisdom, and will be condemned for it.

The power of intelligence given to us is but a loan from high heaven, which must be paid back with interest, and if we stay at home, denying the assistance we could otherwise render, we may come under the same anathema as the unprofitable servant with the one talent.

The height of grandeur is obtainable only by effort—persistent, aggressive effort; and we are only excusable after we have attained the topmost rung in the ladder of human attainment, which exalted position will consume the multiplied efforts of brain and muscle during our natural sojourn here. But with our expended forces in gospel expansion comes the assurance of exaltation, and the happy consolation that heights nor depths, principalities nor powers, things present nor things to come, life nor death, nor any other creature can separate us from the association and companionship of God and his redeemed in the sphere of righteousness and bliss, that habitation of the souls of just men made perfect, the consummation, completion, and crowning portion of human toil, and endeavor; the *finale* of the mortal, and the new existence of immortality.

W. A. Sinclair, M. D., for Zion's Religio-Literary Society, Boston local.

WEEDS.

Life is a wonderful garden,
  With things for our happiness filled;
And what with our thoughtful effort
  Each garden may be well tilled.

But weeds seem to mar and hinder—
  Weeds of worry, and care, and strife;
And Jesus said to us plainly
  "Take no thought of your life."

Then let us each watch our garden;
  Let flowers, not weeds, blossom there;
And kind, helpful thoughts, words, and deeds,
  Are seeds that all may share.

Let us watch from morn till evening
  Our thoughtforce and guide it aright;
Let nothing unworthy enter,
  To mar, to embitter, and blight.

Let love only rule in judgment;
  Let kindness to each and all
Be our watchword, now and ever,
  And good to our lot will fall.

SALT LAKE CITY. MRS. IDA T. DAVIS.

MEMORY GEMS, BY ELDER A. H. PARSONS.

The world is God's epistle to mankind.
If you do not like yourself, just reform.
Be yourself at home, and it will be easy when abroad.
The truth will out sooner or later; better let it out now.

HOW DOES THE BOOK OF MORMON RESEMBLE THE BIBLE?

The Bible and Book of Mormon are each composed of several books, written by different men, claiming divine inspiration, and the writings cover periods before, during, and after the time of Christ. The Bible is a record of the Jews on the Eastern Continent, and the Book of Mormon a record of those on the Western Continent. They both contain history, prophecy, revelation, and the teachings of Christ and his disciples.

The prophecies contained in the Book of Mormon are in harmony with the Bible. I will name a few chapters in which the first and second coming of Christ is foretold: 1 Nephi 3; Mosiah 1; Alma 5; Helaman 2. Besides these, many others tell of the coming of Christ, his death and resurrection, and their testimony agrees with the testimony of all the Old Testament prophets. In regard to his second coming, 2 Nephi 5 says the Messiah shall come a second time with power and great glory to his people and destroy their enemies. This agrees with Paul in 2 Thessalonians 2: 7, 8, and with John the Revelator, who says, "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him."

We are all familiar with the doctrine of Christ as contained in the New Testament scriptures, the principles of faith, repentance, baptism in water and of the Holy Ghost, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. So also in Nephi 12, Mosiah 2, Mormon 3, Mosiah 9, and Alma 3 these same principles of faith, repentance, and baptism are found. The resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment are also taught in Alma 9, 2 Nephi 6, and other places too numerous to mention.

Another strong point of resemblance is this: The Book of Mormon contains a record found in Mormon's abridgment of the plates of Nephi, of Christ appearing to the people on the Western

Continent after his resurrection, and his teachings are identical with those found in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. We find that he chose twelve men, ordained them, and sent them out to preach the gospel, giving them power to bestow upon others the gift of the Holy Ghost. We find the church named after Christ, and in possession of the gifts of the gospel, and many miracles being performed by them through the power of the Holy Spirit.

As found in the book of the disciple, Nephi, the church suffered persecution as it did on the Eastern Continent, and we could go on and on, noting many instances in which the Book of Mormon resembles the Bible, finding additional evidences that the Lord is no respecter of persons, that what he requires of one people he requires of another, and if all keep his commandments all will receive the same blessings. Truly, as Paul states in Hebrews 13, is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

BERTHA M. EMSLIE.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Part II.—Five lessons on the Geography of the Book of Mormon.

LESSON I.—THE LANDS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

1. The history of the Book of Mormon was enacted upon the Western Hemisphere. The major portion of both the North and South American Continents was known to the ancient inhabitants. All three colonies were more or less acquainted with North and South America. (Ether 4:4. Omni 1:7. Alma 13:11. Helaman 2:2, 26, 27. Nephi 3:1.)

2. The Nephites, during the century prior to the birth of Christ, divided the land into two general divisions: the land of Mulek, and the land of Lehi. That portion of the continent north of the Isthmus of Panama (called by them the narrow neck of land) was called Mulek, because the colony of Mulek first landed here; that portion south of the narrow neck of land, was called Lehi, because the colony of Lehi first landed here. (Helaman 2:27.)

3. The Nephites also divided the inhabited portion of the land at the narrow neck of land, where it was only a day and a half journey from sea to sea, and called the portion northward the land Desolation, and the portion southward the land Bountiful. (Alma 13:11.)

4. There were three great centers where a high state of civilization was developed:

a. Central America, Mexico, and adjacent territory, was occupied by the Jaredite nations, the central country and capitol was called Moron. (Ether 3:7.) And at a later period by the Nephites. (Alma 13:11.)

b. Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and adjacent territory, was settled by the Nephites and called the land of Nephi. It was subsequently occupied by the Lamanites. (2 Nephi 4:2. Mosiah 61:2.)

c. United States of Colombia, and adjacent territory, was settled by the colony of Mulek, who were afterward joined by the Nephites. The country was called the Land of Zarahemla. (Alma 13:11.)

5. These regions are subject to earthquakes and volcanic changes, and may have much altered in appearance, especially in the mountain regions and on the seacoast, since they were occupied by the Nephites, the last historians.

6. Both the land northward and the land southward, are surrounded by the waters of the two oceans. These were designated by the Nephites as the sea east and the sea west, respectively, including the Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean Sea, and other landlocked arms of the ocean. Where a portion of these waters lay north or south of a locality, it was designated as the sea north or the sea south, as the case might be. (Alma 13: 11, 12.)

7. The land southward, called the land of Lehi, is traversed from north to south by parallel ranges of mountains, some of great magnitude; and the land northward, called the land of Mulek, is traversed from northwest to southeast, by several ranges of mountains; these divide both lands into valleys and plateaus and served as boundaries between the smaller political divisions of the land, but are mentioned only in a general way.

8. There were several uninhabitable places or regions, and some undesirable localities which were called wildernesses, which divided the different lands and countries. Of these we notice the narrow strip of wilderness, which was the boundary between Nephi and Zarahemla. Alma 13: 11, 14: 3, 16: 12. The east wilderness, Alma 13: 11; 14: 11. The west wilderness, Alma 1: 15; 13: 11. The wilderness which was west and north, Alma 1: 15, and the wilderness Akish, Ether 6: 4.

Where was the field of the Book of Mormon history? How much of America was known to the ancient inhabitants? Into what two general divisions was the land divided? Why was each division named as it was? What other division of the inhabited lands was made? Where was the dividing line? Where were the centers of civilization? Give the name of each great center and who inhabited it. What is said of the possible changes in the appearance of these countries? What seas are mentioned in the Book of Mormon? What is said of the mountains of the Book of Mormon lands? What wildernesses are mentioned?

WALTER W. SMITH.

THE NEED OF A WISE CHOICE.

What could be called a wise choice of books to fill our libraries? Would it be the selection of books that are printed on good paper, having good, substantial bindings, that would make an attractive appearance on the shelves of our libraries? If that is all that is required, how easily would our task be accomplished and our needs supplied; but is that all? Does the farmer, when his fields are ready to sow, buy seeds that are beautifully labeled, regardless of the quality or purity of the seeds he sows; or does he examine each package to see that the seed is good and free from weed or other seeds that would destroy the value of his crops when grown. If he does not he may find that when the harvest is ripe and the

autumn has come, that the long, hard days of toil in the burning sun have benefited him but little, just because he failed to sow good seed on his otherwise productive fields; and his summer's work is a failure. The seed-time has passed, and he must be content with what the autumn brings him. He has found that the gilded labels were not a proof of gilt-edged seeds. So it will be with our beautifully bound volumes, if we look not at the printed pages to see what they contain.

When we look over the world and see what a vast amount of literature is being printed every day for the lovers of reading to choose from, we feel that great will be the task of those who must undertake to choose such literature as will educate, elevate, and interest the minds of the readers to that degree that they will turn from reading those books that will interest them for the time, but will not fill their hearts with that love of the truth that leads to a better life; for the habit of reading such literature is hard to overcome.

When I look at the reading public and see how quickly they turn from good literature placed before them, and go back to the light, trashy reading they have learned to love, I think how like old Israel they are, who longed for the leeks and onions and flesh-pots of Egypt, and murmured until God only permitted two of them to enter the promised land; and I sometimes wonder if God will not deal thus with this generation, only permitting a few to live to enter that beautiful city of Zion, which he shall permit them to build for those who will put on those beautiful, white garments, which are the righteousness of Saints, and be ready to enter that

Beautiful city with streets of gold,
Beatiful home for the Master's fold;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful robes of shining light.
Beautiful lives must be possessed
By those who would enter this home of the blessed.

But if we are so much like Israel of old, whose children only were permitted to enter the land of Canaan, then our hope must lie in the rising generation. Those who have not yet formed those habits that keep them longing to go back to that old life of frivolity, and of pleasures of the world. Then our needs will be a selection of literature that will also suit the little ones, those whose minds are now like pages of pure white paper. We shall need such a selection of literature as will help to fill those spotless pages with truth and knowledge, year after year, as they advance in age, leaving no loophole for evil to creep in and mar their beauty, until their minds may be so fortified by truth against the evils surrounding them that they may shun the pitfalls into which so many of the older ones have fallen. Then look well to your laurels, ye Sunday-school workers and Religians, that defeat be not written upon your banners, for in your care is placed, to a large degree, the training of the minds of those children and youths. And to the parents of those little ones, into whose care God has trusted them, do we realize the great responsibility placed upon us in the training of

those tender minds? And if we fail in our duty to them, what will be the consequences of that failure? God gave to ancient Israel this law, and told them that if they failed to teach this law to their children, they must answer for the sins of those children. If God exacted that of ancient Israel, a nation of slaves who had been in Egyptian bondage under a nation of idolaters for more than two hundred years, will he require less of us who live in this enlightened age of the world? If not, then the need of the day is that we, as parents, officers, and teachers, teach both by precept and example with untiring energy the truths contained in the gospel of Christ; and also by the wise selection of good books that will help to advance the spirituality of our minds, as well as to be a benefit to all who may read them. Then the need of the day for all of us shall be that we falter not until the fight is ended, the victory won, and God has said it is enough.

MRS. MAUD M. SCOFIELD.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Sharon, Pennsylvania.—We are glad to report that the Religio work in Sharon is on the forward movement. While our class is not very large, the interest in the lessons is very good. Since commencing the study of the new *Quarterly* renewed vigor is manifest in the class. Much good will yet be done through the Religio in this place.

Box 274. MARTIN AHLSTROM.

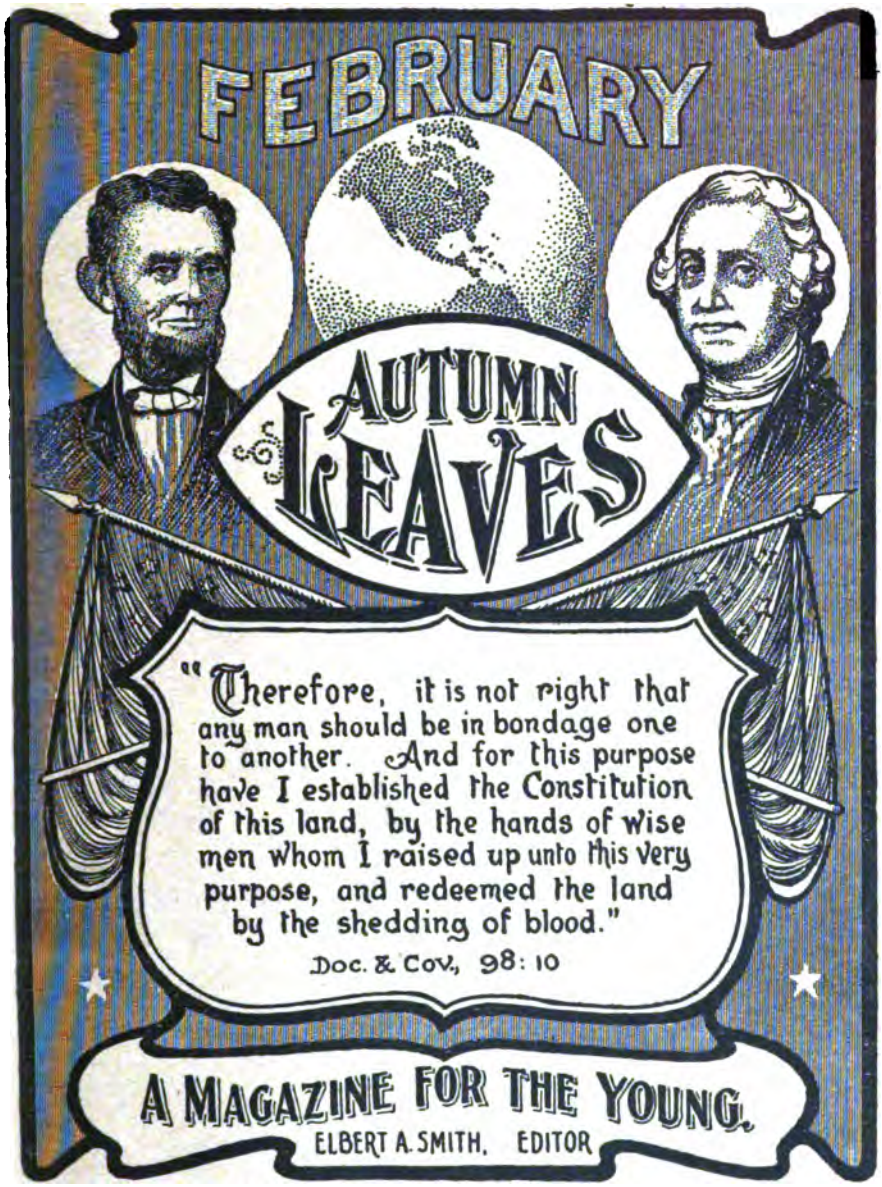
St. Louis, Missouri.—We have been having excellent programs the past month.

Our singing lessons in charge of Sr. Anna DeJong, who is a teacher in one of our largest public schools, are proving beneficial to our young people. We had a fine program in charge of the sunshine committee. Twelve little girls, dressed in costumes representing twelve nations, sang cradle songs customary to the nations. After the twelve little songs they put on nighties and caps and with lighted candles in their hands sang a good-night song in chorus. The social committee then served ice-cream and cake to the crowd of one hundred fifty-eight.

Our Thanksgiving number of the "Indefinite" was edited by Bro. and Sr. Granville Trowbridge.

Our lessons are very interesting and some are requesting longer time, showing the interest our young people take in the study.

2739 DeJong Street. (SR.) E. M. PATTERSON.



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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Twin Stars

IT IS NOT right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."—Doctrine and Covenants 98:10.

LINCOLN.—For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with slavery and put the sword into his hand and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln, as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellow men. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life. All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employments—all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this.—From the funeral oration by Phillips Brooks.

WASHINGTON.—The finger of an overruling Providence, pointing at Washington, was neither mistaken nor unobserved; when, to realize the vast hopes to which our Revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable. How novel, how grand the spectacle! Independent states, stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition, to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government. . . . This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and patriots, Washington of course was found; and as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief. —From the funeral oration by Richard Henry Lee. (See Editor's Corner.)

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God."—Washington before the Convention that drafted the Constitution. (See Editor's Corner.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 FEBRUARY, 1908 NUMBER 2

SLEEPY SONG.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

The preacher stands at the head of the street,
And he cries all night in the storm and sleet,
Hear, people, hear!
Awake and repent, the end is near!

But the Devil, singing his sleepy song,
Puts foot to the cradle and swings it 'long,
Sleep, people, sleep!
O let others pray and others weep!

So they dream of power and dream of fame,
Of buying and selling, and deeds of shame,—
Dream, people, dream!
'Neath frescoed ceiling and oaken beam,

Your doors close bolted and your curtains drawn,
'Till the very day of your judgment dawn,—
Mark, people, mark!
How the first fierce rays smite through the dark;

And the preacher stands in the narrow way,
In the battle front of the Judgment Day,—
'Rise, people, 'rise!
And behold what glories burst the skies!

But the Devil, singing his sleepy song,
Puts foot to the cradle and swings it 'long,
Sleep, people, sleep!
O let others watch and others weep!

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. I.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD. THE GREAT REVIVAL. THE RUMORS REGARDING YOUNG JOSEPH SMITH.

"The churches to-day under the stir-stick of sensationalism, only to retire like oil and water to their respective grounds when the experiment is concluded."

MANCHESTER, New York, March 29, 1820.

MRS. ADELINE BRADFORD, Liverpool, England.

My Dear Mother: Nigh three months have passed away since I broke away from your loving side, and took ship for the New

World. With the rest of the family, I am sure you will be delighted with the intelligence of my safe arrival at Castle Gardens, and my disembarkation on this great continent. Deep were my reflections as I disentangled my arms from your neck, and said my last farewell to board the gigantic Davis which, without mercy or reverence for our mutual inclination to linger within each other's gaze, pulled painfully away until all our communications parted.

From a cut in Fowler and Wells' book, How to Read Character.

JOSEPH SMITH.

"To add to the excitement, a rumor is afloat in the neighborhood that young Joseph Smith, who got converted with the rest, has prayed over the matter and has had a vision."

Never will time erase from my memory the feelings and the emotions that pervaded my soul to its innermost recess when I was fully awake to the fact that you were lost to view, and your handkerchief wavings were no longer visible. It now became a matter of the pacifying of my mind, and in a measure the turning of my attention to the future, and the fortunes that the future would bring me. For some time it was in vain that I sought conquest over the anguish that exercised my mind; for truly, mother, it did then seem that I should never see you again. You know the ties that bound us, in fact, all our family, for every one of you have the most filial devotion, but none so dear as you. But something had to be done. One of us had to leave, and why not I as well as another. I know Herbert would have come, but he is younger than I, and I thought if such a necessity devolved upon any one, it ought to be me. I am sure my absence will ease you somewhat in your numberless cares and attentions to a household so large. My unceasing desire has been that the time may come when you would have more leisure, when you could not merely rest, but when you could also have the satisfaction of a few hours' recourse to your favorite retreat, which is a perusal of some of those good books in father's library.

It has occurred to me more vividly since my departure that I might have rendered you even more assistance at times in your never-ending duties of the household; but considering the fact that my other and outdoor labor demands so much of my time for the

preservation of our scanty maintenance, I think I did not so badly. At least if I did you never chid me for it; and whether it was your uncommon leniency or not I stand unreproved to this day for any neglects such as I refer to. Well, maybe everything was all right, but the solemn sensations that bore upon me upon our separation, and the thoughts that possibly I might never see you again, brought all the recollections vividly to my mind. Thus I mention them to you.

The realization of the fact that I have your prayers is of incalculable worth to me, and that I am a subject of mention in your morning and evening devotions at the family altar. Be assured that I have still kept up my prayerful devotions, and in obedience to your most impressive counsel I keep close by my side the Book of Common Prayer you put in my trunk, and I try to observe its daily readings. Our pastor, Reverend Egbert, spoke very kindly to me at the last service I was able to attend ere I left home. Tell me, in your letter, which I shall long to receive, as soon as you have information in respect to my change of address, whether he has commented on me on our last interview, and whether in his comments he has manifested any perceptible displeasure of anything I said; for, as you well know, mother, I have not treated our clergymen with the unthinking veneration that most of our membership accord them. So long as his remarks to me were confined to the nature of advice, whether it was well directed or not, I made no dissent; but when he elicited from me a response to something he had advanced, if I thought he was in error I could not conscientiously do otherwise than tell him so. Between the two alternatives it always seemed to me more God-pleasing to differ from the pastor and be right, than to agree with him and be wrong.

One little feature which attracted my attention since my landing on this shore is that preachers are not the objects of reverence here that they are in the old country. You will understand what I mean by the "old country," a very common expression this side the Atlantic, by which pilgrim boys like me designate the land of their nativity. No, the relationship between the clergy and the people here is not quite like it is in the kingdom of our good sovereign George; and our church here, if I may call it ours, is under a different title, and is known as the Protestant Episcopal Church. Its liturgy and so on is very much the same, but it does not recognize the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is in no way tributary to the old church in the motherland. Perchance you have not yet read of this circumstance. I shall state that the same axe that parted the rope that connected England and the Colonies, parted the church also that existed in both places, at the same time.

It is somewhat of a perplexity to me, in these circumstances, to know what my procedure should be. Truly I should like to do that which will be most suited to my spiritual welfare. But now should I resign all my former attachments for the old church of antiquity, and ally myself with this, and become a member of the church here in Manchester, as I have always been in Liverpool?

What do you think? A little advice from your trustful, sincere pen may be quite an alleviation to me in this uncertainty. Indeed I want to do right, but the right is not always easily chosen. To think that it is a matter of indifference as to which one of the two churches one is affiliated with, when there is such a palpable antagonism between them, is absurd in the superlative degree, it seems to me.

The church here claims some advancement. Although a degree of advancement be supposable, in doctrine or in church polity, do you not know, mother, that my mind immediately returns to Canterbury, and I think on the question of the derivation of the authority of the new church. There is evidently something wrong somewhere. Your correspondence may enable me to locate it.

But to revert for a moment to the matter of my being held in remembrance in your prayers at home, I omitted to say that some marked prosperities have come to me at different times in such a manner that I could only ascribe it to the Supreme Ruler acting in my behalf. My mind for the most part has been at rest, and my way, my course of travel, etc., has been very clear to me. It will indeed be a priceless satisfaction if the same tranquility, the same decision that has blessed me during the past brief period of my pioneering, could be mine for all time to come. I refer, of course, to temporal pursuits, which must be manifest to you in view of what I had already said about religion. And even on religion I have not experienced any sense of condemnation, because in my uncertainty I knew I was doing the best I could, the best I knew; a pathway I trust I shall ever walk in.

All the religions found in England are freely tolerated here, and I judge that they flourish here, most of them, more than there. Besides the Episcopal people in this locality, there are Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. It is very little consideration the latter three have ever received from me hitherto. I did not regard them as entitled to any serious consideration at home, where our own church was everywhere accessible; but don't you know that if I am to be isolated from my former communion it might possibly be that one of these three bodies would do as well, if not better than the Episcopal Church. The disposition to be in communion with the people of the Lord somewhere characterizes me very strongly.

The three religious bodies referred to have been holding a religious revival in the neighborhood recently, which is still protracted. Representatives of the three bodies have united in the same pulpit to make converts by a declaration of their common belief in relation to Christ and his saving efficacy, under agreement that upon the conclusion of the series to permit the different converts to go with what denomination their option should suggest. Much excitement prevails already, and it is only conjectural as to what it will terminate in. I have attended a few meetings, but have participated in none. It may be that new surroundings will necessitate the pulling up of some of my conservative stakes; but

I must say that my prejudices are decidedly against sensational revivals, and this wholesale way of making converts. It is true that a great multitude were converted on the day of Pentecost, but it was manifestly a result of their conviction of the truth of that they had held as incredible, being simultaneously moved by the influence of God's Holy Spirit. If any lives become purer I shall truly rejoice in the transformation of character for the better, though I should not consequently be compelled to acknowledge the lawfulness of the proceedings in which it was precipitated.

That all these churches can be right I avow I can never believe. Verily I shall never believe it. They speak of the exclusiveness of the established church. Therein I observe a very marked, yea, an adorable consistency on her part, and her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church here, stands in nearly the same relation to them all. I like that, and if we get back to the very foundation of these new-fangled enthusiasts, we find them dyed with the very same color. When Calvin and Knox and Luther came out in the sixteenth century, they moved and labored under the weight of a sincere conviction that up to that time the true church of Christ was not in the world. In the same pathway did Wesley, Roger Williams, and every other reformer, contemporaneously or subsequently follow. They have receded to-day from the rocks on which their founders stood. They mix to-day under the stir-stick of sensationalism to retire like water and oil to their respective grounds when the experiment is concluded. It is like nations' warships in each other's ports. But I must not become too dogmatic for one who has betrayed the lack of a fully settled state of mind that I have.

Later.—A rap at the door as I wrote the last word of the above sentence has postponed the finishing of my rather lengthy letter till to-day. Indeed it is not often I care to persevere in the preparation of such lengthy correspondence; but it is with much more ease that I address you, dear mother, than ordinary individuals, and the task has assumed naught of irksomeness. I hope the same tendency may pervade you and the rest of the family in your answers from time to time. Tell Grace to be sure and include something. Also I want a page from Robert and Ruby, for there are no twins like them. Write my address to Victor in the north, if he has not yet returned, and don't forget to give this letter to Bertha to read when she comes up from the sanitarium in the spring, for I like her true. Don't forget cousin "Little Fee" in your distribution of the news.

Oh, say! more news about the revival! Just about what I expected. When I opened the door in response to the rap, who should accost me but my foremost friend, Louis Wilton. He is an intelligent young man in the neighborhood, a few years my junior, who has been attending the protracted meetings from the commencement and became what they call converted. I never tried to persuade or dissuade him in the matter. As he was without any professed experience along religious lines, I thought he was better left to himself. He said, "Well, Solon, how are you?"

"As usual," was my answer.

He continued, "Solon, I am in somewhat of a distressed state of mind. The revival has concluded, and a condition of things has ensued which if not speedily averted will undo nearly all the good that has been done."

"Pray, what is the condition you refer to?"

"Well, you know the understanding was that converts were to go with whichever of these three denominations their option would suggest, without interference on the part of the preachers and other prime movers in the scene; and now that the dividing stage has arrived, many of them are not willing to remain loyal to this most solemn pledge, whether verbal or tacit. They are pulling and hauling every way, so that one scarcely knows what to do. It has given much commotion of mind, and last night I was tossed on the sea of anxiety all night. I am satisfied that older minds are in the same plight. And just to-day, to add to the excitement, a rumor is afloat in the neighborhood that young Joseph Smith—you've heard of the Smith family—who got converted with the rest of us, has prayed over the matter and has had a vision that the churches are all wrong. It may be an injustice to young Smith, for at this moment one hardly knows what to believe. The preachers are alarmed over it, so the report goes. I shall have an account from his own lips when I am permitted to see him, for I have known him quite well, and although illiterate, I have always believed him to be perfectly honest, and I have always liked him well. The family are of good repute, and the highest integrity."

"Louis, what will this neighborhood come to yet?" I asked.

"Unity," he promptly returned.

"Well said, my old friend," I rejoined. "One thing, if there had ever been a time when it was proper to seek divine guidance it is now, and, between you and me, let me tell you that I have not been entirely at peace religiously myself for sometime since my arrival here. I observed your emotion, but thought it better to let you have it out with yourself. Now that the status of affairs has approximated my anticipations I can speak my heart. Really, it has just come to what I looked for, and to tell you the truth, I have little sympathy for any of the churches around here. The religious fog that has caused my groping is quite different from that which is the occasion of your present emotion."

"Well, I must find out more about young Smith. It is barely possible that he has executed the very thing that I have thought of doing, and has obtained light from the Lord."

"I am not able," resumed Louis, "to tell you much about it beyond what I have said. I noticed that it was generally treated with derision. I heard them telling it over in the store. Some thought that he was frenzied. Two or three seemed to take his part, particularly one man who lives several miles on the other side of town, and whose name I am unable to recall, who with an earnestness that made him not a little conspicuous for the time being, declared that he believed the young man's story."

Such, mother, was the run of the conversation between us, which was prolonged for at least two hours ere my good friend departed. It will, with what I have said, serve to picture to you the religious aspect on this side the laughing brine.

Be patient till you hear from me again, when, it is presumable, I will be able to allay some curiosity in relation to the young man Smith, that would most naturally be aroused within you upon the foregoing remarks.

Health, blessings, God-speed to all the family.

Your affectionate

SOLON.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE AND CIVILIZATION.

BY ELLA IMOGENE M'CAIG.

Which has done the most to bring about our modern civilization, literature, science, or invention?

IN CONSIDERING such a question as this I feel the difficulty of demonstrating the relative importance of literature upon the history of civilization as compared with science or invention. It is a much more intangible thing than either, and its results are not so strikingly apparent at first sight. And yet we know, if we pause to think, that it is really the basis upon which all true civilization must rest.

When we think of science and invention, in connection with our modern civilization, we are amazed at their stupendous productions; the use of steam, of electricity, of labor-saving devices, and of all the other aids man has created for his assistance. But we must remember man had to go through a period of preparation before these conditions could prevail. They had to keep in touch with one another, learn each other's needs and desires. And how did they do this but by that medium of communication which we call literature? They had to study, to train their minds for the great burst of creative energy that leaped out in the industrial, scientific, and inventive conditions of this last century. These conditions have never been duplicated in any age or era of the world. It seems to me that they should be regarded more as effects, more as an essential part of modern civilization itself, and that we must look deeper down for the real underlying basis of civilization.

On the other hand literature has *always* stood for something definite in the worlds' history. By means of it men have transmitted their ideas, their beliefs, their hopes and desires from one to another. They have stimulated one another to fresh efforts and endeavors, to fresh strivings to attain a higher plane of thought and action. I think there is nothing more significant of this yearning of the human soul to communicate with its kind, to leave behind it some trace of its own individuality, than that series of remarkable paintings, The Evolution of the Book. From the primi-

tive savage laboriously piling up his rude cairn of stones, up through the periods of hieroglyphic writings and laborious copying by hand, to the man at the printing press, they portray the onward march of civilization, hand in hand with the growth of literature.

We know, moreover, that the nations of the world have benefited it in proportion as they were prepared to disseminate their knowledge, attainments, and achievements to others. For example, let us regard the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, and Chaldeans. We know that they were highly learned in some of the sciences, astronomy, astrology, medicine, and engineering; particularly is this true of Egyptians. Evidences of their skill in inventions and sciences are not lacking in the ruins of their great cities, in the pyramids, the Sphinx, and their wonderfully embalmed mummies. But of what avail has it been to the nations coming after them to know that they possessed these acquirements? Their inventions and sciences have been of little use when the means to communicate them and render them valuable were lacking. At the time of their downfall their literature was in merely an embryonic stage. Their means of communication was too limited and crude to keep pace with the progress in other lines, and so when they perished from the earth, their civilization and culture went too, at least so far as it could profit future generations.

Just so it has been with the Chinese. They have had inventions, they have possessed sciences, but what great good has it done, in the broad sense of benefiting the world? None, for they, too, have possessed but a stunted literature. They have clung to the writings of one man, Confucius, to the absolute exclusion of all others. Without a great variety of writers, each expressing his own feelings, opinions, and beliefs, no true literature can exist, and without the opportunity of exchanging views, of opening new vistas of thought to the eager mind, of arousing an investigative and questioning spirit, no true culture can obtain.

On the other hand, when we wish to point out a nation that scattered abroad its own culture and knowledge, that even now has a vast and potent effect on the higher life of the world, we think of Greece, the cradle of the literature of the world. Her culture and her wealth of learning is an open book to him who will read. Greece could bequeath her civilization because she had the means ready at hand, the writings and the literature that were to educate the world. The Greeks can never be forgotten, for they lived to some purpose. But it was not through inventions or sciences, but literature (poetry, prose, and the drama) that they made the world better.

We might multiply these examples, but the purport of all would be the same. A nation must have a great, or at least a sturdy literature, to hold its own in civilization and benefit the world thereby. We know that the Greeks passed their civilization to the Romans, and that they in turn transmitted it to their barbaric Teutonic conquerors, each in turn assimilating and passing onward its knowledge.

But most important of all we know that the second great impetus which the intellectual life of the Middle Ages received, came from the old Greek and Roman literature. Then it was that the humanists rebelled against the petty, soul-crushing scholasticism of the age, and brought forth once more the old classical literature, with its love of the beautiful, its eager delight in nature, and its passion for investigation. Then men's minds once more opened to new thoughts and urgent researches, and became prepared for the great discoveries in the natural world and the geography of the globe, following so soon afterward in the fifteenth century.

From the time of the Renaissance, men's minds have been freed from thraldom. They have gone steadily onward to higher, clearer planes of thought. But it was no invention or science that accomplished their emancipation; it was the revival of learning and the study of Greek and Roman literature that opened men's eyes once more to the beauties of the world.

It was literature that accomplished the Reformation. What the humanists had begun, the reformers finished, and no one knew better than Wycliffe and Huss, Luther and Calvin, how effectually they were spreading the truth when they wrote their mighty works; how many eager minds those writings would reach that were inaccessible to their eloquence.

And so events have gone on from age to age, each merging into the other and contributing its bit to the final sum. We are reaping the benefit of those past ages now. We stand, as I have said, in a mighty age, but I think we have to thank the literature of the world for it more than anything else. The time once was when despots could forbid men writing their opinions and beliefs, or could partially check the literature of a nation. They realized that the greatest danger to their power lay in the educating of the people through the fiery writings of the reformers, whether they were religious, political, or social. But that time is past, and now, thanks to the efforts of those same writers, men are free to do and say as their consciences dictate. But the literature of the world is still standing for the right, is still molding public opinion and leading public thought. The really great literature of the world to-day stands for the good, and that, we know, will ever tend to a higher civilization. And as it has done much for the world, for humanity, for freedom, in the past, so will it do in the future. As long as a nation can point to a high and noble literature, it has much to be proud of, much to be thankful for, and greatest of all, much to hope for.

EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE, IN SOUTHERN SEAS.—PART III.

BY CHARLES H. LAKE.

SUNDAY MORNING dawned bright and clear, and, with the sun, came many of the Saints from Tarona; they had walked the five miles in the cool of the morning, and with them were others from the branch at Faaa, which which was nearer by. At eight o'clock a good sized audience was ready to hear the new missionary, Elder Burton occupying again at ten o'clock. The feast was postponed until after the afternoon prayer-service, and it was well to do so, for spiritual feasts never follow immediately after temporal ones, but if held before, both may be enjoyed. As the spiritual time was much like those of a like nature in America, I will hasten to tell of the temporal feast.

At the close of the meeting we started on a tour of inspection, and were in time to see the native ovens opened. This oven has the appearance of a miniature mound, with steam oozing through the earth. With deft hands the dirt is carefully scraped away, so that little is left to sift down through the layer after layer of leaves, as they are removed, so that when the food is exposed, it is clean and nice, at least none of the dirt from the covering is mixed with it. The food is steamed rather than baked, and the odor is appetizing, but not nearly so much so as it would be if the food were seasoned a little. The natives never add salt nor any other seasoning, even preferring their bread baked without salt. A good sized roast pig tops the pile, surrounded by three or four chickens and several large chunks of corned beef.

"Salt beef?"

Yes, salt beef from New Zealand.

"But we thought you said the natives did not like salt in their food?"

I surely say that, and in doing so only repeat their own words to me. I am unable to account for this seeming contradiction, but I *do* know that when any of the stores open a barrel of salt beef or salmon, it is soon sold out, and I also know that they do not salt their bread, fresh fish, meat, chicken, or anything else they may be cooking. Account for it if you can, I can not; to me it is but another paradox.

Another oven held about a bushel of plantains, sweet potatoes, and poi; the plantain is a fruit in the shape of the banana, but thicker and shorter, and when ripe has a reddish color. When cooked, they are very nice eating, just a hint of resin in the taste, but not at all disagreeable. They do not grow in the lowlands, but in the valleys of the mountains. The piece "de resistance," however, is "poi." The name is pronounced the same as the stage Irishman is supposed to say pie, "poi," but in no other way does it resemble that product of the culinary art. I hardly know how to describe it, but when made by an expert, cooked to a turn, and

you have not inspected too closely the conditions under which it was made, it always "tastes like more," to use an American slang phrase: but the same as with our pie, "there is poi, and there is poi." The kind that best suits my palate is made with maniota pia and bananas.

"What is maniota pia?"

I do not know the English name for maniota, but it is a long, hard root, that when boiled, tastes somewhat like sweet potato; but to make pia, it must be scraped raw, strained through a cloth, into water, and allowed to settle; when the water is poured off the sediment is dried, so that it is like fine flour.

The pia is also used for starch, but when intended for that purpose it is generally made from an inferior quality of maniota, or from taro. A little pia, some nice ripe bananas, brown sugar, with a little cocoanut milk, are all mixed together, tied in small bundles with leaves, and it is ready for the oven. When served with cocoanut milk for sauce, it is delicious, but, like English plum pudding, it is productive of vivid dreams.

"What is cocoanut milk?"

My, how inquisitive you are; but I will try and satisfy your curiosity, and tell you how to make some for yourselves. It is an excellent substitute for cow's milk, which God in his wisdom has provided for the inhabitants of these little coral islands, where a cow would find poor picking, and where her milk would sour in a few hours. We find that it can be used for most anything for which we would use cow's milk, being excellent for making pie-crusts, biscuits, griddle-cakes, etc., etc. It is made by taking the ripe cocoanut, such as we can buy at the grocers in America, shredding the meat very fine, pouring the water that was inside over it, then squeezing through a cloth until all the milk is out of it: a jelly press would prove very convenient, and if no better way is had to grate the nut, put it through a fine meat chopper. Try it.

At last all was in readiness, and the call was "Haere mai, tamaa." (Come and eat.) You should have seen that crowd; two rows dep all around the large feast-house, and the center filled with food in hand-made wooden bowls, some of which were large enough for canoes, and of about the same shape.

Our table was at one end of the center, spread with a clean, white sheet, and filled with enough food for ten hungry men. Having blessed the food, the committee chosen for that purpose, began the distribution. Fresh, green banana leaves had been spread upon the ground, to serve as table-cloth, and in lieu of dishes. Each committee-man dragged his bowl of food around, dishing out a double handful in front of each man, and by the time each variety of food had been passed around, you may imagine what a liberal supply each one had. My appetite was whetted for most anything, but my teeth were not good enough for india-rubber chicken, so I tried a piece of roast pig, with little better success; they had been placed too near the top of the oven and were not half done. Food had been brought for us from a Chinese cook-house, and with "poi"

to top off with, we enjoyed the feast fully as well as the rest, who had eaten so liberally of the native food.

What had we for drink? The purest of distilled water, served in the "original package," another wise provision God in his infinite wisdom has made for man in this climate, I speak of the water-cocoanut. When young, the nut has but little meat, but is filled nearly to bursting with water, always cool; the outer husk being a perfect non-conductor of heat and cold, keeps the water cool and refreshing, no matter how hot the sun. The older the nut, the sweeter the water, and the less, until when ripe the hollow space in the center is but half filled, and very sweet.

We had but fairly begun eating, when I noticed the men beginning to leave the building; those first to leave had cleared away all the food in front of them, but a few, whose capacity was not great enough, were tying the remainder in their table-cloth; the chickens and dogs were picking up the crumbs, and soon the table was spread again for the women. In this country, while the white missionary's wife is looked upon as the equal of *any* man, the native woman is the equal of *no* man. It has only been a short time since they were not allowed to take part in any of the meetings. At the present rate of progress, however, another generation will see conditions the reverse of what they formerly were, as it seems likely to be in all other parts of the world as well. We men folks must awake and prevent any such results, not by curtailing any of the privileges of the weaker (?) sex, but by making better use of our own while we have them.

We stepped outside the feast-house and enjoyed the beautiful view of old ocean, until sunset. You have all read of the beauties of sunset in the tropics; we have witnessed many of them that beggar description, they must be seen to be realized and appreciated.

Those living at a distance have started for home, having feasted both the inward and outward man, but the feast we had just ended, certainly left the heaviest impression, if not the most lasting. There seems to be no hour of the Sabbath day that is suitable for feasting the outward man; if held in the early part of the day, the remaining services will have a dull and sleepy audience; if delayed until the appetite is too keen, the good effect of the preceding meetings is lost.

What then? Shall we cease to eat on the Sabbath day?

Certainly not, unless it be with the spirit of fasting; but our services should be so arranged that we could eat *regularly* and *moderately*.

Monday morning we were to visit the new branch at Faaa, so an early start was made, that we might climb the long hill before the sun was too high in the heavens. This branch is composed of refugees from the storm-swept low islands of the Puamotu group, who had made a bargain to purchase about two hundred and fifty acres of land on the mountain side, fully expecting that Bishop Kelley would pay for it, and consequently were taking life easy; no un-

common thing here, however. The village consisted of about twenty-five "niau" houses, not a wooden one being in sight anywhere. It was our first experience in a native village, with nothing about to remind us of civilization. Not much regularity anywhere, the top of the ridge being left for the street, with little yards fenced off in front of the houses on each side. The fence was usually a twine string stretched from sticks stuck in the ground, and inclosed whatever each man thought should be his portion. Within the inclosure were flowers, planted haphazard, which showed a little development along the line of beautifying their surroundings. It was very evident that a strenuous effort had been made to have the street and yards cleaned and made ship shape in anticipation of our visit.

Flourishing gardens of sweet potatoes, maniota, field-corn, water- and muskmelons, were to be seen on the steep hillsides back of the houses. A good sized chapel had been built, with less than two dozen nails used in its construction; in lieu thereof a tough bark is used to tie the braided niaus in place. The woods are searched for trees that fork at just the right height from the ground, so that the ridge pole will have a good solid place in which to rest: the trunk of the cocoanut-trees make very good corner- and side-posts, being very uniform in diameter, about twelve inches, and when the bark is peeled off are of a nice, smooth, round surface, quite straight.

Mats are made of the cocoanut branches, or else dry grass is spread on the ground for the women to sit on, the men occupying a board bench along each wall. While there would be no objection made if the women were to sit on the bench, they seem to think their place is on the floor, and a majority prefer to sit there, tailor fashion, with no support for the back, nor place for their feet to hang. When two or more women meet on the roadside and care to visit awhile, they will sit on the grass or sand, and talk to their hearts' content.

An informal reception was held, that the brethren might present their "aroha" (offering) and tell us how glad they were to meet us. A general handshake followed numerous flowery speeches; this handshaking was getting to be a common thing with us, for at the close of each service it is the custom for all the priesthood to shake hands, one with the other, and should there be ten meetings in the one day, it would be "shake" at the end of each one. I wonder sometimes what the custom could have been among them before the advent of the white man. Did they shake hands? or rub noses? There is a native word for kiss, it is "hoi," the definition of which is, "To kiss, or touch noses." If that was the custom at the close of all their council meetings, in those days, then am I glad indeed that they have adopted the white man's custom, even though it is carried to the extreme.

We did not stay long on the hill, but hurried on to Papeete, where there was plenty of work awaiting us, with no time for sightseeing. Some chickens, sweet potatoes, squash, etc., were thrown into the wagon as we drove away; the missionary is not supposed to leave

a branch, without some additional token as an "aroha." Others were lined up along the path with shells, and other curiosities, that they wished to present to us.

I had been waiting for a good opportunity to visit the market, which is open from five thirty until seven o'clock in the morning. Thursday and Sunday are the best market days, so I went the following Thursday morning, and I will mention a few of the things that were for sale. The place that first attracted my attention was the fish market. Green, red, gold, blue, black, and white fish, ringed, striped, and spotted fish; fish with scales and fish in shells, others with neither scales nor shells, good fish and devil-fish, long fish and short fish, some one of which would weigh fifty or sixty pounds, others of which it would take two or three thousand to make one pound. Why, I have eaten over a thousand fish at one sitting,—just think of it! I will not tire you with a description of these different fish at this time, but as I come across the different ones, and sample them in the future, will describe those that are especially characteristic of this part of the world.

On the outside of the inclosure, where there was no rent to pay for a stall, natives were to be seen sitting on the ground with strings of oranges or baskets of bananas in front of them, for sale; others with bread-fruit, plantains, or sweet potatoes; some with water-cocoanuts, and ripe ones as well; baskets of limes, mangoes, and pawpaws. Inside again we find fresh beef, mutton, pork, and sausages; Chinese selling nearly all kinds of vegetables, fresh and crisp, just from the garden. Chickens, ducks, and little pigs add to the babel of voices.

August 12 there was to be a wedding and another feast in Tiona, and, of course, after such a pleasant experience as we had had previously, we were glad to accept the invitation to attend. Our prancing steeds were at the door before seven in the morning, and by eight we were climbing the hill at Tiona. As we neared the top, we saw a fleeting vision in black and white, hurrying from one house to another; it was the bride vacating her dressing-room for us. After she had completed her toilet, she came and greeted us cordially, and seemed as happy as a bride should be on her wedding day, but the groom was the most bashful native I had met, and from the expression on his face, one would think he was going to his own funeral, rather than to just begin *living*. The wedding was to be in the chapel, at the close of the morning preaching-service, during which service the young couple occupied front seats, the groom still wearing that funereal face.

The wedding service was that in the Doctrine and Covenants, after which we all proceeded to the water side, where the groom was baptized. Truly, he was to begin life in every sense of the word.

At three o'clock we had the feast, and for abundance of food and quality of cooking it far surpassed the preceding feast in the same building. The bride and groom, with the missionaries, occupied the places of honor, and on our table was to be seen an assort-

ment of Chinese restaurant food, besides roast chicken and a whole roast pig, with plenty of fruit and water-cocoanuts.

The groom was even more bashful at the table than he had been before; tried his best to eat with knife and fork, but soon gave it up in disgust, when his bashfulness seemed to vanish with the food. Mrs. Newlywed, however, continued to experiment with those man-made implements, but I am sure she was still hungry when she left the table. I felt like telling her to follow the example of her spouse and be comfortable. Soon after the feast, the groom was to be seen in the comfortable attire of a "pareu" and an undershirt, and a smile that was very appropriate to the day. When I saw the expanse of feet that had been encased in those small shoes, I knew that it was the present and not the future prospect that had given his face such a "woebegone" expression at the ceremony.

September 30 found wife and I in Tiona again, where the writer was to preach his first sermon in the native language, or rather read it, for he had spent a good part of the preceding week in writing it, not daring to trust himself to speak a new language extemporaneously (?). I felt about as shaky as had the groom, on the occasion of our last visit. When the sermon was ended, I asked some of them if they had understood me; some were honest enough to say "E, te tahi pae," (Yes, a part,) but others, hoping to encourage me, said, "E, papu roa," (Yes, very plain indeed.) The worst, however, was yet to come; the branch officers, thinking I had gotten along so nicely with my sermon, asked me to conduct a class for them. Being anxious to learn, I accepted the invitation, with the result that when we had finished, I was wet with prespiration, and not because of vigorous bodily exercise either. The day finally came to an end, and we were in the cart, on our way back to Papeete, feeling much relieved in mind, and pleased that we had made no very bad breaks, although, of course, the natives may be able to tell a different story. But you all want to read of what we see in this strange land, and of how the natives live, rather than of the writer's personal achievements.

One of the compensations to the American missionary in Tahiti is that at nearly all seasons of the year the best of fruit is to be had cheap. Oranges, the equal of any raised in the States, can be bought at twenty cents Chile money, or eight cents American, for a string of two dozen, the best of bananas at the same price or less. No grapes or berries of any kind grow here, but to make up for the loss, we have the luscious mango. I know of no fruit in America with which to compare it, that you might have an idea as to its taste; it has a flavor all its own. The inside is like a clingstone peach, both as to color and character of the stone. In the season, all the mangoes you want may be had for the picking, as the trees line the streets for shade and ornamentation. Tamarinds are also planted by the roadside and are free to all. There are plenty of melons; also the pawpaw, which tastes somewhat like the musk-melon, and is of a similar shape. The custard-apple is another

excellent fruit, which has the appearance of a large blackberry, being about the size of the average apple.

When passing along the street, the children, seeing me, would cry out, "Papa, papa," and I began to think they must take me for a Catholic priest, or, that I would have to father the whole race, but when looking in the dictionary one day, I saw that the word "papaa" meant a foreigner, and my fears were dispelled. The children here are as afraid of the white man as we used to be of a black man, and we are used by the mothers as a "bugaboo" to frighten the little ones and make them mind. It frightens them all right, but it would take more than that to make them obey their parents.

October 12, wife and I went to live with the branch at Faaa, where we were to be among the natives, and live in a "niau" house. Here we were to become acquainted with our dusky brethren, learn their ways, and more rapidly acquire the use of their language.

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S GREATNESS ON THE SEA; OBSERVATIONS IN PLYMOUTH.

BY ELDER J. W. RUSHTON.

THE NAVY of Great Britain is world-famed, regarding size and efficiency, and also justly boasts a wonderful pedigree; the record of naval daring with the scintillating exploits going back to the reign of England's idolized sovereign, King Alfred, for its origin. The accession of Alfred to the throne of the kingdom took place in the midst of national calamities and at the very point where the "star" of England's glory was at its nadir, as a result of the continuous defeats inflicted upon the Anglo-Saxons by the marauding Norsemen, whose intrepid excursions had been irresistible, and when the Saxon dynasty was threatened with extinction. So strongly did the tide of victory sweep with the Vikings that Alfred himself, in the early part of his reign, seemed powerless to resist it; and defeat dogged his footsteps with discouraging regularity, until his army was scattered and he himself became a refugee and had to

hide in a swineherd's hut to secure himself from the victorious foe. The story of the great king's dilemma, when requested by the housewife to take care of the cakes as they were cooking on the hearthstone, and how, owing to the king being absorbed in preparing for another attack upon the enemy, he forgot the cakes and allowed them to burned, to the discomfiture of the good lady whose asperity was not by any means curtailed at this domestic disaster, is one of the most familiar stories in English history; and how in after years when peace and prosperity once again smiled on the fair island home of this king he rewarded the humble swineherd whose good qualities the king had not forgotten, by bestowing upon him the bishopric of Winchester.

It was in the hour of defeat and the night of adversity that the future hope of England was conceived. Alfred, with that indomitable perserverance which was the foundation of his greatness, planned and worked; finally collecting his army and with entrancing swiftness gaining victory after victory over the foe which for years had terrorized the whole country.

The king had realized that a navy was the first and most urgent necessity to secure his kingdom against enemies, and so in the days of peace, he himself working as shipbuilder, laid the foundation of the world's greatest navy, composed in that day of long, narrow boats, with decks fore and aft, upon which the fighting men were placed, while in the body the rowers were placed, who plied the broad-bladed oars with dexterity. With these means of accelerated mobility he guarded the shores and kept the land free from invaders, and commenced a long period of peace and prosperity.

To look upon the floating castles of steel, as they lie at anchor in the Sound of Plymouth, with their huge boilers and intricate machinery, it is almost inconceivable that in the course of evolution these are the offspring of the "oaken bulwarks," famed in song and history, whose daring sailors have produced such a catalogue of illustrious names and glowing achievements,—the pride and inspiration of every British schoolboy, whose very blood seems inoculated with this overwhelming passion for the sea.

To this day the names of Drake, Frobisher, Howard, Rooke, and Nelson still shine with undimmed brilliancy; and such engagements as the defeat of the Armada of Spain, the storming and taking of Gibraltar, the battles of the Baltic, Nile, and the glorious, yet fateful Trafalgar, will never be forgotten or obscured while Britain remains.

In this toll of British brave, the Southwest may justly claim the lion's share. The natural contour of the land is a large peninsula running well out into the Atlantic Ocean, cleaving it into the English Channel on the South and the Bristol Channel on the north. The intrepid Phœnician traders, who ignored the *"Ne plus ultra"* of Gibraltar's frowning gateway carried their purple cloths and other wares to the far-off shores of Devon and Cornwall and traded with the ancient Britons for the silver, copper, and tin ores which enriched the rugged hills of their land. Then, when years after-

wards the brazen-mailed legions of Cæsar had imparted to the native Britons their agricultural and pastoral arts, so that the crude art of war was almost forgotten, and the Jutes and Saxons came over by invitation to drive back the Pictish marauders and concluded to remain, and drove the unfortunate Britons into the mountain fastnesses of Wales, Cornwall, and Devon, they were driven to the sea for a livelihood. So, under the influence of these three forces we may find the reason for so many of the old "sea-dogs" hailing from this section of the country.

For centuries Nature has been busy scooping out of the coast-line, large tracts of land, making in the process numberless bays and coves, that are naturally adapted for harboring, without very much artificial interference. In several of the magnificent bays it is said that the whole of the British navy can be snugly hidden. It is almost impossible to compute the enormous wealth (Ruskin would call it "Illth") represented in the battleships, cruisers, torpedoers, and destroyers, and the multitude of accessories that are congregated at the principal depots along these shores. And yet to look upon the magnificent scenery, it is scarcely conceivable that the "inhumanity of man" has utilized the velvet softness of these landscapes and seascapes behind which to hide the deadly munitions of war.

During unnumbered cycles of years these shores have been alternately wooed and kissed by the waves, whose soft murmuring music has been inspired by the tender love-winds of the South, and whose gentle and fragrant breath has whispered its song in dreamy cadences, conjuring up with the occult skill of a magician, visions of ecstacy and bliss which only the muse of poetry can articulate; and anon the fury of the storm would transmute the sistra-like whisperings into a wail of anguish, and gathering up those tender waves of azure blue into mountainous billows in the wide, unbroken range of the Atlantic, with thunderous roar would hurl its watery battalions upon the jagged coasts. Billow after billow heaving up black and foreboding, crowning itself with a gleaming crest of wild and ragged foam, with eldritch scream has charged down upon these grim battlements of stone and granite, only to be broken into clouds of spray, the boom of the contact dying away in a shuddering sigh. So amid the war of elements and the tenderness of summer's caress, there has been born this famous scenery of which we write.

But upon these jagged teeth, black and cruel, many a gallant ship has been ground into match-wood or twisted into scrap-iron; and hundreds of brave lives have been smothered, and the mutilated bodies have served as a terrible sacrifice for the propitiation of the storm-fiend.

Nestling affectionately in the arms of the rugged hills there are hamlets and villages which are dotted picturesquely over the landscape, where have been born and cradled many brave sons of the sea. As fishermen, merchantmen, or man-o'-war'smen they have established the highroads of commerce on the trackless main to

every part of the world. More than all of these places, Plymouth demands our attention, for its historic setting as well as its fascinating scenery, and also for its very great importance as a naval depot; and the neighboring township of Devonport has been very prominent for its recent launching of the greatest battleship ever built, the Temeraire.

Approaching Plymouth from the sea, as we did once after a very stormy passage from Belfast, which caused us to remain in our bunks all Saturday night and Sunday, giving us the very worst experience we ever had in Mal de Mer, we came into full view of the panorama early on the Monday morning. We had risen of the Sunday about midnight, and had scrambled our way to the deck to find we were well out of St. George's Channel and were rounding Land's End. It was a weird sight which greeted us, the small coasting-steamer was heaving and rolling in the weltering waters which were surging all around us, and the night was impenetrably dark, but across the tumultuous waste there would come, ever and anon, a broad band of yellow light gleaming from the "eye" of the Lizard Light, miles away. It was one of those experiences which silences even thought, and without comment, after sensing rather than seeing this, we stumbled down to the bunk and tried to forget that the distance between us and eternity was only half an inch.

At six o'clock in the morning we went on deck again, but the transformation was almost incredible, the ship was riding on an even keel for the first time since leaving Belfast Lough, and we were just entering Plymouth Sound, the entire scene was deluged in the golden radiance of the summer morning.

We had slipped by the famous Eddystone Lighthouse, whose slim column of stone rears its crown of light one hundred and thirty-three feet above the sea level, its light discernible seventeen and one half miles away. Turning to the prow of the vessel we beheld one of the most entrancing sights Nature has to exhibit. Away to the left, there rears up the mountainous bulk of Mount Edgcumbe, famed in history and poetry; its verdant green and the dark woodland foliage fringed with the silvery rocks and shingle against which the sea breaks into foam, crowned with the strong tower of the church, makes a very pretty picture.

Immediately in front of us there rise up the precipitous rocks into which the tides have eaten their way, honeycombing them with subterraneous passages; at the summit there is spread out as in a panorama the magnificent and famous Plymouth Hoe. Falling away from the far side of this rocky terrace is a valley in which lie the three towns, Plymouth, Stoke, and Devonport, whose suburbs spread far away up the swelling hills on the other side of the valley. Far away in the horizon can be dimly discerned the wild and barren-looking hills of Dartmoor, whose wastes are overhung with the mystic veilings of nature, its awful loneliness accentuated rather than relieved by the stony walls of the State prison buildings, immuring the criminals of the land, who have to drag out the weary years of a living death—moral lepers whose silent cry of "unclean," "unclean," is felt rather than heard.

At the extreme right of the Hoe is a headland, crowning the summit of which is a very antiquated fort, whose base is caressed by the gentle waters of an inlet called the Catterwater. This inlet separates the headland referred to, from Batten, and forms a very fine harbor. It is in this secluded place where the Quay is situated. Let into the massive masonry is a granite slab marking the spot upon which the Pilgrim Fathers stood and offered their prayer before embarking upon their perilous journey on the Mayflower to "seek a faith's pure shrine" in the far-off western continent of America, in the year 1620. In a little side alley, reached by passing through some of the labyrinthic streets which twist and twine like a corkscrew, is seen the old tabernacle in which these sturdy Puritans used to worship God; and even now the building is used by a company of people for worship of the same God who fostered under his paternal care the now distant nucleus of the nation which to-day is one of the most forcible factors in civilization and commerce.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, stirring the deep passion of reverence and awe, to stand upon the Hoe and leaning against the wall, gaze far out to sea, when the westering sun has hidden himself behind the purple clouds, which remain like the cast-off chrysalis of departed day. The gold, silver, and copper fires of the dying glories give place to the deluge of crimson which like the life's-blood of day spreads far out across the sky; and then melts into the translucent green of twilight which lingers long as the remembrance of the passionate brilliance of noontide. The "life of light" goes out of the green and changes into a deep dark indigo, and one by one the starry orbs of night flame into being. Fourteen miles away, the intermittent light of Eddystone flares out and then dies away, and the faint lights twinkling in the distance suggest the passing "of ships in the night"; a quiet, sacred hush accentuated by the throbbing pulse of life's ever present forces falls upon the soul, and involuntarily we worship.

We turn to leave this scene with a sigh, feeling that such a vision of the immanent God will never be so sensed again. Again and again we turn to catch a glimpse of the temple of mystery, until the noise, and screechings, and clangings of the busy traffic and electric cars, with the tinsel artificiality of humanity thrust upon the consciousness in its flimsy puniness blots out the scene: from henceforth we have but the memory of an experience which shall, through the vistas, be a vision of God.

In the daytime upon the Hoe can be seen a very fine bronze statue of Sir Francis Drake; his commanding figure gazing ever seaward, recalls the memorable Armada defeat. It was on this place that Drake and others were playing the favorite game of bowls when the great fleet representing the glory of Spain was descried sweeping up the channel in the form of a crescent. These sportsmen refused to suspend their game, and after playing it to a finish had abundant time to get the fleet of little ships in trim and made ready for the attack upon the huge galleons of the enemy.

We close our "Observations" with a brief description of the most famous launch which has occurred in this part of the country. Saturday, August 24, will be a red-letter day for the ship-building yards of the Government depot at Devonport, for in record time, the record hull of the record battleship Temeraire left her birthplace and slid into her watery world over which she with her compeers is expected to "rule."

Brother Newton and the writer boarded a small steam ferry-boat, which feat was accomplished after much jostling, squeezing, and pushing amongst the good natured crowd; and shortly the wheezing, coughing engines succeeded in forging the overcrowded vessel to Cremyll, on the Mount Edgcumbe side. We followed the stream of people, and after a stiff climb up the hill and steeple-chasing over fences, we at length reached the summit, and with our backs to the Nelson monument, we had a splendid view across the Hamoaze right into the Yard where the Temeraire was cradled. It looked a strange mass of dull and uninteresting complexity, and the flutterings of three flags from her temporary masts did but little to relieve the homogeneity. There were multitudes of officials with their friends and privileged guests around the hull, examining and sightseeing, as well as an army of workmen, like so many ants, could be seen running about making all ready for the approaching event.

The excitement grew with the rapidly passing moments. In the Channel, fussy little tugs were acting as policemen and pushing back the pleasure-steamers which had brought up large cargoes of human curiosity to see the sights, so that the way would be clear, and the screeching sirens and shrill whistles, together with the strains of several bands, produced a veritable pandemonium of discord; but it was all in the show, so we enjoyed it.

Fortunately we took our stand close to a gentleman who had worked on the vessel from the laying of the keel until the day before the launch, and he pleasantly beguiled the time spent in waiting, by giving us some of the following information, and some of which also we extract from the *Western Daily Mercury*, for August 26: Her extreme length is 526 feet; extreme breadth 82 feet; draught 27 feet; displacement as launched, 7,525 tons; estimated displacement when completed, 18,000 tons; speed 21 knots; armament, primary, 10 twelve-inch guns in five barbettes; armament secondary, four-inch guns; torpedo tubes 3; armor on sides 5 to 10 inches; armor on barbettes 5 to 10 inches; coal capacity 900 tons; and accommodation for a large storage of oil fuel. She belongs to the Dreadnaught class, of which there are now four ships on the way to completion, including the Dreadnaught, the Temeraire, Bellepheron, and the Superb. It is estimated that the Temeraire will cost £1,092,000, exclusive of armament. Nearly all the drilling and calking has been done with pneumatic tools, and the methods employed in her construction have saved, it is estimated, about £30,000. This battleship is the fourth one to carry the name Temeraire; the first one in the

British navy, being a capture from the French by Admiral Boscawen, in Lagos Bay, on a Monday afternoon, August 19, 1759.

Almost exactly at a quarter past five in the evening the shrill blast of the bugle proclaimed the gathering of the launch party on the platform, and after the religious ceremony, Lady Fortescue picked up the bottle of colonial wine, all decorated with flowers, and lifting it high in the air let it swing against the nose of the ship, where it smashed into fragments, the wine pouring down the plates to the ground, and named the ship.

Afterwards, at half past five, Lady Fortescue severed the rope which theoretically bound the hull to the land, and then came a swishing and clattering of the various parts of the mechanism, which sounded very strangely in the heavy silence of the tremendous crowd, and with a catch in the breath awaiting the critical moment, she began to move. Immediately there was a yell from the thousands of throats, "She moves, she moves!" Sirens, hooters, whistles, and instruments of different kinds began their unearthly screechings, and slowly the huge mass of iron began its journey down the well-greased ways, with a dignity and majesty quite regal. Deeper and deeper plowed her stern into the calm waters until she almost imperceptibly slid off the ways and rode up the stream on even keel.

The sight was wonderfully impressive; while the great works of God are big and awe-inspiring, yet it is astounding that man's ingenuity can work miracles in his way, and the launch of the Temeraire seemed to be symbolical of the supremacy of human intelligence by which the forces of nature are made to do the service of man.

It is expected that the ship will be ready for commission well within the two-year contract; and we well may wonder if she will be "obsolete" in that time in the rapidly changing fashions and ideas.

We returned to our temporary home, reflecting upon the enormous expense of maintaining such a "peace" and wonder how many years will pass before intelligence will settle difficulties by the voice of reason instead of by brutal force.

DOTTY'S DILEMMA.

"Autumn" was the awful word that Dotty couldn't spell;
With other words it seemed to her she got along quite well.
The teacher kept her in one day until she could remember
The spelling of "the season which ends with bleak November."
For one half hour poor Dotty sat, but memory failed to aid her
Or bring before her saddened eye the word which had delayed her.
At last, when deep dejection seemed to shut out every hope,
A happy thought broke through the gloom, and Dotty ceased to mope.
"How stupid of me, silly, why it isn't hard at all,
Scarcely any one says 'Autumn' and I surely can spell 'fall.'"

Captain Harold Hammond in November *St. Nicholas.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART IV.

THE ESCAPE FROM UTAH; ENCOUNTER WITH LOT HUNTINGTON; THE ADVENT OF THE REORGANIZATION; A REMARKABLE VISION.

"Before I united with the Reorganization I had concluded that all that was good in 'Mormonism' was slain and buried with the Prophet, but not so now, for light and truth shone out in every sermon, and was manifest in every prayer, and seemed to be the inspiration of every hymn . . . I wished for the pinions of an eagle, that I might fly to every hamlet and tell of the rich treasures that I had found."

I LEFT UTAH before my father did; I went to Southern California, and he went to Northern California, so I never saw him after I left the camp. I wish to say in regard to Elder Clapp, that although he took such a strong stand against Utah, he never denied the latter-day work, but defended it till the day of his death, and would have been with the Reorganization and one of its defenders if he had had the opportunity. This may be disputed, as one of the elders visited my father just a short time before he died at Liberty, San Joaquin County, California, so it becomes my duty to speak of this visit just as it was written of to me by father. But first let it be understood that at that time the elder in question was a young man, and very zealous, and I will say, not speaking reproachfully of him, he was like I was, (perhaps I was much more so than he,) he had more zeal than wisdom. Father was an old veteran in the cause, and he did not need to be told that he had made a mistake, for he was too sensible of the fact, and it was too late for him to remedy the matter; what he needed was one to go to him in the spirit of gospel love and encourage him, rather than denounce him. There were few, if any, better acquainted with the doctrine of the church, and at the time of the visit he was suffering great mental anguish for the mistake he had made, and the visit, although meant for good, only added to his anguish. I only mention this matter to explain why my father did not enter the church.

Returning to my own narrative I will say that when spring came I began to fix to take my family back to California with me. Two of my sisters by this time had married to Gentiles instead of Mormons, and now my dependents were my mother and the two younger sisters, and my little brother, who was six or seven years old. One of my brothers-in-law heard of a man who was going through to California with a large herd of cattle on a new route, and he made arrangements for me to go in his train for protection. The man, Mr. D. M. Yates, wanted some one to go that could talk with the Indians, for he would have to pass through at least three different tribes of Indians; so I was just the fellow for the place. Our road was a cut-off, and would strike the old California road at the old Gravely Ford on the Humboldt River, after which I would be well acquainted with the road myself. The train was to pass within ten or fifteen miles of Camp Floyd at a certain time,

so I made my calculations to start so as to meet them at the nearest point possible.

I started across the country on a road I was not acquainted with, but I felt confident that I could make it all right; but the road took me too far to the right, or north, and when night came I found myself far from where I had intended to be, and I had to camp on the bleak prairies. In the morning I took new bearings and guided by the mountains I started across the country in a direction that I knew I would strike the trail of the train if it had passed. There was no road, but my course was down a long valley, and although the valley was quite smooth, I found it quite a bumpy ride. Being something of a mountaineer I knew the train must pass between where we were and some mountains I could see on ahead, so I felt quite easy and confident. About noon I spied two men riding across the country from the east, and they came directly in front of us and dismounted. They were about one fourth of a mile in front of us, and I felt sure that we were in for it. I asked mother what she thought of it, and she said, "I guess they are the destroying angels, but we had as well go on and face the music and be done with it, for," said she, "I am tired of this way of living." I resolved to meet them boldly, and although it was no time for levity, I told the story about the old Indian when he was going to fight the bear. He prayed and asked the Lord to keep him, "But," said he, "if you don't help me, for mercy's sake don't help the bear." My sister Sarah was sitting in the front seat with me, and I laid my revolvers in her lap, set my double-barreled gun between my knees, and drove on to what I fully expected to be death to some or all of us. As we came within six or eight rods of them, one of them got up and started towards us, and I leveled my gun on him, and told him to halt. He stopped, and I saw at once that he was as badly scared as I was, but I found

SARAH M. ANDERSON.

This is Elder Clapp's sister, who, as a girl, stood between him and danger. She was born April 13, 1847, and died in Los Angeles January 1, 1904.

he could not talk English, and his partner was in the same fix. I asked him if he understood Spanish, and I found they could both talk Spanish as well or better than I could. So we soon had an understanding. They were Frenchmen and belonged to the train that I was looking for, but they had gone by the way of Camp Floyd and had filled up on Camp Floyd whisky, and they had missed their way and were as badly lost as we were. Their names were Joe Breson and Mike Stoup. We were glad to meet, for they needed help as badly as I did. We camped and got a good dinner, and all felt refreshed and comforted. I told the young men the danger I was in, and a little of my experience in the Camp, and they both pledged themselves to stand by me even to death. I found them to be true men, and years after this Mr. Breson married the girl that held my pistols when I first met him.

I told them I was not out of danger, or that I had not gotten to the most dangerous point; for I knew when an obnoxious person left the place they generally waited till they got well out into the Indian country, so that the deed would be attributed to the Indians. It was generally apostates and Gentiles that were killed, and many of those murders the Indians never heard of. I told our new friends that I knew we were on the right course and would soon strike the trail, although I could see no sign of the train being close to us, for a large herd of cattle in motion will raise a dust that can be seen for miles.

We drove on till night, camped and got supper, and then made a drive after dark and made a dry camp. This precaution was that Indians, if there were any about, could not locate us, and it was not wise to make a fire after dark unless we were in force strong enough to protect ourselves. We struck the trail just at dark, and I knew by the trail they left that they had gone on at least six hours ahead of us. We camped on as clear a spot of ground as we could find. It is bad policy when Indians are hostile to camp near brush or hills or hollows. I told the boys to tie their horses' heads down close to their feet so they would not whinny and thus betray us to any Indians that might be in hearing distance of us, and for them to go to bed and I would stand guard alone. Mother fixed them a bed on the ground, and they soon were enjoying the sleep that had been superinduced by their association with Camp Floyd whisky.

All was still during the night, with the exception of an occasional serenade by the coyotes. In walking around during the night to keep awake I stepped on a big rattlesnake, but I exhibited more agility in getting off of him that I did in getting onto him.

In the morning we were off early and soon under way, and before noon we were up with the train. Explanation followed and we learned that Captain Yates had concluded that I wasn't coming, and that the two Frenchmen had deserted him, and he had concluded to go on without us; but now we were all right and all were jolly. I was to be interpreter, and for this service I was to be exempt from all guard duty. This was very agreeable to my feelings, and

I felt for once it had rained porridge and found my dish right side up. We would, on our trip, pass through three different tribes of Indians, and I was able to talk with them all; if not, I could always find some that could talk some other Indian tongue that I could talk, so I felt able to be the interpreter for them.

But I stop to mention a little incident that took place just as we were leaving the camp. My mother, being a most devoted Latter Day Saint, was always looking and hoping for "young Joseph" to come and take the lead of the church, and just before we pulled out she said to me, "Now, Joseph, you have been so very kind to me that I only feel at liberty to ask one more favor of you, and if you will grant me this, I will agree to be your servant the longest day I live." And she wanted a promise before she would get into the wagon.

I said, "All right, mother, what is it?"

"It is," said she, "that when Joseph comes out, you will bring me back to the church."

I said, "All right, mother, get in"; and so she got into the wagon.

The two Frenchmen and Captain Yates boarded with me all the way across to California, and all became my best friends. I was called quite frequently to interpret for the boys, for the Indians began coming in, and the boys were trading with them and buying bows and arrows and moccasins and other things, and here let me say that when Indians come into camp quite freely there is generally but little danger. The danger is when you know you are in an Indian country and can see no Indians; but when they come in, and especially when the women and children come in, there is no danger.

Our guide over the new road was one Howard Egan, who had made himself notorious by killing a man by the name of Munroe, and another one or two. I knew Egan quite well, and knew that he had a bad record, but on this trip he behaved himself all right.

At Simpson Spring, on the border of the desert, Al Huntington, who was simply a red-handed murderer, came into the camp and made himself very agreeable. I knew that he was there for no good, but I did not want to make a disturbance; but I thought it best to watch him, which I did with much vigilance, for I was well satisfied that his mission was to take my life. That night we started across the desert, and it was a lonely night. The full moon and clear sky, and white, sandy desert, made it almost as light as day. Huntington could find no place to ride but alongside of my wagon, and my sister Sarah, fully believing that I was in danger, always managed to keep between me and Huntington. When he would ride up on one side she would move over to that side, and in that way we passed the night. In the morning we stopped at a little salty spring to rest and get breakfast, intending to complete the distance across the desert in the afternoon. While we were in camp Mr. Huntington came up to me and said, "Joe, there are just lots of antelope right over the ridge," pointing to a low ridge about a half mile south of us, "let us go over and get

one." And this opened the ball. I had managed to keep Sarah quiet till that moment, but at that she said, "No, not much, Mr. Huntington. Joe is not going out of this camp with you." Huntington laughed a coarse laugh and said, "I guess Sallie is afraid I will hurt Joe," and she blurted out, "Yes, I am, you villian." And she ran to Captain Yates and shouted, "O, Mr. Yates, this man is a murderer, and he is here to kill my brother. He has tried to kill him before. He is one of the destroying angels, etc." This made a little disturbance in the camp, and Captain Yates called up Mr. Huntington and gave him his walking papers, and told his men to shoot Mr. Huntington if they ever saw him again near the camp.

PORTER ROCKWELL.

(A typical Danite.)

"I was acquainted with Lot Huntington, Al Huntington, Lot Smith, Bill Hickman, Porter Rockwell, Ike Hatch, Joe Worthington, Eph Hanks, and a host of others, and knew what their business was. . . . I was urged a number of times to join the band of 'angels'(?)"

I believe this Mr. Huntington, who was the son of Lemick Newton, is alive yet, and I want him to know, although he may not acknowledge it, that it is every word truth, and much worse than I have painted it. Now I wish to write that I have withheld much and minified much because of the love I still have for many of the people of Utah. They were all the people I ever knew till I was a grown man, and for this reason I have put these things in as mild a form as I could, and yet give the people to understand why I am what I am and where I am. The brave and beautiful girl that stood by me so nobly, and crowded between me and danger, died from the effects of an operation in Los Angeles on New-year's day, 1904. I am glad to say that she died strong in the faith of the restored gospel.

Captain Yates put a guard over my wagon every night until we got nearly to California. This he thought was necessary, as I always camped a few rods from the other wagons on account of having the only women folks in the train. I have now told a very brief and badly connected story of what I endured in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and all because I had an independent spirit, and a desire to be honest, but I have told but little in comparison to what I might tell. To those that will deny these things, and scoff at the idea of blood-atonement, and that there was ever an organization known as destroying angels, let me say they are very

ignorant, or very dishonest, one or the other. I was acquainted with Lot Huntington, Al Huntington, Lot Smith, Morris and Emery Meecham, Bill Hickman, Porter Rockwell, Ike Hatch, Joe Worthington, Eph Hanks, and a host of others, and knew what their business was. I will venture to say that there is no one that is better pleased than I am to know that the people have put away these things, and I will be better pleased when they put away still more of their wrongs and come out to be Latter Day Saints in deed and in truth. I again repeat that I know what I have said to be true, and that I have been urged a number of times to join the band of "angels" (?). I can name *many* of their crimes. It can not be that the people have forgotten these things, but it may be wisdom in them to withhold the knowledge of these things from their children.

Dismissing this unpleasant subject, and returning to my narrative and the trip across the plains, I will say that we had a little trouble with the Indians at a place called Railroad Canyon; but it was principally our own fault, for the boys did not know how to deal with them. After the little trouble it was decided that I should take charge of the Indian Bureau, which I did, and we got along quite well after this. I will here give a little sketch of the way to deal with savages, not thinking that at this age it will be of much benefit to those who may read this, but to show what precautions were necessary in the times that I write of. When Indians come into the camp after the camp is pitched for the night (for if they mean mischief they will go and report the location and strength of the camp, which gives them a great advantage), it is good policy to take their bows and arrows from them and tell them to "sleep," and in the morning they shall have their weapons, and you should put a guard over the weapons, not over them. They think that is cowardly, to guard them when they are defenseless. Indians will never attack a camp when there are Indians in the camp.

Passing over many things that are incident to a long land journey through an unsettled country, we finally camped on the head waters of the Feather River in California, and here I severed my connection with the train, for our destinies now lay in different directions; but I was now in California, and out of danger. Our acquaintance had been brief, but it was hard to say good-bye to the boys, as we had become very much attached to some of them. Here my wagon broke down, and I had to lay over a few days in what is now a well-settled country called Sierra Valley, and at this place I made the acquaintance of the original Joe Bowers, the gentleman that the song, "My name, it is Joe Bowers, etc.," was about. He had a mining claim in which he offered me a half interest if I would stop with him, but I was not a miner, and I was bent on coming on to Gilroy, California. I learned afterwards that Bowers' claim turned out to be immensely rich.

I was camped by the creek, wondering what I could do for a wagon, or how I could fix mine, when a man came along with a

little boy, and he had a pitiful tale to tell. He had started from Missouri with a good team of four yoke of oxen, and wife and six children, and the little boy and one ox and that he had just turned out to die was all he had left. The wagon and the ox were about three miles back on the road. I asked him what he would take for the wagon, and what kind of a wagon it was, etc. He said it was as good a wagon as ever came that road. He said he had left the wagon and did not expect anything for it. I could have it if I would go and get it. So I took the man's word for it and gave him twenty dollars, and went back and got the wagon and found it just as he had said. I soon rolled out, and finally landed in Gilroy, California, where I began to look out for a chance to make a living for my family. I went to farming with my oldest brother, who had moved to that country that same year; but our farming was not a very profitable venture, for squirrels and drought cut our crop short, so that I came out of the farming enterprise poorer than I went in. The same fall I was attacked with heart disease which layed me up for some time, and in fact I have never yet fully recovered from it.

In 1861 there was a big excitement over rich gold mines that were discovered in Arizona. I partook of the fever, and moved my family over to the coast, near Santa Cruz, and located them there, and in company with three other men we fitted up a good six-horse team and started for the new Eldorado. We traveled down the coast to Los Angeles, a distance of about five hundred miles from San Francisco. When we got to Los Angeles we met some friends just returned from the mines, and they made such an unfavorable report of the diggings that we concluded to go no further; but we concluded to stay in that country over winter, and I hired out to the Government at Camp Drum, where the town of Wilmington is now located. I did post duty, tended to the camels and dromedaries, and did all kinds of duty until spring.

. . . . . .

I went back to the upper country to bring my mother down to that country, for I had fallen greatly in love with the country,—"the lower country," as we called it. Shortly after I got to Santa Cruz, and while I was fixing for my return to Los Angeles, I for the first time learned of the Reorganization of the church, and that Joseph Smith, the son of the Seer, had taken his place at the head of the church. At Watsonville, in Santa Cruz County, lived a man by the name of George Adams. He and his wife were very zealous workers in the cause, and had a great amount of reading matter, and they supplied me abundantly with tracts and books on the new movement. It seemed that money and time was no object to them, just so they could spread the good news. I read, and gave to my neighbors and urged them to read, so by handling and reading so much literature, by the time I got ready to go back to Los Angeles I was getting tolerably well posted in the new movement, and had been instrumental in leading others into the light,

or at least helping them to see the light by aiding Bro. and Sr. Adams in spreading the printed word in Santa Cruz County.

I was soon decided that whatever good there was in Mormonism, was in the Reorganized Church, and decided to embrace it at the very first opportunity. What most captivated me was a continual calling of the people to the *books, the books.* I knew enough about the Utah church to know that they had left the books and ignored them, for I heard the saying many times that the books were only garments for the church in its infancy, that we had outgrown them—"we have the living oracles, and the books are not worth the ashes of a rye straw." There was a time when these phrases were quite common among the people. I knew they had been teaching for doctrine the precepts of men.

The evidence that I received afterwards of the value of the books justifies me in saying that if ever this people slight the books or ignore the doctrine as contained in the books, they will be on the highway to just where the people of Utah are to-day. "In vain do they worship, calling me Lord, and do not the things that I say." I confess now that I can see a tendency to drift towards the world, and I know that to the extent we do, to that extent we will be slighting the books, and disregarding the doctrine that says, "Come out of her, O ye my people." The books absolutely condemn too much affiliation with the world. To the extent that we seek association with the world, to that extent we prove that we do not think we are capable of managing our affairs, or that we love that association. In either case it is to our shame, for the Saints are set to be a light unto the world, and we, for fear we would create a little friction should not put our light under a bushel.

When I started back to Southern California, Bro. and Sr. Adams loaded me with literature, such as tracts and *Heralds,* and promised great blessings on my head if I would be faithful. I found several places on the way down where my reading matter was in demand, and as it happened, I settled in Los Angeles County, right in a neighborhood of old Latter Day Saints, among the followers of James Colin Brewster; of course most of them had soured on religion, but still there was a demand for all I could supply of the printed word. I also sent tracts and *Heralds* to San Bernardino, which was settled by the Mormons, and found many there that were eager for the papers, and there was such an interest awakened that when the elders came there were many ready for baptism. Elders H. H. Morgan and Hyrum Dalk were the first two elders that came among us. They were men of very ordinary ability, but they had the truth, and that was what was wanted, together with some one that had authority to baptize us into Christ; they were the men, and on the sixth day of June, 1863, mother and I walked into the water and were the first two to renew our covenants in Southern California. At the same time and place Bro. John Penfold and two of his sons, and several others were baptized, of which a branch was organized, Bro. John Penfold president.

This was the Elmont Branch, the first branch organized in Southern California.

Before I united with the Reorganization, I had concluded that all that was good in Mormonism was slain and buried with the Prophet, but not so now, for light and truth shone out in every sermon, and was manifest in every prayer, and seemed to be the inspiration of every hymn. Truly it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Mother was now happy to learn that she did not have to go back to Utah in order to be a Latter Day Saint, that Joseph had denounced the abominations of Utah, especially that part of it that had made her life so unhappy. During my days of reckless unbelief, and I may confess wickedness, my mother would often chide me, and would predict that I would see things differently after awhile, and would tell me that I had to preach the gospel, for that was according to the blessing that I had received under the hands of the Seer. And on one occasion, when I had been saying altogether too much, mother came up to me and warned me to desist and repent, "For," said she, "you have yet to preach this gospel, and there is not power enough on earth or in hell to prevent it, for the voice of the Lord was that you should lift up the standard of truth upon the islands of the seas, and I know it must be so."

But O, how little I appreciated that at that time, or until the time came for it to be fulfilled, which was many years after. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way." I was ordained while the elders' hands were yet upon my head for confirmation, and in my ordination the very same language was used that I had been told so many times was used by the Martyr when he blessed me; but I confess that even then, after all the evidence I had seen and heard, it seemed it could not possibly be fulfilled, for I was without learning, indeed I may say *very* ignorant, and withal very bashful; it seemed that I possessed not one qualification for the ministry, and the very idea of standing up before a congregation to try to preach to them was too much for me to think of trying to do. I was ordained at a meeting held at my home; there were several of the Saints stayed all night, and it was necessary for me to sleep in a room or a kind of closet on a pallet on the floor. I set a lighted candle on the floor at the head of my bed, and although it was very late I began reading the Doctrine and Covenants. Although I had read the book before, now it was like a new book, and while reading the awful sentences, "Thus saith the Lord," it seemed to pierce through my very soul, and I began to wonder, "Is it possible that this is God talking? Does he, can he, or will he talk to the people now, like he used to in former days?" And while solemnly meditating upon the subject, it came to me as forcibly as though a voice had really spoken to me, so I slipped the book under my pillow and blew out the candle, and with my mind overflowing, and a silent prayer, I committed myself to the God of right. I was immediately wrapped in a most delightful vision; and while I may not say with Paul, "I saw things

that were not lawful to utter," I saw things that I can not utter.

One thing I saw that I can and will utter, and that is, I saw the martyred Prophet, as plainly as I ever saw him in natural life, and knew him, although he was dressed in glorious apparel. His size, features, and general makeup were quite natural, but he seemed to be almost transparent. He stood by a little stand table, about a yard square, and our present Joseph stood on his left. He also had on garments of brightness, but not so bright as his father's, and he, (the Martyr) picked up a book from the stand, I thought it was the book I had been reading, and handed it to his son, and as he did so I noticed the book was also of a kind of alabaster appearance; and I noticed that while I could see his fingers plainly, I could see the book right through his fingers, although the form of the fingers was plain to my vision. As he handed me the book he said, "My son, I want you to teach this book to the people, for as long as the people go according to these books, they will never go astray or be deceived." As he did so he pointed to the two other books that lay on another little stand just to the left of young Joseph, and he then said, "For out of these cometh judgment," and this remark seemed so strange that I immediately awoke, or attained a normal condition, and to my surprise the fire had not yet gone out from the wick of the candle, although it was a common candle. I was amazed beyond all my powers to describe. It really was too wonderful for me, and I spent the remainder of the night in praising the Lord. Yes, I had asked and received, and blessed be the name of the Lord. A strange feature of this is that there was no table or stand in the room. There was no room for them, neither were there any other books in the room, but the one I had under my head. The two books that the Martyr pointed to I thought were the Bible and Book of Mormon.

I wondered how long I had been in the vision, and I lit the candle and blew it out several times to see how long the wick would retain the fire after the candle was blown out, and it would only last an instant; but in that brief period I had seen a great panorama of wonders that, written, would make a volume. The effect of this was, I now knew that the work was true, and that the sentences that had so pierced my heart while reading the Doctrine and Covenants were the voice of the Lord. Now, dear friends, am I a crank because I advocate the books so much, and kick a little if I think I can see the Saints drifting away from them? I learned from this wonderful manifestation of God's love that what I had done was pleasing unto my heavenly Father, and I felt at that time that there was no burden too heavy for me to bear, and no path too thorny for me to tread, for I knew now that the heavens were not brass above us, that the God of Jacob was not dumb, and that his ears were not heavy; and I wished for the pinions of an eagle, that I might fly to every hamlet and tell of the rich treasure I had found.

Yes, the great I AM had spoken to mortals again, and once

more had proved that he was the same unchangeable God and was even then directing the affairs of his kingdom. I felt something like General Warner felt at the battle of Bunker Hill. I wanted to get into the fight, and I wanted to get into the very worst of it, the most dangerous place, so I might be able to show a little valor and love for the Master, who had shown so much for me; and I began to think what would be expected of me as an elder in the church, and then I again began to doubt my ability to do anything. Dear elders, have you had such experiences? I venture many of you have, and will know how much I needed the sympathy and prayers of the Saints. I had never written a line in school; I had never done an example in mathematics; I had never had a lesson in English grammar, and could not parse a sentence; and then I imagined myself standing before the people to preach, and this wrought upon me till I was very nearly destroyed. I was then farming in El Monte, ten miles southeast of Los Angeles, and I had been raised to that profession, and thought I was up to the standard as a tiller of the soil. However, I lost all interest in the business. I bought a house and lot in San Bernardino, and moved my family and located them there; but instead of launching out as I ought to have done, and as I was under obligation to do, I, like Jonah, ran away and went out into Mexico or Arizona, but got sick and came home, as I supposed, to die; and I got so bad that old Dr. Peacock, of San Bernardino, pronounced me a subject of dropsy of the heart, and said he could do nothing for me,—this after he had made a thorough diagnosis of my case. Brn. A. H. Smith and William Anderson came and administered to me, and I got better; but when they left I relapsed into the same condition and got so much worse that they all despaired of my recovery. Dr. Peacock said I could live but a few days at most. I also felt that life was fast ebbing away. My heart seemed to be drowning in water or blood, and was struggling very hard, and I told mother that I thought the end was coming, and told her I was not afraid, only that I regretted very much that my life had been so wasted. I saw my mother and sister Nannie, a girl about fourteen years of age, standing with streaming eyes, but could offer no word of hope; but all at once Nannie stepped up to her mother and said, "Mother, in the name of the Lord be comforted, for Joseph is not going to die at this time." She then turned to me, where I lay in bed, and delivered one of the most soul-piercing prophecies I ever heard in my life, and although this was many years ago, it is as bright on memory's page to-day as it was when it was given. She said, "Verily thus saith the Lord, thy sickness is not unto death; for I have a work for thee to do, a mission for thee to perform, and thy voice shall be heard in the congregation of the wicked, and upon the islands of the sea thou shalt lift up the standard of truth. Tens of thousands shall hear thy testimony, and thousands shall be made glad because of thy ministry." These words from a bashful little girl, not yet fourteen years old, were so powerful that it seemed that the very

foundations of the house trembled. I was immediately healed and raised up and praised God and bore testimony to the truth. I went up into the town soon after, and saw the old doctor, and he confessed that it was the power of God and not of man.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner

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WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

"It is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another.. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."—Doctrine and Covenants 98:10.

DURING the month of February we celebrate the birth of two great citizens of the United States—or shall we say citizens of the world? For we do not write of them in any narrow spirit of patriotism; no one nation has exclusive claim upon men who have lived and died in the interests of principles that benefit the whole world.

One step in God's plan of emancipating the race was to dedicate the New World, America, all of America, if you please, both North and South, to liberty. (Second Nephi 1.) All people who were to come here were to be offered liberty; and they were to retain that liberty on condition of righteousness. In harmony with this prophecy, made so long ago, we find that the New World has never been a congenial clime for unconstitutional monarchy. Here have come the oppressed of all nations. To-day, we may say that nationally, the inhabitants of America from Hudson Bay to Patagonia enjoy as high a degree of liberty as they are morally and mentally fitted to enjoy.

Our Canadian brethren on the north are free, contented, and prosperous; on the south Mexico has long been governed by a wise and good president; South America is a land of republics, and to the casual observer, at least, the people there have more personal liberty than they know how to use to advantage.

A history of the onward march by which this condition has been obtained by the various nations on American soil, since the days when Moroni, long centuries before Columbus, raised a flag and called it "the title of liberty," would make interesting reading. But in this editorial we can only consider one or two incidents

connected with the history of that part of the land known as the United States, and with those two great men, Washington and Lincoln.

From the inspired revelation quoted at the beginning of this article we learn that God raised up wise men to establish the Constitution of the United States, and that he did so in the interests of the principle that it is not right for one man to be in bondage to another. The States were free, politically, before the Constitution was drafted and adopted. But they had no strong central government and were rapidly drifting into anarchy and internecine warfares; they were rent with dissensions and jealousies, and unmanageable disorder was imminent. Under these conditions, delegates from the various States met in Philadelphia, and after deliberating an entire summer, adopted the Constitution that was signed September 17, 1787.

Washington was one of the most prominent of these "wise men" that the Lord had raised up for this work, as may be seen by the following quotations:

"It gave it [the convention] great dignity that Washington had presided over its councils and was heart and soul for the adoption of the measure it proposed. His name and quiet force had steadied the convention on many an anxious day when disagreement threatened hopeless breach." (A history of the people of the United States, by Woodrow Wilson, vol. 3, pp. 69, 70.)

" 'The opinion of General Washington was of such weight,' said Count Moustier, the French minister to the United States, 'that it alone contributed more than any other measure to cause the present Constitution to be adopted.' " (Ibid., p. 79.)

"The finger of an overruling Providence, pointing at Washington, was neither mistaken nor unobserved; when, to realize the vast hopes to which our revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable. . . . This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and patriots, Washington of course was found; and as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief." (From funeral oration by Richard Henry Lee.)

Fortunately we have it on record that this man Washington realized that God's hand was in the work that lay before the Convention: "It was recalled, many years afterward, how General Washington had stood in the midst of a little group of delegates, during the anxious first days at Philadelphia, while they waited for commissioners enough to justify them in effecting an organization, and had cried, 'Let us raise a standard to which the *wise* and *honest* can repair. *The event is in the hands of God.*' " (A History of the American People, by Woodrow Wilson, vol. 3, p. 71.)

Once adopted by the convention it became necessary for the Constitution to secure the approval of at least nine out of the

thirteen colonies in separate State convention, before it could be "*established;*" the approval of all was secured, eventually, although it was vigorously opposed in several instances, notably by the eloquent Patrick Henry, in Virginia. Again the influence and wisdom of the men raised up for this work is seen: "No doubt, could there have been a counting of heads the country through, a majority would have been found opposed to the Constitution; but the men who were its active and efficient advocates lived at the centers of population, had the best concert of action, filled the mails and the public prints with their writings, were very formidable in debate and full of tactful resources in conventions, could win waverers, and prevailed." (Ibid., p. 82.)

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, about twenty-four years before God gave the revelation in which he said that he had raised up certain men to establish the Constitution of the land, about the same number of years after the Constitution itself was signed by George Washington. At the time of the giving of the revelation he was an obscure young man, making a failure as storekeeper and postmaster in Illinois, the Constitution was apparently established, and it may be thought that he was not one of the men there mentioned; yet he was the great war president from March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865, and presided over the destinies of the nation during the struggle that was to decide whether or not the Constitution should remain established. More than that, God said that he had established the Constitution because it was not right for one man to be in bondage to another, yet the document had remained ineffective in that particular while slavery was a recognized public institution, and it was the hand of Abraham Lincoln that signed the Emancipation Proclamation and set the slaves free. Of that act and the man who performed it and the part that God had in it, Phillips Brooks said in his funeral oration, following the death of Lincoln:

"For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with slavery and put the sword into his hand and said, 'Strike it down dead.' He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln, as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellow men."

Had the people heeded the revelation given through Joseph Smith, in 1833, in which it was stated that one man should not be in bondage to another, the Civil War might have been avoided.

Had they heeded the revelation given in 1832 the war might have been avoided; in that revelation it was declared:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place: for behold, the Southern States

shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations."

Had the people heeded Joseph Smith's "views on the government and policy of the United States," published to the world, February 7, 1844, war might have been avoided; in that publication he said:

"The Declaration of Independence 'holds these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'; but at the same time, some two or three millions of people are held slaves for life, because the spirit in them is covered with a darker skin than ours."

"Petition also, ye goodly inhabitants of the slave States, your legislators to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now. . . . Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lands. . . . Break off the shackles from the poor black man, and hire them to labor like other human beings; for 'an hour of virtuous liberty on earth, is worth a whole eternity of bondage!' " (Church History, vol. 2, pp. 714, 722.)

The people did not heed. And Abraham Lincoln recognized that the war was a judgment upon them, as is shown by the words that he used in his second inaugural address:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

That he recognized that he was in the hands of God, the same as Washington and others, to establish freedom and the Constitution, is shown by his parting address to his old friends and neighbors (see Encyclopedia Americana, volume 9) just prior to his first inauguration; he said, "I go to assume a task more difficult than has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence. . . . I feel that I can not succeed without the same divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty being I place reliance for support."

CORRECTIONS.

In Autobiography of Elder J. C. Clapp, December number, page 540, next to last line of the second paragraph, read *Decasia* for *Lecasia*. January number, page 15, eighth line of same article

read *Genoah* for *Guroah;* near foot of same page read *one hundred* for *one thousand;* page 18, sixteenth, twenty-fourth, and twenty-seventh lines, read *Tillison* for *Fillison;* page 21, near foot of page, read *Jacob Loose was shot for murdering a United States vedette;* also the name of the mother of Elder Clapp was *Mary* not *Nancy.*

Daughters of Zion

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

"A partnership with God is motherhood:
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

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CATHARINE HOPELEIGH'S HOME.—NO. 2.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

Country Life Versus Flat Life.

THE NEXT morning Catharine got the children away to school, and then hurried to get ready. As she flew around she thought of the furnace fire. She was sure the boys had forgotten to see to it, and she ran down to take a look at it. She was sure it would not keep and she must put a little coal on. So she threw some in, dextrously handling the big shovel and hitting the opening beautifully.

From the last shovelful a piece of coal dropped on the great toe of her right foot. She screamed with pain, hastily closed the furnace door and limped upstairs. She could not go. She just *could* not walk. She would have to telephone Jeanette that she could not meet her. But Mrs. John had not another day this week, and she must go. Who would think a piece of furnace coal would be so heavy? But it had dropped like a stone. And, rubbing the injured foot with liniment, and getting ready as quickly as possible, she left the house and limped away, with tears in her eyes from the pain, and vexed with herself for her carelessness.

Mrs. John was at the Crosswood station, and as they walked away, Mrs. Hopeleigh limping painfully and explaining the reason to her sister, Mrs. John gave her some addresses she had already looked up. Getting one or two more from an office they passed, they started out to find something.

The first apartment was oh, so small; five rooms, but in a very

good neighborhood, and on the first floor. There was a school not far away, and the little girls would not have to cross the tracks to get to it.

The next place had just been rented. The third place no one was at home. The lady might be in the laundry, a girl said, but she was not in the laundry, as they found by going to the rear. But the ashes were in the yard—no grass at all. The little girls must be thought of. They couldn't come here, though from the front it looked quite nice, and there were a number of houses with pretty lawns in the next block.

They ran across a little real estate office going back, and went in. Had he any flats to rent? No, he had not, not one left. But he could show them a house. Mrs. Hopeleigh's spirits rose. He had several cottages to sell, and very reasonable indeed. No, they did not want to buy a cottage, and so they thanked him and went on till they found another office.

A pleasant-faced, clean-looking young girl waited upon them, and then offered to go around the corner with them to look at some rooms. There were eight nice, large rooms, light and pleasant, four of them bedrooms, the largest place they had seen. But on one side were the backs of the stores, and horses and wagons were continually driving in and out; and on the other side was an alley. No yard, and those stores, and scarcely half a block from the railroad. Such a neighborhood was not to be thought of with those boys and girls. They must look farther. Then, though the flat was cheap, there was a furnace, and the coal must be bought.

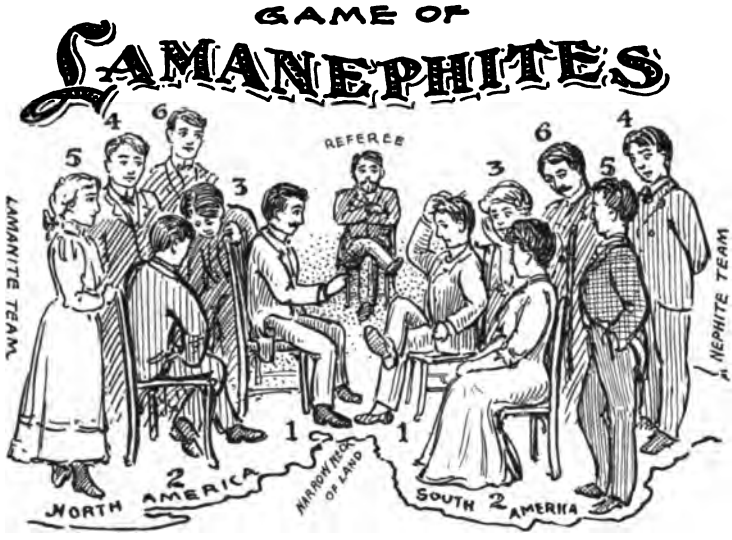
The young lady offered to pilot them around, and went back to the office for her wraps. They looked at another flat with a furnace, where lived a pleasant faced lady with a baby, who kindly explained to them everything they wanted to know. They had burned eight tons of coal, but the rooms were warm and comfortable, and very light and pleasant in winter. They meditated upon a flat with "stove-heat," tried to get in one where the lady had gone house-hunting, too, and finally lighted upon a steam-heated apartment at 1177 Pearl Street. The apartment was a jewel, to be sure, light and large and clean; oh, so clean, with steam-heat, hard wood throughout, everything lovely.

By this time it was one o'clock. Mrs. Hopeleigh's progress had been exceedingly slow and painful. Every step had made her set her lips tight and wish she had let the fire go out. She expected to settle on the place they had just seen,—there was one tree in the back yard—but there was one inconvenience; the apartment was on the third floor. There was another place quite near, and they would go to see that.

(To be continued.)

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.



Arrange six chairs in the form of a double triangle (or X), three facing the other three; this to represent North and South America. Form into two teams of six players each, the best posted on Book of Mormon to take the single chair of each side, next best to be seated behind him, left and right, as counselors, and the remaining three to stand at the rear of the team ready to occupy chairs as vacated before them.

Appoint a qualified referee and set a time-limit for answers. Referee asks question of the two leaders. The one making *best* answer opens game by asking a question of opposing leader; if answered, then he is questioned in turn. If one can not answer he may consult with his counselors (one minute limit.) Failure to answer a question forfeits that chair to opposing team, and is to be taken up by the questioner and the team moves up *in order*. Losing player goes to rear of his team and his first counselor submits to next question of the aggressive leader. Challenge a difficult question by referring it to referee; original questioner must then answer it or forfeit *his* chair. When a chair is captured it should be turned to face the enemy. When all players of one team are seated the game is theirs.

For larger teams (comprising ten or more a side) use twelve chairs in same formation but using an additional row of three chairs, and four standing players to each team. To make a "game," the winning team must have "gone in and possessed the enemy's land" (chairs) by right of superior knowledge. Questions should

so far as possible be suited to the ability of the opposing player; defer intricate questions till teams have developed in Book of Mormon lore; avoid conundrums; seek out interesting points, incidents, peoples, characters; make your questioning cover a general survey of Book of Mormon information and present day knowledge that conforms or harmonizes with the record.

EARNEST WEBBE.

HOW TO KILL A GOOD LIVE RELIGIO.

In general, a study should be made of the elements that contribute to the life of the society—what are the causes that produce life and activity—and then seek for the opposite to those things. There are a great many things which contribute to the decline and death of an active society, and we can only notice a few of them in an article of the dimensions that this one should be. Hence the following suggestions are made, which, if followed out faithfully, will bring about a dissolution sooner or later, the length of time depending upon the degree of faithfulness with which they are resorted to.

ELDER J. A. GUNSOLLEY.
President of the General Association Z. R.-L. S.

Keep apart from the Sunday-school and branch, especially the officers, in your work. Avoid having the president of the branch or the superintendent of the Sunday-school take any part in the work of the Religio, if possible, lest the interest might by this means spread more widely among the members of the church. Encourage your members, especially the officers and teachers, that their first duty is to the society, and that if they attend to their obligations there, they probably will not have time to help in the Sunday-school or to attend the prayer-meetings of the branch. If the president of the branch or the Sunday-school superintendent should venture a suggestion in regard to your work, cause them to feel that you are running your part of the work and that you believe they will have enough to do to run their part. This policy will have a tendency to keep the interest in your work entirely within your own ranks and will discourage others from making any effort to join in with you.

Do not have any socials. They partake of the world too much to be worthy the attention of the Religians. They must give their minds to strictly religious matters, lest by their mingling together in a social capacity they be led astray. This policy will produce a coldness and indifference of the members one toward

the other, and they will as a result grow lukewarm, and their service become largely a matter of cold form.

Do away with the program part of the work largely, because the only thing that is essential to know is what is in the Bible and the other sacred records, and devote the entire program, or most all of it to the study of the lessons. This will tend to destroy the interest of the younger members, who do not enter into the spirit of the study so fully, and also of that class of members who are not inclined to be naturally religious, or have not learned to be so.

Or, upon the other hand, devote nearly all the time to program work, to the almost exclusion of the study. By this method those who value the study as important will not remain with you long. The effect of this policy and the preceding will be about the same, so far as a continuance of interest is concerned; and when the interest is gone, it does not take long to get rid of the members.

In the preparation of programs always put those on duty who have experience and ability, paying no attention to those members who have not previously made development in musical and literary attainment. This will have a tendency to please the public, and educate them to always expect the best, so that when you begin to decline, your downfall will be the more rapid. It will also discourage those who have come in with the idea of being developed along lines of recognized usefulness, and being disappointed in their expectation they will soon absent themselves and in a short time they can be dropped for non-attendance.

Another plan which will work about as effectually as the last above mentioned is to assign the parts of the program without regard to the ability or the consent of the ones to whom they may be assigned. Just make out the program and announce it, and those who can not respond because of inability will get discouraged, and those who do not care to respond will soon get the idea that it doesn't make any particular difference whether they do or not, and those who value their time will get disgusted, and there will soon be a marked falling off in interest and attendance.

Endeavor as much as possible to have the same routine of exercises every meeting. This could be facilitated by having printed blanks for the secretary's report so that the items of the number of the song, the number of classes, attendance, collection, who offered prayer (which should always be by the president if possible), lesson study, and a few other items could be readily filled in. This would add to the monotony of the work and tend to kill interest.

Don't study the lessons, except in class. This suggestion could be carried out more perfectly by having the society own the *Quarterlies* and have them in the custody of the librarian to be collected after each study and distributed at the opening of the next session. The teachers more especially should not take the *Quarterly* home, so that they may confine themselves more closely to the questions in the *Quarterly* in "hearing" the recitation. The strong proba-

bility is that the classes will rapidly diminish in size, if this method be faithfully carried out.

Another suggestion, though somewhat paradoxical, will be found to be nevertheless effective, which is to try to get all the members possible without regard to reputation or interest upon the part of the members secured. The lookout committee should go out and seek to persuade people to join with the promise of excellent entertainment (though those joining will not need to take any part). This method will burden the society with a lot of undesirable members which will cause no end of trouble, and which will contribute to the death of the work.

In the appointment of committees make an effort to get those who are "too busy" to act, or those who have a reputation for not doing the work expected of them. This should be the character more particularly of the program and lookout committees, since they have most to do with the life of the work.

Attendance upon conventions and institutes would materially interfere with the progress of decline, especially if the officers should attend. If any one is to go, let it be some one who is not prominent in the work and will never say a word about it when he returns, and who is not in position to make the society feel the effects of what is done at the convention. The fact of living to yourselves as much as possible, as I have already remarked, will have much to do in lessening the interest of your work, and in thinning your ranks.

In the selections of officers, choose those who have a reputation for being behind time. For tardiness is a vital element in hastening decay and death. A prominent example by the leading officers will soon result in all being tardy, and when this condition develops, the end may be considered only a question of a little time.

In these few lines I have been able to suggest only a small number of things which will bring about the end contemplated; but a study of these will suggest others, and if careful attention be given to them, and if they be faithfully carried out, your society may live a year, but will probably not last over six months.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

LATTER DAY SAINT LIBRARY COMMISSION.

HISTORY.

At the Fifty-fourth General Conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which convened at Lamoni, on Friday, April 6, 1907, upon recommendation of the First Presidency, a Library Committee was appointed to meet with similar committees appointed by the General Sunday-school Association and Zion's Religio-Literary Society.

The purpose of these committees was to formulate ways and means by which the Library Departments of the three separate

organizations could be brought together under one general head, thereby avoiding the duplicating of effort in the establishing of libraries in the branches, districts, stakes, and in general organizations.

This joint committee chose three general officers, one from the church, one from the Sunday-school, and one from the Religio, and appointed them a *Library Commission,* with full power to put into operation, as soon as practicable, the plans for the consolidation of the library interests of the church.

It has been the experience of those engaged in library work in the different departments of the church, that the library departments of the branch, Sunday-school, and Religio have in many places worked at cross purposes and to great disadvantage, by reason of having three separate libraries.

The object of this movement is for the betterment of this department by the consolidation and unification of all our library interests, thus doing away with unnecessary duplications, either in the selection of books, or in the election of officers, and the bringing of the local libraries into closer touch with the general library of the church.

The commission was directed to issue suitable statement of work done and purpose of this department. Accordingly, there appeared early in June, in all the church papers report of the Library Commission, and according to the same resolution this leaflet is now presented explaining the work more minutely.

THE GENERAL COMMISSION.

The Latter Day Saint Library Commission consists of three members, one each appointed by the General Conference of the Church and the General Conventions of the General Sunday-school Association, and Zion's Religio-Literary Society. The Commission shall have general supervision of all the library interests of the church and its auxiliaries, and in particular charge of the General Church Library. It shall have full power to do all things needful to unify and simplify the library interests of the church, to encourage the establishment and development of libraries wherever possible, prepare rules and list of suitable books. The commission shall select the General Church Librarian, take charge of funds, select and purchase books, and do all things needful for the General Library, not otherwise provided for.

The Commission shall choose its own officers and define their duties.

The chairman shall perform the usual functions of that office.

The secretary shall keep account of meetings and work done; receive reports from General Church Librarian and from the Library Boards of Stakes, Districts, and Branches not in districts, and summarize for the use of the Commission and for report to the General Conference and Conventions.

The treasurer (shall be the Bishopric member of the Commission and) shall have control of funds, expending same on order of the Commission.

The General Church Librarian shall have the actual custody of all books in the Church Library and shall index, label, and care for the same, and keep account of those in circulation. He shall have power to choose his assistants, subject to approval of the Commission, and shall suggest from time to time to the Commission supplies needed, and books desirable to have in the Library. He shall report for the current calendar year to the Secretary of the Commission, the number and list of books and papers received during the year, and the total then in Library. THE GENERAL LIBRARY SHALL HAVE THE PREFERENCE OF ALL RARE BOOKS, ESPECIALLY SUCH AS DEAL WITH CHURCH HISTORY AND AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE DISTRICT OR STAKE LIBRARY.

The District or Stake Library Board shall consist of three members, one being selected by each of the three organizations,—the District or Stake Conference, the District Zion's Religio-Literary Society and Sunday-school conventions (where there exists only one or two of these district organizations, the local organization of the other or others shall meet as soon as possible and nominate a member. The vacancy may be temporarily filled by appointee of the existing member or members of the District Board).

The District Library Board shall raise the necessary funds for the circulating library, appoint the district librarian or custodian and make necessary rules for the district library, using this suggestion form as a basis, buy books and have general charge of the district or stake library work. They shall do everything possible to build up the local libraries in their district or stake as well as the circulating library.

They shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are selected; such election, after the first, to be held at the last business session before General Conference, when other officers of the same organization are elected.

Expenses of the district library shall be paid out of the district library fund.

The district or stake librarian shall have immediate charge of books in the circulating library; shall label and number all books in the circulating library, and shall schedule in a book kept for the purpose the number, title, author, date of purchase and cost.

The district librarian shall also report promptly to the Secretary of the Latter Day Saint Library Commission, for the calendar year, as soon as possible after December 31. He shall at stated intervals move the books of the circulating library from one branch to another, keeping account of such movements. He shall have the power to appoint one or more assistants subject to the approval of the district or stake board.

In the distribution of books the librarian shall be governed by the number and grade of persons who will use said books in the local library. The initials of the local library shall be marked in the cover, to prevent its being sent twice to the same place, except as desired.

He shall make a triplicate list of books at each allotment. Only the number of the book need be given. One of these lists is retained by the district librarian to check books when returned. The other two are sent with the books—one to be retained by the local librarian, and one to be returned forthwith, after checking books received. All books returned shall be carefully examined by the district or stake librarian, and fines assessed for books lost or damaged; said fines to be paid by the local library board; all fines to be paid over, once in six months, to the district library treasurer.

The Librarian shall hold office for one year, or until his successor is appointed.

LOCAL LIBRARY BOARD.

The local library board shall consist of three members, one being selected by each of the three organizations, the branch, the Sunday-school, and the local Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and shall have general charge in the branch or local library, raise funds, buy books for local or reference library after consultation with district board, appoint custodian or librarian, consult with district board as to which books shall be in circulating library and which in local, and shall have full power and authority to do such work as will further the library interests in the local branch. They are to study the actual needs and conditions and do the best possible for that locality rather than try to force everything to one iron-clad plan. (A branch in a large city may be able to secure a branch of the public library.) They shall ensourage reading of all good books, and endeavor to place church publications in public libraries and reading-rooms.

All books, whether formerly belonging to the branch, Sunday-school, or Religio, will be placed in the local library; books of reference, church publications, books used in services, and other suitable books, will be credited to the local library; books suitable for the circulating library—that is, books which it is not necessary to keep in the local library, but which can do more good by being moved to other libraries from time to time, shall be placed to the credit of the district or stake circulating library. Each branch shall have its own local library. All moneys for the benefit of the local library board shall be paid to the treasurer of the library board.

LIBRARIAN.

Shall have custody of books and bookcases; shall receive all books, shall label and number all books in the local or reference library, and shall schedule, in a book kept for the purpose, the number, title, author, date of purchase, and cost of each book in the local library; also have charge of the distribution and collection of books; shall assess and collect fines, which shall be paid over monthly to the treasurer of the local library board; shall keep account of all books outstanding, and have active charge under the general direction of the local library board. He may choose one or

more assistants, subject to the approval of the local library board; he shall keep posted in conspicuous places list of all books in the local library for the examination of prospective users.

List A.—Shall include all books of reference which are not to be removed from the library room except with the consent of the library board.

Books on List B.—Are local library books and may be taken out and used in the vicinity.

Books on List C.—May also be taken out as they belong to the circulating library of the district.

Said classification to be made with the approval of the local library board.

The librarian shall keep account of each book taken out with date and name of person receiving.

Any book on Lists B and C may be taken out for two weeks by any member of the branch, Sunday-school, or Zion's Religio-Literary Society. If not returned promptly there shall be a fine of five cents for every week or fraction thereof of overtime. No one shall dog-ear any book. The person taking out a book shall be responsible for all fines for delay or damage to the book.

The librarian shall be judge as to the amount of damage.

In case of dispute, it shall be referred to the local library board for settlement.

For any book lost or irreparably damaged, the full value or cost shall be paid.

The library shall be open at regular services, and for a reasonable length of time before and after each service.

Access to the library for reference purposes may be had at other times, with the consent of the librarian, but no books shall be removed from the room except with his knowledge and consent.

Upon receiving list of books from the district or circulating library the local librarian shall compare said books with the list, marking errors (if any). If none occur, the list should be marked "O. K." In either event, one list should be returned to the district librarian, as this acts as receipt for the books. The other list is used to check books before returning, at expiration of the period.

The local librarian shall make a monthly report to the library board of the number of books taken out during the month and the number of times the library is used for reference, together with any other information desired by the board. He should keep the district librarian advised of all matters affecting the circulating library and shall report to the district librarian, quarterly; or, if not in district, report to secretary of commission.

All expenses of the library shall be paid out of the library fund.

LIBRARY RULES.

(To be posted in each volume.)

1. No member of the school shall keep a book longer than two weeks.

2. Books may be renewed for two successive Sundays, not longer, without paying a fine of ten cents per week.

3. Any one keeping a book longer than two weeks (subject to Rule 2) will be fined ten cents per week for so doing.

4. All persons damaging or losing books belonging to this library, will be required to pay the value of same to the librarian.

We have also prepared form for report blanks of the use both of the local and district library boards, and expect soon to have them ready for use.

E. A. BLAKESLEE,
E. H. FISHER,
S. A. BURGESS,
Library Commission.

TAKE NOTICE.

Although our time has been greatly taken up with the library part of our work, we have not forgotten the Gospel Literature Bureau, and so take this opportunity of urging a prompt report from all district librarians and good literature committees not in any districts. This report should be for the year closing December 31, 1907, and should be sent in as promptly as possible. Reports of the Joint Library Commission should be sent to E. H. Fisher, 100 Sycamore Street, Somerville, Massachusetts, but all other matters, and especially the good literature work, should be reported to the undersigned. S. A. BURGESS.

1626 Pierce Bldg., ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO ARTICLE III, GENERAL CONSTITUTION.

Sec. 1. Officers.—The officers shall consist of a President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian, who shall be elected by a majority vote of the General Convention, annually, or as may be determined, and shall hold office until their successors shall be elected.

Proposed to amend by inserting after the word *Librarian*, "and Home Department Superintendent."

The same rule to extend to district or stake and local constitutions.

ALTHA R. DEAM.
MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL PURITY.

The editor is in receipt of a book bearing the title given above. Jerome D. Dodge, M. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, is its author. A study of its pages can not fail to do the reader good, in some cases incalculable good. An excellent book to place in the hands of young men or women. The writer is both a physician and a Christian and deals with the moral as well as the sanitary side of the questions involved.

AUTUMN LEAVES

"Floored with the snow,
Pillared with the ice,
Rare boughs, evergreens,
A quaint device."

—MARCH, 1908—

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Courtesy Mid Western.

WINTER SCENE IN A DES MOINES PARK.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 MARCH, 1908 NUMBER 3

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

THE THREAT OF SALARY: THE MINISTER HAS A CHAMPION.

CHAPTER I.

THE minister's wife rocked quietly to and fro, her hands occupied with the little piece of sewing that she had taken up after her visitors were seated. The two gentlemen, however, were ill at ease, and seemed not to know how to proceed with the business that had brought them there. They were members of her husband's church, quite obviously pillars of the church, yet apparently not originally designed to occupy as pillars in the same edifice, one being portly and florid, the other thin and yellow. Yet they were of equal height and so stood up fairly well under the weight of responsibility of which they were proudly conscious. At this precise moment each seemed anxious that the other should bear his full share of the burden, and as they fidgeted in their chairs, as only nervous men can fidget, they exchanged signs the intent of which, on the part of each, was to encourage the other to proceed.

There was nothing repulsive or even formidable in the appearance of the minister's wife. Far from it. She was so slight and girlish in appearance that one scarce could believe that she was the mother of the little boy and girl playing in the adjoining room. A certain grace of person and of dress, and the delicate coloring of her fine, clear-cut features, in a way reminded one of the fragile beauty of rose petals.

Presently she spoke, tentatively, in a low, well-modulated voice: "I am sorry that my husband is not in."

The two pillars were not sorry. Gathering courage, the thin pillar found speech. "Well, Mrs. Luther, our business is with you. We know that you have a great deal of influence over your husband, and we wish to enlist it on our side, for his good."

"I always try to use my influence for his good. What is it that you have in mind?"

"Well,—er, the truth is, we are not entirely satisfied with your husband's course. Now, we are older than he, and have been here a good many years, and our judgment ought to count for something. We recognize your husband's ability and eloquence, and we know how he has built up the Walnut Street Church since he came

here over two years ago. But he is making some mistakes that we feel should be pointed out to him."

"We feel they—er, ought to be pointed out, Mrs. Luther," echoed the corpulent pillar.

"Few people are perfect," assented Mrs. Luther, smilingly. "I am sure my husband will not object to having mistakes pointed out, if he has made them."

"Well," pursued the emboldened spokesmen, "we feel that he is making at least three grave errors. In the first place, he welcomes all classes of people to the Walnut Street Church, and he is getting some in who are quite undesirable."

"I know," answered the low voice, "that he has been criticised for that; but he argues that he is sent out to seek and to save that which is lost. And he says that no matter how low a man is, we ought to give him every possible chance to work out his salvation before we abandon him."

"That is all right, in theory; but in practice it will make trouble. They are down-town missions provided for the very poor and the very low. Let them go there, where they will feel at home."

"Yes; but my husband argues that his church is our Father's house, and that these people are our Father's children, and so they ought to feel at home in the church; and he has a way of making them feel at home."

"Another thing," broke in the rotund pillar, less smooth and persuasive than his fellow; "he ought not to crack it to some people so hard. Some folks have little failings, but they are well to do and make good members. We don't want 'em drove away."

The minister's wife did not smile, though well she knew the personal animus that was back of this outbreak. When her husband attacked what he considered evil, he was like a mounted saberer cutting his way straight through the ranks, and no fat pocketbook could serve as a helmet to the opposition.

Being more diplomatic, the slender pillar was disposed to keep personal injuries in the background, and went on: "Mrs. Luther, the chief complaint that we have to make is that Mr. Luther is not in sympathy with the teachings of his church. He does not stand by the creed. He is open to a charge of heresy. His eloquence and popularity make him all the more dangerous."

"Perhaps he does not confine himself to the creed; but does he not preach the truth? He argues that his Bible is his creed, and that it is a minister's duty to teach whatever the Bible teaches."

"We can not argue whether all his ideas are biblical or not. They may be biblical and yet not wise to advocate. We pay his salary, and of course feel a right to speak about his teachings. He has a bright future before him, if he does not carry his ideas too far. What we wanted was to ask you to use your influence to hold him in check."

"I have never heard my husband preach anything that was not strictly both biblical and profitable," answered the wife, "and I could not urge him to keep silent in the interests of his salary."

The rotund pillar stood erect, his broad face irritably flushed, even his bald head suffused. "We pay the salary," he declared, harshly. "Every cent passes through these hands," thrusting them forward for inspection. "We've got a right to say what he shall preach. A minister ought to preach what he's hired to preach,—the same as a carpenter," he added, without regard to grammatical construction.

A little frosty chill seemed to surround the roseleaf lady, but she did not frown, or elevate her voice, or hasten her utterance as she answered, "My husband is not like some ministers. You can not *hire him* to preach *anything*. You can not buy him and sell him. He *is* like one carpenter who lived a great many years ago."

The lean pillar covered, as best he could with his slight proportions, the retreat of his defeated compatriot, who had assumed (to his surprise) something of the appearance of an accomplice.

Having closed the door after the routed cohorts, Rose Luther resumed her chair and her sewing, the afternoon sun shining through the big bay window, striking across her untroubled brow.

The minister's Sister Minnie figures in this story, also; yet at this particular juncture not in a dignified way. A slender and awkward girl, yet in her teens, she did not take part in the conversation just closed. She sat in an obscure corner of the room, her feet upon the front round of her chair, her hands clasped about her knees, the fingers securely locked in front. It was a part of her business to make the short skirt seem longer, and a part of her business to conceal the fact that she was chewing gum. Becoming absorbed in the conversation she forgot these precautions, and chewed vigorously; while her big, black eyes balefully regarded the two pillars, who she felt were making a slanderous and seditious attack upon her brother.

The moment their backs were turned she sprang to her feet and vindictively shook a clenched little fist after them. Later she reached and announced the solemn conclusion that she would never marry a preacher, to be bossed around by every upstart deacon. This contingency being so remote, at the time, no serious argument rent the home circle, of which she had been a part since the death of both of her parents.

CHAPTER II.

The congregation of the Walnut Street Church sang the closing hymn, at the suggestion of the minister. The last echoes died away, and the benediction was pronounced. Yet in the inner ear the words still lingered:

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

"Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

To the Reverend Sidney Luther they seemed to describe his exact situation. The evening's discourse had been one of the most logical, vehement, and eloquent sermons that he had ever preached; yet he well knew that it was not along the lines of his church creed. It was far and away beyond the limitations of that document. None of his colleagues of the cloth, in that particular denomination, would accept, indorse, or even condone the literal interpretations that he had given the Word of God.

He stood upon the rostrum, with the exaltation of the preacher still upon him, his being throbbing with the ebb and flow of spiritual and mental forces. He knew that he had done well, but that was in the background of his mind. He had preached new truths that he had not before been entirely sure of; he was sure of them now, and he was equally certain that his church would not stand back of him.

As the hymn was sung and the benediction pronounced, the reaction came gradually; his vigor ebbed away, and he leaned dejectedly upon his pulpit, his beloved pulpit, and looked with weary eyes upon his people, his beloved people.

It was his custom to mingle with the people at the close of each service and shake the hand of each person present, but to-night that pleasant duty was forgotten.

The people had come to prize that handshake, and, not to be defrauded, they came forward one by one to greet him, looking vaguely disquieted at his troubled attitude. Not all did this, however. A little group in the rear of the church surrounded the two "pillars," who were talking in low, but earnest tones.

The Walnut Street Church was one of the first churches of the city of P——. The edifice was commodious, and well, though not elaborately furnished, and under the administration of Sidney Luther the former sparse attendance had grown and grown, until at every service the rooms were crowded.

When he preached, the audience listened. Men leaned forward in their seats, so as to miss no word or gesture. He was not like other preachers, but was quite himself in all that he said. He stated each idea so plainly and simply that none could fail to understand. His delivery was pleasing, his words well chosen; at times there was a gleam of wit that was always wit, or a touch of poetry, or a full, straight glance into the depths of human feeling, but he was never merely sentimental. He kept the subject ever in mind and pursued the straight road to a logical conclusion. And above all else his hearers felt that he was in earnest, that he meant every word that he said. Out of the pulpit, they found him ever the

same quiet, unpretentious, true friend; one who made no distinction between rich and poor, high and low.

It did not surprise Rose Luther that people liked to hear her husband preach; anything else would have been incomprehensible. When he preached, she sat between her two children, her head held proudly a little high, worshipfully listening to the wisest and best man in the world, while he, at intervals permitting his gaze to rest upon her attentive countenance, beheld the sweetest and best of women.

Minnie also worshiped at his shrine, occupying a front seat, not always willingly, her face the face of a meek, angelic saint, the while she surreptitiously nursed and harbored her gum. As her brother approached a climax, she dreamily reconsidered her resolution never to marry a preacher, forgot concealment, and chewed vigorously to the swing of the preacher's words. On such occasions a slight frown settled over the boyish, clear-cut, smooth-shaven, ministerial features, and a warning shake of the head, not intended for all eyes, brought her gum-chewing to an end.

At the close of the handshaking came a stranger, or one who was nearly a stranger to the minister. A tall, old gentleman, with pointed, gray beard. Though aged, his spare form was erect, and his clear, blue eyes looked windows of perennial youth; humorous and fearless they looked at all men. When he spoke, only a little accent on an occasional word betrayed his Scottish origin. He shook the preacher's hand, and with frank cordiality declared, "I liket your preaching, young man. I have been to hear you several times. If ever you get out of a place to preach in, come down my way; though methinks you are destined for greater things than we can offer ye."

The minister passed his fingers abstractedly through his dark hair, "Mr. McBernie, I can not see far into the future, and the little that I see looks dark," he replied.

McBernie, with the freedom of an elderly man toward a young man, placed his hand upon the minister's shoulder, "What's the matter, lad? Do some of these old fossils object to your preaching? I have been watching a bit, and I see two old foxes with their heads together, yonder. But never you fear, you have the people with you, if it should come to a fight."

Luther, disturbed yet amused at the old man's irreverent reference to certain members of the flock, replied, "Oh, I could hold the field all right, if I cared to fight, but it is not that; in a measure I am in the wrong. It is not right for me to teach certain doctrines in the name of my church when the church does not believe them. Nor would it be honorable for me to hold the charge longer and keep silent about the things that I believe, and preach the things that I do not believe. I have simply outgrown the creed that I first espoused, and there is only one thing for me to do, and that is to resign my present position."

"I see; yes, I see how you're situated, and I expect you have picked the right course. It is what I would expect of ye. I'm no

church member, but I believe the Bible, and I know you preach it; and let me give you a thought: If God is leadin' you he'll not let you starve by the way. Now, as I told you, we have a little community where I live, and there are some good people of us; if you want a job of preachin' let us know. I have been visiting here, but I'm homeward bound to-morrow. I think you have adopet the right course; but," and his eyes lighted with a cheerful gleam, as perhaps the eyes of his ancestors did, when proposing some raid, "if ye should decide to stay and fight it out I would liket to be here."

McBernie was accompanied by his youngest son, Donald, a lanquid youth who eyed the gum-chewing Minnie with disfavor. That maiden swiftly, slyly, yet unmistakably made a wry face at him and resumed her saintly mask of abstraction.

Rose Luther and her husband left the church as the janitor was extinguishing the lights. They walked homeward, side by side, through the hushed stillness of a summer Sabbath night. At intervals their path was obscured by the heavy shadow of maples, and again it emerged into the bright light of the street-lamps. Even so, as they planned and talked of the future, at times they seemed hopelessly lost in the gloom, but again emerged into the bright light of faith and calm assurance. The pointed shadow of the maple leaves in places showed sharp and clear on the pavement, under some electric light; and in their minds, under the light of faith, certain principles of duty were blocked out in black and white, more plainly than ever before.

"I do not care for myself," he was saying, "but it is for you and the children that I worry. We do not own even the roof that shelters us. What we have not spent we have given away. I have neither trade nor profession, and work is scarce. Can we make a living? Our salary has been generous and I have been able to buy at least a few of the pretty things that you ought to have in abundance."

"Don't worry about that," the soft voice replied, "I am sure we will get on all right."

"And there are the children, to be educated and given a little start in life." Unconsciously he held little Viola close to him, and Rose Luther tightened her grasp upon the hand of little Arthur.

After a pause, the wife spoke again, "I am sure that dear old Scotchman, Mr. McBernie, was right. God is leading you. You know you have often felt it in your preaching; and he will take care of us."

"Yes," he cried, taking heart; "of what stuff is our faith made, that we should be afraid to do right? We have the promise. And we have each other and the children, and as long as we can be together we can make a happy home almost anywhere."

(To be continued.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This story is to be published in book form, in connection with, An Instrument in His Hands, by Sr. Mary Leland Carter. The latter story appeared in AUTUMN LEAVES during the

past year and was exceedingly well received by our readers. The present story, The Minister Who Was Different, is based on the actual experiences of one of the most prominent of the early elders of the church. However, some liberties are taken in the story, as for instance, a later date is given to events than that at which they really transpired. The story does not pose as a history.]

EDUCATION.

BY FLORA ADAIR.

A GOOD education is that which gives to the body and the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable.—Plato.

Our heavenly Father desires us to obtain all the education possible, with the object in view of imparting our knowledge to others. We understand this by reading the revelations where we are admonished to study all good books. And we find scripture like this: "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *heart,* and with all thy *soul,* and with all thy *mind.*"—Matthew 22: 37. You will notice we are to love him with all the mind.

We should develop the intellect to the greatest possible extent, that with the mind we may know and love our Creator.

All are not situated so that they can readily acquire what the world calls a good education, but let us be careful not to idle away the opportunities of qualifying ourselves intellectually. Our success in acquiring knowledge depends upon the right improvement of our time. The cultivation of the intellect need not be prevented by poverty or unfavorable surroundings; to be sure it can be hindered to a greater or lesser degree, but when we meet obstacles we should try the harder to overcome them.

We read that President Garfield, when he was a boy, worked in the harvest field to earn money to pay for books and schooling. Note, too, the history of Abraham Lincoln's early life, how he labored under the most adverse surroundings. But he treasured the moments and made the most of what was available, thus gaining for himself an education that helped to change the destiny of a nation.

Let the youth who needs an education set to work to obtain it. Procure every advantage within your means for strengthening your intellect. We must remember that the means of education which are ours to-day can do nothing but afford us an opportunity of improvement; far more might be accomplished along educational lines if we were always on the alert to improve the opportunities. In our youth we can hardly understand that not for present use altogether do we need this education of our mental faculties; but it is like sowing and hoping to reap an abundance after a while.

Education is not the end in view but the means whereby we may do greater and better things for our fellow man. None of us know when or where we may be called to labor. Our heavenly Father alone knows what we may be capable of doing; there may be possibilities before us which at this time we had never thought of.

Peter admonishes us to gird up the loins of our minds that we may be better qualified to resist the evil things we would do in ignorance of the right; so, all along, you will see the men of God have desired us to improve our mental faculties.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART V.

BEGINNING WORK AS A MISSIONARY; THE MOB DOES NOT RUN HIM OUT OF VISALIA; WITHOUT PURSE OR SCRIP.

I WAS now fully determined to do my duty, for I knew that God, who could and would do so much for an erring mortal, could and would qualify me for the work he had called me to do, notwithstanding my ignorance. I immediately began to make preparations to go to the conference of the Pacific Slope Mission, which was to be held at Washington Corners, now called Irvington, in Alameda County, California, about five hundred miles north of San Bernardino. In company with George Sparks (who passed over into silence about four months ago), E. P. Prothero, and Hervey Green, we started by land to the conference, preaching by the way as the way opened. Bro. Green and I went in my buggy, and Bro. Sparks and Bro. Prothero went together. We tried to order our journey so as to get to Washington Corners by conference time. Our trip was without incident till we camped one night on the Tula River, and there I took a very bad spell of heart failure; but while in the very gloom of death the brethren administered to me and I was immediately relieved. Bro. Green in pronouncing the blessing upon me used again the same words that had been pronounced upon me several times before, and I was greatly strengthened. This blessing had first been placed upon me by the martyred prophet, again by the elder that ordained me, and again by a little girl, and now by Elder Green, who was a most godly man. So, although I might fail, I could not, so I thought, fail to *try* to do my duty.

I forgot to mention that as we were starting from San Bernardino, while driving through the town, Bro. Jasper Wixom came out

and handed me ten dollars, the first cent I ever received from the Saints to aid me in mission work.

Our first stop and attempt to preach was at Visalia, in Tulare County, about two hundred and fifty miles from our starting point. We had heard that the people of Visalia were very full of prejudice against the Mormons, but we supposed that when we showed them the difference between us and the people of Utah that we would be all right; but we expected some opposition, and for my own part I did not care, for I felt I could face almost anything for the cause we represented; and I wanted to get to work. We camped about a half mile out of town and got our dinner, and while our horses were resting a man by the name of Wilson came up and began to talk about cattle. He was a butcher. Bro. Sparks and Bro. Prothero were stock men, and the conversation was all right for them; but it did not suit me a bit, and finally I got a chance to put my oar in, and I said, "Well, we did not come here for cattle. We are all of us Latter Day Saint preachers and what we want to know is if there is a chance for us to preach in Visalia."

ELDER J. C. CLAPP.

As he appeared during the early days of his ministry.

The man said, "Latter Day Saints! Do you mean Mormons? My God! man, if you mention it in town they will hang you higher than a kite!"

This seemed to frighten the brethren and they did not care to try it; but although they were all of them old men, and I was young, I felt determined to preach. So I began to fix up a little, and Uncle Hervey Green said, "Joe, what are you going to do?"

I said, "I am going up town."

"What are you going for?" said Bro. Green.

I said, "I am going to see if they will hang me," and off I went.

I had been in town but a short time when I met the sheriff, a Mr. Thomas, and I made arrangements to get the court-house to preach in for three services on the coming Sunday. This was on Friday, and as it was rather late in the afternoon I hastened to the schools in the city to have the appointment given out before the schools should be out. I then went back on the street and met the sheriff

again, and in conversation with him I learned that he had lately married one of the fair daughters of Elder Jacob Adamson of Petaluma, California; so then I was not afraid of the people hanging me in Visalia. While I was yet talking with Mr. Thomas, a Mr. Snell, a Methodist preacher, came along, and the sheriff introduced me to him as a Latter Day Saint preacher.

Mr. Snell said, "Well, I don't know but you are just the man I am hunting for; for I have got an appointment out here on Elbow Creek and I can not fill it, and I am looking for a man to fill it for me. Now could you fill that appointment for me?"

I said, "Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"Thank you, thank you," was the reply.

While we were yet talking, an old man by the name of Samuel Fulton came up and Mr. Thomas introduced me to him and he at once got deeply interested in our conversation and asked me to go home with him; but the evening was approaching and I felt that I ought to go back to our camp. The old gentleman's place was right on my way to the camp, and in our walk I tried to make good use of the time explaining our doctrine to him.

When we got to his door he said to his wife, "Well, Achsah, I have found it at last."

"Found what, Sammie?" said the old lady.

"Found the truth," said the old gentleman.

"Well, thank the Lord for that," said the good old lady.

We did not exchange many more words till Mr. Fulton bade me go to the camp and bring the whole camp up to his place, which we did, and found a hearty welcome for all and plenty for both man and beast.

These two old people had been followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, but they both readily accepted the truth, and lived and died earnest Latter Day Saints.

When I went back to the camp and told the brethren what I had done, they were much surprised and elated; and I felt so built up and elated over my success that I presume I became exalted over it, for I began to think that there was hardly one that could have done so well. I can now see it was necessary for me to be humbled, which was soon done, as the sequel will prove.

I went to the Elbow Creek Schoolhouse, took Bro. Prothero with me and filled the appointment there, and left Brn. Green and Sparks to fill the morning hour at the court-house. I rather took the lead in the making of these appointments, although I realized that Bro. Green was an old veteran and that I should be subject to his counsel; but I was very anxious to get to work and try to do something.

I spoke for over two hours at the Elbow Creek meeting, and with such great freedom that I was astonished, and the people seemed perfectly spellbound, and it added greatly to my self-conceit; but when at night I undertook to preach in the court-house I found out my mistake, and learned that it was the Holy Spirit that did the work at Elbow Creek. It was me, just me, that did it at the court-house, for I made such a failure it almost made me sick. I

hoped then, and still hope that that sermon took much, if not all of the egotism out of me. At any rate the result was that I became more studious, humble, and prayerful.

We labored in Visalia till we baptized quite a number and organized the Visalia Branch; but Brn. Prothero and Sparks returned to San Bernardino after our first meetings, or the first Sunday, so Bro. Green and I were left alone to continue the fight. There was a man in Visalia by the name of Hall. He was a witty old Irishman, a Campbellite preacher; but at one time he had belong to the Latter Day Saints' Church. He said he had been baptized in Canada by a young elder by the name of Samuel Lake, and that he had come to gather with the church and had fallen in with the Saints during their westward move from Nauvoo and traveled with them as far as the Nishnabotna in Iowa; and there he fell in with George P. Dykes and was introduced to two or three of his wives, and that cooked him. I do not know how true this was, but he also told me that on his returning to Canada he published a book against the "Mormons." I have seen just one copy of this book. I think the title was "Hall's Exposé of Mormonism." I did not have a chance to read the book very much, but I gathered from Hall's talk that he got most of his objections from Dr. Hurlbut's work. Hall disturbed our meeting, and as he was very witty, and an almost complete concordance to the Bible, he gave us no little annoyance. He was very anxious for a debate, and I confess I felt inclined to accommodate him, but Bro. Green would not think of it. He said we had better pray for him than to debate with him, for he was so witty that it would only make fun for the people, and would do no good; so the debate did not take place.

We finally concluded that our work in Visalia was done, and we started for the "upper country." As we were passing through the town I ran into the post-office and got a letter. It was full of lies and threats, and we were notified to leave the place immediately, and if we ever undertook to preach our "abominable stuff" again in the town our "hides would not hold pumpkins," they would shoot us so full of holes. This letter was anonymous. It was signed with seven X's. When Bro. Green read the letter he got quite nervous over it, and wanted to go as quickly as possible and get out of that wicked place; but I took a contrary spell and told Bro. Green I would not go. I said, "Bro. Green, you can take the buggy and go on, if you like, but I will not go and leave the impression that we were run out of town; and while we were debating the question I saw the sheriff down the street and I went to him and got permission to hold services in the court-house the next Sunday.

Finally Uncle Hervey made up his mind to stay with me, so we turned back to Bro. Fulton's. We showed Bro. Fulton the letter we got, and he, fearing we might be molested, fixed up his guns and got them in readiness for a battle, in the event that we should be attacked. That night old Mr. Hall came to Bro. Fulton's to stay all night, and for some unknown cause they put him to sleep

with me. I said nothing, but thought I would as soon sleep with an alligator. Sometime in the night, I think about two o'clock in the morning, I awoke and heard a kind of mumbling sound, or low talking. I listened until I recognized the old man's voice. It gradually grew louder, until I could tell that he was praying, and he finally grew so enthusiastic and prayed so loud that I could understand many of his words, and he was praising God in language most sublime. I lay quite still and listened and admired, until he finally quit and crept back into bed, but still I could hear his lips moving as though still engaged in prayer.

After awhile he spoke and said, "Bro. Clapp, are you asleep?"

I moved as though waking from sleep and asked him what he wanted. He said he had had a vision, and the Lord had showed him the truth; and he wanted to know if I could forgive him for what he had done against the truth, and against Bro. Green and me. Of course I was overjoyed to see the change that had come over the old man, and immediately all the ill feelings I had entertained against him were swept away. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, the old man wanted me to baptize him, and it must be me that should do the work; and so I led him into the water and performed the ceremony of baptism, the first in my life. Just as I buried the old gentleman in the liquid wave, his oldest son, a man forty or fifty years old, baptized a large dog in the stream just above us. I baptized the man in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, but Hall baptized the dog in the name of Mr. Smith and General Jackson. A man by the name of Riley, and his wife, also stepped forward and were baptized; and I think by the time we got ready to make another start about seven more united with us. So then we felt that we had gathered all the fruit that was ripe, and made a public announcement that we were going to start at a certain time,—we were punctual to start just at that time. We were now satisfied that the anonymous letter, though prompted by the Evil One, was a case where the Lord had made the wrath, not of man, but of Satan to praise him,—or my stubbornness may have had a little to do with it.

As we drove through the town this time a Jew came out of his store and brought Uncle Hervey a five-pound pail of smoking tobacco, two large plugs of tobacco, and two large ventilator pipes and said, "I see the old shentleman like to smoke, and I make him a present." (Bro. Green was at that time an inveterate smoker.) So we were supplied with tobacco, if nothing else. We started for the conference. We made a short drive that evening and camped on a sluggish creek, and that night Bro. Green took sick. He had a chill, and then a raging fever from that time till he got to Watsonville, which was four long days' drive. I had a very hard time with him, for the weather was very hot, and we were both of us quite large and so filled the buggy seat that it made it very uncomfortable. Bro. Green had such a hot fever that I thought I never could endure from one day to another sitting by him in that hot seat in that hot weather. He was out of his head the entire journey,

and the first thing he inquired for when he returned to consciousness was where Bro. Fulton was. He did not know that we were two hundred miles from Bro. Fulton's. He never ate a morsel from the time we started till about twenty-four hours after we arrived at Watsonville, neither did he smoke. We finally landed at Bro. George Adams' in Watsonville, and were more than welcome at their house; and I can assure you that I was glad to get relief, for I was nearly sick myself from waiting on Bro. Green, for at times he became violent and was hard to manage. I kept him propped up the best I could with our bedclothes, and when we would stop I would help him out, fix the quilts and blankets as best I could, and lay him in as comfortable a place as I could find until it came time to travel on.

Sr. Adams was a noble woman, and a good nurse, and she set herself to nursing Bro. Green; and Bro. Adams and I administered to him, and put him to bed. It was dark when we got him in a fix to put him to bed, and next morning when he awoke he first inquired for Bro. Fulton, and when I explained to him where he was and how he came there he was greatly surprised. Sr. Adams' joy seemed to know no bounds to see me with the gospel armor on, for I was the fruits, to a very great degree, of her own self-sacrificing energy in the work, and I can say that I have never known two members more zealous and faithful in the church than Bro. and Sr. Adams were at that time. I was young and much stronger then than I am now, so by Sunday I was so rested that I was called upon to preach in the little chapel that Bro. Adams had donated to the church; and among those that attended the meeting was Mrs. Elvira Clapp, she that had been my father's second wife, my father having died a year or two before. Mrs. Clapp was a noble woman and a firm believer in the angel's message, and she and her oldest daughter, Mrs. Smith, now of Helena, Montana, requested me to baptize them, which I did, that being the second time I had ever attended to that sacred ordinance.

Bro. Green, after we administered to him and he had received such nursing as one could get only from a mother in Israel, was healed; but he was quite weak for a few days, and great fever sores broke out around his mouth so he could scarcely talk; but in a few days he began to walk around, and one day he said to me, "Joe, have you noticed that I have not smoked since I have been up?"

"You have not smoked since we left Visalia," I said.

"Well," said he, "I don't feel like I want to smoke, and I have a good mind to say I never will smoke again."

I said, "That is just what you ought to say."

And then the good old man said, "By the help of God I will never put another pipe in my mouth." And the dear old brother kept that promise to the day of his death. I went out to our buggy and took all of his tobacco and smoking paraphernalia out and threw it away.

It was now getting nearly time for the conference, which was to assemble October 6, about sixty miles north, which we made in

two days' drive, and were kindly received at the hospitable home of Bro. William Hopkins, who died a few years ago in Lamoni, Iowa, where his noble widow still resides.

Bro. A. H. Smith was the president of the mission and of the conference, and I think the first appointment that was announced was "J. C. Clapp, Oregon and Washington in charge." This was a big mission, and a big undertaking for one ignorant and inexperienced; but I was under obligation to do, or try to do, anything that was put upon me, and I consented to go, and to go alone, which I did.

I immediately began to fix to go. I gave my buggy to Bro. Green, as he was to labor in the immediate vicinity of where the conference was held, and I was to go to Oregon. I shall ever hold Bro. Green in high esteem for the fatherly care he exercised over me, and for the good advice he gave me. I will long remember the last talk I had with him before I started on my Oregon mission. I had to walk about five miles to where I could get conveyance to San Francisco, and Bro. Green walked with me till we got to a little clump of willows and from which point he was to turn back. We went into the willows and had a season of prayer together. I will always remember that earnest plea that the man of God put up for me. That prayer seems to ring in my ears to this day. Bro. Green had had much experience in just what I was apt to meet. He pointed out the dangers that lurked in the path of the ministry, especially the young minister, and the way to meet them and repel them, and he said, "Now, Joe, you are starting out in a work that you will meet more and greater temptations that you ever did before in your life, because the adversary will try to hinder you and retard the work you are trying to do, and you can not resist it in your own strength; but in the hour of trial and temptation, if you will flee to God for strength, you will overcome and conquer." I can say to-day that I thank God that I ever had the privilege of being associated with such a man as Bro. Green, and many times in my mind I can hear that eloquent prayer, and see those tears that coursed down his cheeks as he turned back and bade me God speed in my mission work.

I went to San Francisco and was kindly received by Bro. T. J. Andrews and his nice little family, wife and two little daughters; and I may say that although that has been many years ago, that ever since that time I have had a home in that place when I have been in the city. Although Bro. T. J. Andrews long since passed on to the rest that he was richly entitled to, and Sr. Andrews has married again, the same open door and welcome is found there. Indeed it has not only been for me, but for all that have the message of salvation. Thank the Lord for such friends and homes.

After spending a few days with Bro. and Sr. Andrews I took passage on the steamship Montana and sailed for Oregon. This was a very important period of my life, for hitherto what little I had done in the ministry had been with support and counsel of older and much wiser heads than my own; but now, so far as

earthly aid was concerned, I was alone. I was without an earthly staff to lean upon. I was going to a land of strangers, where the gospel trump had not been sounded. I did not know any one in that country, and to make matters worse, that country was, to a large degree, settled by people from Western Missouri, many of whom were in the mob that drove my parents from their homes in the early days of the church. These things rose up like mountains before me, and sometimes I felt almost to say, "Lord, it is too much." But then again I would say to myself, "It is the Lord's work, and he has called me and is stronger than any power that can be arrayed against him; and I went willingly, I may say gladly to the field of duties.

The sea was so rough that we could not pass out through the Golden Gate that night, so we had to lay inside the bay till morning, and in the morning I had such an attack of quinsy that I could not swallow, or hardly speak. I asked the captain to set me ashore, but he refused, and so I was doomed to suffer a very unpleasant trip. I was not able to eat anything or to speak but very little till we were entering the harbor at Astoria, Oregon, where my throat broke and I got immediate relief. We had a stormy voyage, and sometimes it looked like the old ship would go down; but she weathered the storm and in due time we arrived at Portland, the metropolis of the state of Oregon, one hundred and ten miles up the Columbia River from the sea, and twelve miles up the Willamette from the Columbia. I landed in Portland late in the evening, or I might say just at night, went to the Western Hotel and paid for my night's lodging, and had just thirty cents left. Looking at the human side of it I was in a bad fix; but I was in just the fix I had made for myself, for I thought that was just the fix I ought to be in. I could have been supplied with money, and the Saints asked me if I needed money. About the last thing Bro. T. J. Andrews asked me was if I needed money, and I told him I did not. I only felt at liberty to take money to buy my ticket, and thought I ought to go without purse or scrip as the law of God directed; but I began to discover that I was almost too proud for that kind of work and I felt sure that the city was no place for me to begin operations in, in that condition.

In the morning I was up before day, and although it was raining I began to think about starting out in some direction; and as my grip was heavy from a lot of tracts that Bro. T. J. Andrews had furnished me, I lightened my grip by walking up one side and down the other side of the street, laying the tracts on the people's doorsteps and on their porches, and I thus fixed for an early start on foot in the rain and mud. I did not know where, but anywhere to get out of town. It was now daylight, and as I started I heard a steamer whistling and acting as though she was going to start some place, and it occurred to me that the steamer might be going up the river, and that I might get a ride. So I turned down to the river and found the steamer was going up to Salem, about fifty miles or more, and I told the steward that I wanted to go to Salem

and had no money, and that I was a minister, and in fact I told him just as nice a story as I could at that time, and with the amount of experience I had in that line, and he said, "I will let you go if you will preach for us on the trip," to which I readily agreed. I supposed that I looked and acted so green that he thought they would have a lot of fun at my expense; but I engaged in mental prayer and kept my mind exercised in that train (of prayer for help), then when the time came, the time I had been dreading, and they began to sing the songs to call the people together, I was fired with a strong desire to preach, and I was greatly blessed in preaching, but I do not know what I preached about. I do know I had the very best of attention, and only quit because I saw it was about dinner time. After I quit the steward asked me why I quit so soon, and I told him I had talked an hour and I was afraid I might infringe on their dinner. "Oh, d—— the dinner! I could sit all day without dinner to listen to that kind of talk."

Dinner came on, and I was invited to the table and sat next to the captain, who said, "Parson, will you say grace?"

When we landed in Salem, the steward gave me a half dollar, and I left him with good wishes and much gratitude.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP.

BY W. A. SINCLAIR, M. D.

NEARLY every one who is not a baby sleeps too little. Babies are in the way, and are dosed with soothing syrups and put to sleep, because to the public mind they are "troublesome little things." But when they grow up, excess of sleep is exchanged for too little. Business, social intercourse, and, in many cases, dissipation, occupy so many of the twenty-four hours that rest is neglected. For this reason it was necessary for the Lord to speak to his people (as recorded in Doctrine and Covenants 85: 38), telling them to "retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated."

Many do not seem to know the value of sleep. They overlook the fact that it is the season of vital recuperation; that while the body is recumbent, the eyes closed, and the faculties at rest, repairs go on which are no less necessary for the duration of life than for the health of every individual. "Without the proper amount of sleep," says Professor Hubbard, "the vital energy is dried up and withered, and we waste away as a tree would, deprived of the sap that nourishes it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day, and separates us from what is useless and pernicious. It is, as it were, a daily crisis, during which all secretions are re-formed in the greatest tranquility and perfection."

Dr. J. C. Jackson remarks, "As a habit and fashion with our

people, we sleep too little. It is admitted by all those who are competent on the subject, that the people of the United States from day to day, not only do no get sufficient sleep, but they do not get sufficient rest. By the preponderance of the nervous over the vital temperament, they need the recuperating benefits which sleep can afford during each night as it passes. A far better rule would be to get at least eight hours' sleep, and, including sleep, ten hours of recumbent rest. It is a sad mistake that some make, who suppose themselves qualified to speak on the subject, in affirming that persons of a highly wrought, nervous temperament need—as compared with those with a more lymphatic or stolid organization—less sleep. The truth is, that where power is expended with great rapidity, by a constitutional law, it is regathered slowly; the reaction, after a while demanding much more time for the gathering up of new force, than the direct effort demands in expending that force.

"Thus, a man of the nervous temperament, after he has established a habit of overdoing, recovers from the effect of such overaction much more slowly than a man of different temperament would, if the balance between his power to do and his power to rest is destroyed. As between the nervous and lymphatic temperaments, therefore, where excess of work is demanded, it will always be seen that, at the close of the day's labor, whether it has been of muscle or thought, the man of nervous temperament, who is tired, finds it difficult to fall asleep, sleeps perturbedly, wakes up excitedly, and is more apt than otherwise to resort to stimulants to place himself in a condition of pleasurable activity. While the man of lymphatic temperament, when tired, falls asleep, sleeps soundly and uninterruptedly, and wakes up in the morning a new man. The facts are against the theory that nervous temperaments recuperate quickly from the fatigues to which their possessors are subjected. Three-fourths of our drunkards are from the ranks of the men of nervous temperament. Almost all opium-eaters in our country—and their name is legion—are persons of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperaments. Almost all the men in the country who become the victims of narcotic drug-medicine, are of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperament."

People of the nervous-sanguine temperament are not so unsucessful at manufacturing, as they are extravagant in expending the vital forces, and as you would control the prodigality of a money spendthrift by keeping him employed, so you should control the prodigal expender of nervous vitality by keeping him asleep as many hours of the twenty-four as can be done without recourse to pernicious drugs. Insanity often results from want of sleep.

Dr. Cornell states, "The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, is want of sleep. Notwithstanding strong hereditary predisposition on the part of some people, if they sleep well they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack or those who are in delicate health, as that of securing by all means sound, regular, and refreshing sleep."

Dr. Spicer says, "There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this: That the brain expends its nerves and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep, if the recuperation does not equal its expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep."

The foregoing will demonstrate to our minds the necessity for sleep, also the amount and character, with the results of disobedience. No doubt the Lord had this very same idea in mind when he stated (Doctrine and Covenants 85:38), "retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary." A weary brain is nearing the boundary line of insanity.

Now just a few words from Dr. Hall, on how to retire to bed; he says, "In freezing winter-time, do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room, and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid. But if a person is not in good health, it is best to undress by a good fire, warm and dry the feet well, draw on the stockings again, run into a room without a fire, jump into bed, bundle up, with head and ears under cover for a minute or more, until you feel a little warmth; then uncover your head, next draw off your stockings, straighten out, turn over on your right side and go to sleep. If a sense of chilliness comes over you on getting into bed, it will always do you an injury; and its repetition increases the ill effects without having any tendency to harden you. Nature ever abhors violence. We are never shocked into good health. Hard usage makes no garment last longer."

It is really quite important that a person should retire on the right side. This position favors the passage of the contents of the stomach into the duodenum, or lower stomach, the first division of the intestines. It is well that what remains in the stomach on going to bed, should be disposed of, and that position which will the best conduce to the digestion and removal of this matter, is the one which should be adopted. By the time the sleeper has become tired of resting on his right side, unless he has taken a late supper, his digestive organs will have been sufficiently relieved to allow him without disadvantage to turn upon the left.

Sleeping upon the back is a bad habit, because the pressure of the contents of the bowels upon some important arteries interferes with a free circulation of the blood, resulting in frightful and disagreeable dreams, and nightmare.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. 2.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

ANOTHER VISION; A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH SMITH; THE COMING CHURCH.

PALMYRA, New York, October 7, 1823.

MRS. ADELINE BRADFORD, Liverpool, England.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Though far away from you, your memory is ever fresh in my mind. It is not infrequently true of young men who detach themselves from their home associations and the motherland to come here, that they allow those happy affinities to gradually fade away from their memories. Mother, who nourished them, becomes as other women; brothers and sisters, with whom they played on the green, become like other brothers and sisters to them; father, who toiled to sustain them, and who when his day's work was done, took them on his friendly knees and sang them to sleep, becomes like other men. God forbid that I should thus in my heart become a renegade to you, to my old home, yea, to my old city, and allow the novelty of circumstances, the snows of environment to chill away the fondest memories and recollections of my bygone days.

Courtesy *Canadian Courier.*

JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET.

"My admiration was quite drawn out by his innocent countenance, and his speech, as he expressed himself. I thought to myself, if you are a deceiver, your appearance is in favor of your success."

If there is anything that is pleasurable or consoling among my retreats, it is an hour's recourse ever and anon to my old diaries, to pore over them wherein they detail my many experiences in earlier years; to see the names of my playmates, chums, and cronies, and the actual conversations that passed between us, the games we played, our tricks, truancies,—if I must confess,—and expostulations; they do make me think in the moment of my absorption that I am on Carlisle Street once more. But those splendid days are gone, and many of us who were so actively participant in making them what they were are scattered to the four winds. Seemingly I have jumped from the frivolity of a street urchin to the isolation of a great continent where I am now called upon to face sterner realities.

Let me say that I have enjoyed your letters and am glad that

matters are reasonably well with you. A consciousness of the continued pervasion of our own home with peace and happiness had a potent tendency to buoy me above the billows of strife which most naturally follow the converging of so many people from so many climes, tongues, and social relations.

Mother, I am sure you will be deeply interested in the development of the "religious revival" and its consequences, and I must aim to put at rest what I perceive to be your desires as effectively as I can. I was well suited with the religious aspect of your letter, in that you recommended the course I had commended, even though it might lead me away from the pale of the established church. I am glad that while you and father continue to maintain your allegiance for the old church, you allow it to be "possible" that it is wrong, for in that condition you are subject to persuasion in the event of finding one that is right.

I have more news for you this time which adds another very interesting link to that chain of events having its rise in the religious revival. The young man Smith, who with his parents some time ago moved from this vicinity to Manchester, another town a few miles distant, professes to have had another vision, quite dissimilar from the former one, both as to the communicant, and the substance communicated. The neighborhood here is not a little moved over the rumor of renewed reports of revelations from him, the talk of the former one having nearly died out. But I understand that the excitement is still more intense in his immediate neighborhood, which conclusion I reach partly by personal observation. "Personal observation," do you ask? Yes, I answer; for, mother, I will not try to conceal from you that my sincere zeal and inquiring proclivities carried me there to see him in person, and to have an account from his own lips. I could no longer restrain my ambition to go, and I had confidence that the satisfaction arising from a personal interview would be far superior to the internal warrings I was experiencing in a fruitless attempt to repress something which constantly told me that the young man's story was true. Therefore, I decided to ascertain the truth, if coming in contact with him would do it. I thought that if his story proved to be false I would be alleviated; whereas, if it proved true, I by all means ought to know it, and more still, I could afford to endure any odium that might result from my sympathies with him or my belief in his reports. So saddling my favorite horse, Doll, one morning but a week ago, I sped away in the direction of Manchester, which I eventually reached after a passage through unknown and dreary forests much of my way.

I was not long, upon my arrival, in finding the definite location of the Smith residence, which proved to be adjacent to the village. I made my inquiries with some diffidence, knowing as I did the antipathy that existed. Another mount, and another bound so to speak, brought me to the very gate where dwelt he whom I must presently look upon as either a seer or a Satan, as a medium of the Most High, or an impersonation of sin and deception. Up to

this time I had never set my eyes upon him. I went to the barn where I saw a young man who appeared to be finishing the morning chores.

"Good-morning, sir," I said.

"Good-morning," was his answer.

"This is where Mr. Smith lives, I understand."

"Yes, sir."

"Is Joseph at home?"

"Yes, sir. He is over there in the field repairing the fence."

"What is your name?"

"My name is William."

Leaving him I approached his brother, who was first to accost me with,

"Good-morning," a smile gleaming on his face, indicative of a composure and a resoluteness that is exhibited by few of his age to the same extent.

"Good-morning," I replied. "Is your name Joseph Smith?"

"That is my name, sir," he returned.

"I am a stranger in this locality," I began, "I am from Palmyra, your former home. My ride here this morning is for the purpose of seeing you in relation to your manifestations, of which I have heard so much; to have the facts from your own lips, if you are not reluctant."

"Not in the least. And I am only too glad you have come as you have. The majority who condemn me are those who have received my account second hand, and many things are reported as originating with me that are false and unjust to me."

I must allow that I was most favorably impressed with his general appearance. There was nothing discernible that did him disfavor. My admiration was quite drawn by his aquiline nose, his innocent countenance, and more than all, his speech, as he expressed himself. I thought to myself, if you are a deceiver, your appearance is in favor of your success, for there is nothing visible that can be wrested to confirm the many stories I have heard about you, whatever is in your heart. His grammar was noticeably poor, but the originality of the individual made up for that; while a dwarf in grammar, he was a giant in concentration.

"Will you relate your recent vision?"

"Very willingly. It was about a week and a half ago, on the 21st of September, that I was visited by an angel of God in my own room, after I had retired for the night. I felt in a very prayerful condition of mind and I asked the Lord for a forgiveness of my sins and follies, and having hope and confidence that I might receive another manifestation, as I had one at Palmyra. Since then I have fallen into some foolish habits. I knew that God would forgive and I tried to repent and place myself in a condition to receive anything further he might choose to bestow.

"Presently I saw the room getting light, which continued till I discovered a personage dressed in white standing at my bedside. He called me by name, and told me his name. He said his name

was Moroni and that he was a prophet who lived on this continent hundreds of years ago; that he was an ancestor of the American Indians, who were once enlightened, but became dark and lost to their former light and knowledge by reason of their transgression. He told me that there was a line of prophets who lived upon this land centuries ago who wrote their histories upon plates, and finally when the people wandered away to that extent that they were no longer worthy of a prophet, he, as their last prophet, took the sacred treasure and deposited it in the earth near where I live, and the time is now becoming ripe for it to come to light. He told me that the restoration of Israel is nigh at hand, quoted some prophecies, and declared that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations."

Oh, dear mother, the sensation which pervaded me as I heard the above from his lips! What a feeling thrilled my bosom as he enlarged, tears flowing freely down his cheeks, with a perceptible restraint of weeping from time to time, and all the marks of earnestness depicted upon his visage. It was only my pride and cold noncommittal manner that kept me from exclaiming aloud, "I believe your story."

The indecision and discontent that exercised me has not all fled yet by any means; as an approximation thereto, however, I am entirely convinced of this by my visit thither: that the young man is honest and that he did really see what he testifies to have seen. As to what power it is attributable is another question. We can not allow him to be honest and deny that he beheld what he affirms he did, for if a young man of his self possession, dispassionate manner, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, could be deceived with regard to seeing such phenomenon, first in broad daylight in his neighborhood, second in the bedchamber at his present home while wide awake in a praying mood in the night time, why, then I say, there is no certainty in any eternal thing. Let me become convinced of that and my faith in all religions would become shattered at once. That he could be deceived as to the ulterior cause of what he saw, that what he saw might be Satan transformed into an angel of light, is not possibly beyond the realm of conceivability; but to grant deception, and that the deception consisted in seeing nothing, but only an imagination of vision, is not to be considered. I could as easily believe that Peter could be mistaken in his reported vision, that Cornelius saw no angel at all, as to attach any importance to such an absurd supposition. The only point that divides me from a full and unreserved conviction that Mr. Smith is a chosen vessel for the great end he indicated to me in his remarks, is the fact that some infernal power might be preying upon him. I must, however, acknowledge, mother, that it would tax my credulity far more to yield to the latter.

We may depend on this, if there is anything in it, the evolution of events will certify it in a very short time. If it is from the Lord, and the nature of it is such as to command the faith of others besides Smith, he will certainly afford a means of attesting its

veracity, as he did in Bible times. If, however, it should rest where it now is, it would be the most conclusive evidence that could be offered that it was a deception, whether Smith was the deceiver himself, or the victim of deception. If he is acting as an instrument of God, we can look forward to beholding in the near future a religion after the pattern of the New Testament religion, in conjunction with which we may look also for this great American Bible.

You can depend, at any rate, that I will keep you informed, and will apprise you of any momentous changes. Let us be resigned to the right, to the will of God. Pray that I may have ample direction from the unerring God above, and I will act upon my best judgment. I am not, by any means, indifferent to the forthcoming of a work like what the purported vision seems to guarantee. He said the heavenly messenger quoted to him portions of Malachi 3 and 4; also Isaiah 11, declaring that they were on the verge of fulfillment. I have consulted these chapters since our interview. Indeed it does look as though an "ensign" is to be set up before the coming of Christ, according to Isaiah 11, which ensign is very plainly the gospel of Christ. It does look in Malachi 3 and 4 as though some great preparatory work is to precede the second coming of Christ. Another passage which shared a place in the dialogue is found in Zechariah 2, where it says, "Run speak to that young man," etc. Let us not stultify our minds, but think favorably, at least inquiringly, of this as the "young man."

The information he has given out has subjected him to nameless persecutions and epithets. The populace, of course, is against him, and I regret to advise you that the clergy have condescended to certain indignities to blacken his name and prospect. A brief pause in one of the stores in Manchester gave me the opportunity to inform myself with reference to public feeling and hostility. If popular opinion were to be a criterion of itself, we could with the utmost dispatch dismiss the thing from our mind. Yes, indeed, and had we lived contemporary with the founding of other religions we would have had the same reasons to condemn them. Recall the outrageous persecutions that were waged against Wesley, Roger Williams, Luther, and other noble men, who braved the storm of religious bigotry in their day.

It will not do to conclude my correspondence this time without at least a summary with reference to the revival, which, in connection with the remarkable instances having birth in conjunction therewith, has occupied such a vast percentage of my letter. My friend, Mr. Wilton, has turned back from his conversion. Rather he has turned back from the church at whose instance the change in him was wrought. It is commonly said of him that he is "backslidden"—a common expression here of late—but I am unable to look upon him through any such lenses. His zeal and ardor are fadeless: I discern no pause, no variation, no difference in him save that he has ceased to affiliate with the sects. He still frequents my little cottage, and many a pleasant evening do we spend together.

Gravely do we talk of the revelations of Joseph Smith, of our financial prospects, and of the burning issues in this country. Our mutual confidence enables us to speak heart to heart. No friend on this side the ocean have I found to whom I can, with the same contentment, reveal my anxieties. His attitude toward young Smith, in relation to his purported angel visitations, is very akin to what I occupy myself. You know that in my former letter, in which I related our conversation, in the conclusion of which he stated his intention to have an interview with the lad Smith about his seeing two personages when he retired to pray in the woods to know which one of all the churches was right. A couple of evenings later a rap came at my door again, and whose friendly face should I behold but that of my informant, Mr. Wilton.

"Anything new?" I inquired.

"Well," said my caller, "I have seen young Smith, and heard from him the most thrilling recital of his rare experience in the woods. He said: 'I was one day reading the epistle of James 1: 5, which says, If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, when I felt very much exercised to pray, thinking that if any one needed direction from God I did; for I did not know how to decide for myself which of the many churches was right, and feared I never would know so as to be able to serve God with any degree of certainty as satisfactory to myself, unless God himself in some way should aid me to understand. I had felt the burden of sin. I had become converted, but did not know which church to join, so I concluded to take James at his word, and I retired to a somewhat secluded spot where kneeling upon my knees I began to call upon God. I felt awfully seized and bound for some time by some power which seemed to be acting in opposition to my design, by which I was controlled to that extent that I began to fear that I would have to give up. But while I was thus alarmed over the probable victory that this unseen power would gain over me, I saw a very brilliant light descending. Presently I found myself in the very midst of the same halo, and more than all, I saw two personages above me. One pointing to the other said: "This is my beloved son, hear ye him." No sooner was I able to speak than I inquired which of all these churches was right, and which I should join. He told me to join none of them, saying that they were all wrong, that their professors were corrupt, and their creeds were an abomination in his sight. After he had again forbade me to join any of the churches, the light began to withdraw and to ascend until it had entirely disappeared, and I found myself prostrate on my back!' "

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"I believe the boy is honest," returned my companion. "I can not see what motive," continued he, "would prompt him to invent such a blasphemous story, if not true. It was quite observable that he had experienced a change, as others of us had, and his only indecision consisted in his not knowing which of the three bodies to unite with after the revival was ended. We all believed that he

was exercised by a willingness to do right, and now, after giving all possible symptoms and manifestations of the purity of his motives and a reformation of character, that he would in his fifteenth year go and do that which he knew would involve him in both mortal and immortal ruin is, I must allow, more incredible than the extraordinary account he gave me. He is certainly highly favored if he tells the truth. But the question with me is, if none of the churches here are right, where will we find one that is? You would have thought that the Lord would tell him where the right one is, unless indeed the right one is not on the earth and is forthcoming."

"That is what I sometimes think," I rejoined, "that the true church is forthcoming, and that God will yet make selection of some honest instrument through whom to reëstablish his church as it was in ancient times."

"Solon," exclaimed my visitor, with a change in his tone of voice, "I must tell you a dream I had last night. I found myself in an immense field, the area thereof being so great that I could not by casual vision begin to calculate it. In this field I descried all manner of animals. I beheld till I heard a voice saying, 'Look!' I looked and saw a man, apparently a shepherd, having a wand in his left hand, and a trumpet in his right hand. 'Listen!' said the voice again. I did so, and I heard the trumpet sound as I saw the trumpeter, who chanced to be the shepherd, apply the instrument to his lips. 'Now, behold my flock,' said the voice again, and as I obeyed I saw the sheep separating themselves from the other animals, who seemed to be moved with cholor against them, and I saw them moving westward in the direction of the shepherd by whose sounds they were attracted. Presently I saw the sheep collected into a series of groups, and I saw that each group had a shepherd who was outfitted after the manner of the first. I also saw an equal number of folds for the refuge and the comfort of the sheep. Turning in the direction from whence the voice came, I asked, 'What does all this mean?' The answer which came was: 'The sheep which you behold represent the honest of heart among the nations; the shepherds are my servants who shall call them out; the sounds which you have heard is my gospel, which is soon to go forth to all nations; and the folds are the places where my people shall gather.' 'Look!' said the voice once more. As I lifted my eyes in the direction of the sheep and the shepherds, I saw two tablets with engravings. 'What do these mean?' I asked. 'The first which you see,' said my informant, 'represents my word as you have it in the Bible, the meaning of the second tablet you shall comprehend hereafter.' I tell you, Solon, I never had a dream to impart the same lasting impression that this does upon my mind with such frequent recurrences, and that not of my own election either."

Thus my friend and myself chatted together till a late hour. But, mother, the shortness of my candle and the strike of the clock notifies me that I must presently, for another reason, bid you fare-

well. All goes very well with me. I raised a good crop last summer. My stock and clearing is progressing adequately to the number of animals I have, and the labor I have expended. The cold autumnal winds are beginning to whistle mournfully around, necessitating preparations for colder blasts. The extensiveness of my outlay of energy and money for the improvement of my house, and more particularly my outbuildings, will enthuse me with hope for a compensatory crop next year.

Next letter I may have more news to regale you with, to which you will be as welcome as the air you breathe, if the expected developments in relation to the youthful seer create them. It has reached that crisis, that viewing the beauty of the scheme it proposes, I can not help but hope that it will prove to be true. If the light Mr. Smith professes to have received relative to the Indian ancestry on this continent is genuine, it will be, when the record is brought forth, of infinite worth in solving that which at present is altogether unknown. Love to all. Your son,

SOLON.

(To be continued.)

HERALDS OF HEAVEN.

Not in the cell monastic, nor in the cloistered shade,
Are the heroes of the Covenant which God with man hath made;
But in the world's arena, facing the conflict dire,
Helping the people onward, lifting the nation higher.

Not in the sloth of the senses are the true men God hath sent,
Speaking with clarion voices to the victims of discontent;
Singing with hope and rapture they lift to a heavenly sphere
Toilers who welcome their message—who recognize God is here.

Brave are these sons of glory, walking with God on earth,
Doing kind deeds and gracious, beaming with joy and mirth;
Undoing burdens of Satan, setting his prisoners free,
Helping the heavy-laden, like Jesus of Galilee.

Healing the broken-hearted, making them sing for joy,
Loosing their souls from evil, freeing from all alloy;
See we these sons of the Kingdom, who work in our midst to-day,
Leading the people onward, teaching the race to pray.

—Harriette S. Bainbridge.

Editor's Corner

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TWO OLD POEMS.

DAVID H. SMITH.

From a photograph taken at about the time of the appearance of the second poem referred to in this article.

THERE are two poems by David H. Smith, one entitled, "Tatty in the Buggy," and the other beginning, "Little Herald, stop a moment," that are well remembered by the older generation of Latter Day Saints. They are not so familiar to the younger generation, because they have not been preserved in the literature of the church, perhaps because of a lack from a literary standpoint,--it was their sentiment and not their polish that appealed to the Saints at the time of their appearance. Indeed, they were the work of a boy who was just venturing into the realm of poesy; and they lacked the perfect beauty of his later compositions.

When Joseph Smith took his place, in 1860, at the head of the Reorganization, he found no more sympathetic and enthusiastic follower than his young brother David, who ws then only sixteen years of age.

It was the custom of the family to make the halls of the old home ring of an evening with songs. Many of these were of David's composition. In memory of those olden, golden days he has written, in Hesperis:

> "Oh, how we used to sing in the days that are no more;
> As we gathered in a ring 'round the old familiar door;
> When some kind friend would raise some well remembered strain,
> Sacred to those happy days,—shall we ever sing again?"

So it came about that when Joseph felt the call of the Lord and went to take his place at the head of the church, the boy David expressed his exultation in verse, and the family sang the poem to

the tune, "Kingdom Come, or, Year of Jubilee." To understand the song, be it known that "Tatty" was the faithful old family driving-horse. The song was taken up by others, and there are those yet who will sing it for you without any freshening of the memory by reference to the printed page. The first verses were:

"Oh, brothers! have you seen Brother Joseph,
With a smile upon his face,
Going along the road with Tatty in the buggy,
As if to leave the place?
He heard the word way up the river,
Where the Amboy Conference is:
Then he took by the hand his dear old mother,
And he's gone to take his place.

"O then, to see the people coming,
To the water blue and clear:
They heard the sound of the word from heaven,
And unto them it's dear.
They know that he has sense and wisdom;
And they know that he is true;
And they know that he will lead God's people,
As a prophet ought to do."

Yet notwithstanding his earnest belief in the prophetic calling of his brother, there were those who sought to force upon the younger brother the thought that he should be the leader. Yes, among the various conflicting claims of those troubled times there were those who called themselves "Davidites," using his name, though, without permission. His winning traits of character, his religious fervor, his intense spirituality, his varied abilities and brilliant prospects, seemed to them to designate him as the ideal prophet-leader,—the "Prince David" of the latter-day dispensation.

Strange, is it not, that some will always choose some way other than the one that God has appointed? There were many in the Utah faction who were eager to hail him as the "seed of Joseph" called to lead the church; though they refused to follow the one who rightfully had the call. These individuals at different times offered the young man great inducements to fall in with their ideas; and finally he replied to them in no uncertain tones, through the *Saints' Herald,* April, 1863, in a poem entitled, "A word of advice to those who look for me to be the prophet."

Needless to say the poem was received with delight by those who were aweary of men who would sacrifice the church in the interests of their own ambitions. The impression that it created can hardly be imagined at this late day. To be understood, it must be remembered that at the time three pillars of the temple still stood at Nauvoo; and with true poetic inspiration the young poet compared the three sons of the Martyr to these three pillars. We quote the poem in full below.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THOSE WHO LOOK FOR ME TO BE THE PROPHET.

BY DAVID H. SMITH.

"Little *Herald,* stop a moment
Ere you journey on your way;

I have something of importance
  That I wish that you would say
Unto those who, not contented
  With the leader God hath sent,
Still declare that I shall lead them,
  Though I gave them no consent.

"Go and tell them I am loyal
  To the counsels of the Lord;
Tell them I have no desire
  To dispute his mighty word.
Joseph is the Chosen Prophet,
  Well ordained in God's clear sight;
Should he lose it by transgression,
  Alexander has the right.

From a painting by David H. Smith.

"THREE REMAINING PILLARS STILL."

"Joseph, Alexander, David,
  Three remaining pillars still;
Like the three remaining columns
  Of the Temple on the hill!
Joseph's star is full and shining,
  Alexander's more than mine;
Mine is just below the mountain,
  Bide its time and it will shine.

"Shame, then! work no more with Satan;
  Tempt me not to leave this band;
For as long as we're united,

We in faith and strength may stand.
Go to Strang, and go to Brigham,
No false prophet make of me;
In the name of Jesus, Satan!
Get thee gone—it shall not be.

"Little *Herald*, go and tell them
To cast out this devil dark,
Then come follow after Joseph,
And to truth and reason hark.
Bid them quit their evil dreaming,
Thus to mar my joy and peace,
And destroy me and my brother;
Bid these loud ones hold their peace.

"Then, thou *Herald*, come and tell me
What the poor deceived ones say;
Tell me if they are not willing
To help Zion on her way,
And not strive to clog her rudder,
Cut her ropes, or strain her mast;
But aboard and help cast anchor,
That she may outride the blast."

❁ ❁ ❁

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

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CATHARINE HOPELEIGH'S HOME.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

Country Life *Versus* Flat Life.

"WILL YOU tell us about the flat, please?" began the young girl, when a dirty-aproned, frowsy-headed woman had opened the door a crack and stood behind it as though she would prevent any one from entering if she possibly could.

"Well, what do you want to know?" she snapped.

"How much is the rent, how many rooms are there, and may we see it?"

"I guess so," rather unwillingly.

The rooms were dark, the beds were unmade, packing-boxes stood in the way—and things were tumbled about generally. The whole place looked uninviting.

"You have furnace-heat?" ventured Mrs. John.

"Yes."

"Does it take much coal?"

"As much as any other furnace. Ever run one?"

"No, I never did," answered Mrs. John, gently.

"We've burned about twelve tons."

"Thank you," said Mrs. John, politely.

Mrs. Hopeleigh, whose blues were getting worse, edged to the front door, while the woman apologized for the looks of the rooms, saying something about the confusion of packing. Mrs. John apologized for intruding.

"Of course," she said, "if one moves, one must pack. Thank you very much."

"Oh, that's all right," said the woman, thawing out a little, "if a body is going to move she must look for a flat."

"Shall we get some lunch and then go on?" asked Mrs. John, "or what shall we do?"

"I think we have seen enough for one day, and I shall have to go home," answered her sister. "I can't walk any more. Perhaps if I hurry I can make the 1.30. I thank you very much for going with me, dear," and she walked away.

A block from the station she was stopped by the longest funeral train she ever saw. Of all times most unfortunate to have to wait so long when she wanted to make that train—and then—the rush of memories. She might cross over, but she wouldn't—she had more respect than that for this sad part of a family's sadness. The tears ran down her cheeks and she had to use every effort to control herself. The train came as she ran up the steps, regardless of the pain in her foot, and hurried after the last car.

She was acquainted with a lady who had just alighted, who spoke to her with pity in her tones, and compassion in her kindly glance. She remembered that this lady had never seen her in her black dress. It was altogether too much. The whole day had been too much for her. She sank down in the back seat, and covering her face with her handkerchief wept quietly, till, looking up, she saw the conductor at the other end of the car. Then she dried her tears and looked as unconcerned as possible. But was ever a woman so distressed and perplexed and sick and tired as she? At the present moment her trouble seemed the greatest and the only trouble. One who has not the same temperament, and who has never been placed in a similar position, can not know just how dreary the poor old world seemed that day to Mrs. Hopeleigh, though the sun shone brightly and she tried to be brave and hope that there was somewhere just the right corner for her to slide into.

By the time she reached her station her foot was so swollen that it was almost an impossibility for her to walk, and there was no

carriage there. The station-agent telephoned to the livery-stable for her, and there was nothing to do but to wait.

The minutes passed slowly till nearly half an hour was gone. Why didn't he come? The pain in the foot seemed to increase with every minute. At last a boy drove up, and with halting step Mrs. Hopeleigh got in.

"I had the blamedest time to get hitched up," said the boy. "Everybody was gone and I couldn't get the harness on. One of the horses would kick, and I'm sick to-day, too: don't feel like doing anything at all. I'm due at Mrs. James' at two-thirty and here it is two forty-five now."

They had gone but a little way when five dogs, thinking to have a little sport, rushed out upon the horses all at once. The tired, worried boy slashed at them with his whip, and the kicking horse struck out viciously on the side. But when they dashed past them and the dogs had gone off to find some one else to annoy who was not so much in earnest as he, Mrs. Hopeleigh laughed to herself.

"I suppose every one has his troubles, even a livery boy," she thought. In the excitement of the moment she had even forgotten her aches and pains; so, with a bright word of commendation for his good driving, Mrs. Hopeleigh went into the house smiling.

As quickly as possible her wraps were removed, then the shoe and stocking, and a soothing poultice was made and the foot bandaged. Then she began to remember that she had eaten nothing that day, and although a substantial little luncheon brought strength and courage, the pain in her foot sent her to bed, where she stayed that night and most of the next day.

"Well, what did you find?" asked the boys eagerly, when they had taken in the situation and decided it was about time for them to do something.

"I saw one apartment which is just the right place for us if we want an apartment—1177 Pearl Street. Enough room," she said hesitatingly, when she thought of their large, well-filled rooms, "and light, and pleasant, and clean, and desirable. But it is on the third floor."

"I should not mind that," said Bertram.

"Of course not," said his brother. "You are bound to be satisfied anywhere. I would rather stay here. You would be satisfied to go to one of the isles of the sea."

"Oh no, oh no," said Bertram, "this is 'isles of the sea' enough for me, this far out of the city. I want to get among people." A change of any sort is exceedingly desirable—to a boy.

The boys started right out to see the flat she described. Then they went over to their uncle's, which was only a mile away, and found that he and his wife had been over to see that very apartment. It was the very place. But the owner had inquired how many children they had!

The next day Mrs. Hopeleigh had a number of callers, but denied herself to all of them except one friendly old lady, a near neigh-

bor. She often grew reminiscent, and to-day she told of their life in the Northwest, and why and how and when they had moved to Glenfield. She told how, when they first came from the East, they had a farm with a small house on it, and a pretty new house in town, which her husband had finished with his own hands, selecting the lumber with great care.

"My husband told me that if I would go to the farm for the summer," she said, with her eastern accent, which never failed to attract the western-born woman, "I should go back East in the fall. Now, above all else, that was what I wanted to do; so we closed up the house in town and went out to the farm. In the meantime, a new minister came to town, and the people almost forced us to rent him our house. There were no houses to rent. So at last we consented to rent it to him. Things didn't go quite as we had expected; the cattle were not all sold, and some one would have to stay with the stock; so we stayed on the farm all winter, while the minister's wife was using my parlor for a nursery, and the boys were bringing in wood and throwing it down with a crash on the floor and against the carefully-selected pieces of my husband's base-boards."

"Dear me, and didn't you go East?" asked Catharine, interested, and full of pity for this homesick woman of long ago.

"That was one of the greatest disappointments of my life, for the country was new, and I had not been back East. I think that after one has been home a few times and sees the changes in place and people it is not so hard to stay away, and in later years I would not have felt it so keenly. We got back into our house in the spring and I went East in the summer. But you must get some rest, and I must go. I am so sorry you have to move. I shouldn't know how to begin, I am sure." And the gentle, little old lady stooped down and kissed her and left her musing. Other people did have worries, and had to go without things they wanted; and through her musing ran this moral: never rent to a family with children for they may spoil your woodwork.

The next night Bertram took a Northwestern Elevated Train and went out on the north side. He looked at one or two apartments and when he was looking for another number he saw his uncle just going in. They went over it together.

Now, in their estimation that was the apartment of all apartments for them. It was on the first floor, there were enough rooms, on a pinch, hardwood floors, and they would let children in. Mother must see it.

So the next morning Mrs. Hopeleigh started out again. She was still very lame, but she went along with a determined step, taking an elevated train from the railroad station and going as directed by Bertram.

Under the "elevated" as she came down, the sidewalks were damp, and the chill of the place struck her strangely. Is it not queer how things are impressed upon us, certain moments in our lives which we never forget, and why, we couldn't tell; when hundreds of thou-

sands of other moments have passed when we have not heeded specially time or place. Once afterward she alighted at the same station, and for the moment that morning was back again, with the same chill and heaviness as before.

There were some very nice things about the apartment though it did look very small. The bath-room was fine, and there was a sideboard and a gas stove and a refrigerator, but the dining-room was small—their family was so very large—and both dining-room and kitchen were at the back of the house, doubtless for the light.

But, oh dear, there was the back porch, and they would have to see every one who came down from the flats above; and though there was a little yard, there was the alley, and across the alley those awful back yards with their heaps of ashes and litter. Perhaps, perhaps, if she made her garden fair, very fair, and then she went on to repeat the lines to herself.

> "Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,
> Thou workest never alone,
> Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
> Will see it and mend his own."

"But she had been used to looking out upon two hundred feet of green lawn, close-shaven, as she ate her breakfast, often alone, after the children had been waited upon and sent to school. The quiet, and the green, and the sunshine filtered through flickering leaves was one of the beautiful memories. How could she make such a change? But perhaps it was best, and she started out firmly to go to the office before her courage should waver. As she went out she saw something that made her heart sick, something she had not seen before,—a cemetery within half a block, and only a half block away was the elevated road with its thundering trains every few minutes. She could not live here; she just could not. Such a constant reminder. But still she went on. She must live somewhere.

"Thirteen fifty-two? It is rented. I didn't know it when I gave you the key, but this young man says it is rented."

"This young man" looked up for a minute. He had just come in and was brushing his shoes at the back of the room. Catharine wondered if he saw the relief on her face, the satisfaction that "this young man" had brought by announcing the fact that the apartment was rented. She thought with thankfulness of the two hundred feet of green lawn, close-shaven.

"It is mine, it is mine for awhile at any rate," she thought as she went out smiling.

She wandered about for a time looking at the neighborhood and for "for rent" signs. She saw a lady going into "thirteen fifty-two" and she wondered if no such disturbing thoughts came into her mind. She wondered if she was satisfied with her bargain, with her cemetery and her elevated road, her back alley and her back yards, with their heaps of ashes and litter.

She wandered on, looking at the houses and noting the neighborhood, and wondering if she was seeing any of her neighbors-

to-be. She noticed hanging on its line a washing, dejected and bedraggled. Sparrows chirped dismally and continuously.

She met, three separate times, an old man with gray hair, with his hands behind his back, gazing up through his spectacles, looking around and about him for "for rent" signs.

"I shall not meet him again," she said, and, retracing her steps she mounted the stairs of the "elevated," paid her fare, boarded the first train and sat down—opposite people. There was no comfortable back seat to slide into unnoticed. Very often, always morning and evening, there were people standing crowded in the aisles, which Mrs. Hopeleigh now thought would be preferable because she could hide behind the friendly crowd and have a corner to herself.

There were the backs of innumerable flat-buildings to look at, which was unpleasant for the passengers, to be sure, and just think how unpleasant it was for the occupants of all those flat buildings to listen to all the trains and just now to this very train which was accommodating so many people, including Catharine Hopeleigh, by taking them down town. Doubtless it was just what was needed, but how exceedingly unpleasant to spoil so many homes that way. She would not live near an elevated road if she could possibly help it.

All this time the train was speeding along, and presently she alighted at the Northwestern Station.

She called Bertram up and he came over to the station to talk with her.

"I am going out to Crosswood again," she said, "to see what I can do about 1177. Perhaps I can get that in spite of the old lady's scruples. It is sort of half way, neither the city nor the country."

"Well, do what you can with the owner," said Bertram, as he left her. The owner was a woman, unmarried and particular, they had learned.

The real-estate office where the pleasant young girl worked was at Crosswood, so remembering that, on reaching the place she went in to ask if the apartment at 1177 was rented.

"No, it isn't rented. What family have you?" asked the agent, getting out the blanks to be filled out.

Mrs. Hopeleigh told him.

"I do not know that I can get the apartment for you, but I will do what I can. Go and look the place over again, and if you will make a deposit, I will do what I can. Miss Linn, you go with Mrs. Hopeleigh."

Catharine gladly deposited ten dollars. That was getting a little nearer the thing. She felt almost as though she had rented the place, and as she walked through the rooms she began to plan again where she would put things. There was one bedroom much larger than she had seen anywhere else. It would do nicely for herself and the little folks. And was there a storeroom in the basement? And might she see it? Rather small, wasn't it? Yes—well—one might get quite a little into it—dubiously—thinking of the commodious

attic at home and the all-alone-to-one's-self feeling one had when one lived in a house.

Mrs. Hopeleigh went home and waited, waited quite complacently; she had not learned the real true inwardness of a flat-owner's heart. She did not know it was set like a flint against a woman with no husband and a family of children.

(To be continued.)

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A NORMAL TEACHER.

THIS, you will observe, applies to the teacher of a normal *class;* for a *normal teacher* never fails. When we mean teacher that is *normal,* however, there are those who teach normal classes and are erroneously called normal teachers. Many, of course, of those who teach the normal methods, do fail, and of this class we venture to make the following remarks:

The chief cause for failure in anything in life is lack of preparation. If one has a task set before him, and he makes proper preparation, the possibility of failure is reduced to the minimum. This is as true of the work of a teacher as it is of a shoemaker, farmer, or lawyer, and it is just as true of the one who attempts to teach a class of teachers, if not more surely the case.

I would suggest that no one attempt to teach without preparation. I would say that between a well qualified (naturally) teacher with poor preparation, and a poorly qualified (naturally) teacher, but well prepared, I should choose the latter with greater certainty of success.

Right along this line you find the conceited teacher, the one who for lack of comprehending the largeness of the work, and the smallness of himself, thinks he can do it all right. "Why, of course I can. Haven't looked at the book, but guess I can teach the lesson." There is another guess due with greater certainty of being guessed, and that is that you "can't do it, not even half do it." This not only applies to the teacher of a normal class, but to every other teacher who attempts to teach either secular or sacred truths.

This lack of preparation frequently is observed in a teacher in his inability to adapt his teaching to the pupil. There is a great difference between good students, and a greater difference between poor ones; and for a normal teacher to be sure of any tangible results he must have prepared his lesson with a view to the enlightenment of certain pupils with well known mental characteristics.

There is the pupil who runs before you anticipating your questions. The first impression on such a pupil will be remembered by him long after he has forgotten the corrections of his mistake. On the other hand there is the phlegmatic pupil who follows slowly, and generally far behind the rest, but whose last impression is one that lasts longest, and so on through all the shades of difference. There is the pupil who loves history, there is one who delights in argument, and so on through an endless list to which every teacher must sort out and adapt his teaching, and if the teaching is made lecturing or talking to the class at random, it is not worthy the term teaching. Be careful lest you fail this way.

There is a fussy way of telling things and a prosy way of doing things; you can easily fail by making the recitation period so prosy that the class can not endure it. I once had a teacher who persisted in telling in the same way, week after week, everything that was under consideration; the same placid humor was put into his address on the wars, prophecy, and prayers. The eternal sameness almost gave me hysterics. Do not subject your class to such a strain, no matter how good your lecture may be, do not lecture; and what talking you must do put some individual life into it. Make it distinctive, then you will hold your class.

Then there is the irregular teacher, who sometimes comes, and sometimes does not come. This is contagious. Do not infect your class with this malady, as it will defy the skill of all the healers. I heard an elderly elder once announce that "there will be meeting every night this week unless it is too bad (meaning the weather) to get out." This left it to the judgment of every one what was too bad. A younger man with him spoke up quickly and said, "The preacher will be here rain, snow, or fair, and if any one comes there will be meeting." It was a success. It snowed and froze and was dreadful weather, but the crowds came and the meetings continued because the people knew there would be some one there; then they came, so did others, and others, and so on. Do not fail because your class can not depend on you to be there.

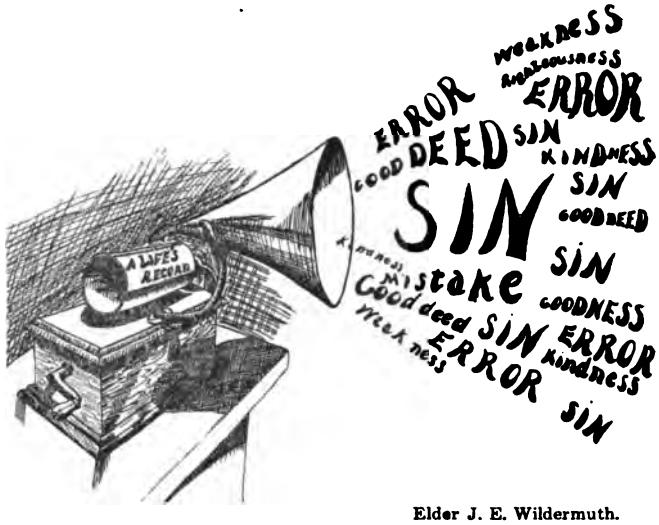
You can fail so many ways I can not begin to mention all of them in particular, but just as sure as you go to work without a plan, or with one, and do not work by it, just that sure you will fail. Plan your work, figure out what you want to accomplish, find out what amount of work will do what you want done, then figure out what kind of work it is you must do, then proceed to do it, and if you can not, or will not do your share, by what manner of reasoning do you expect the pupils to do better than you? No excuse necessary if you can do it. If you can not, no reasonable person will expect it of you. Do and succeed. God is in this work and pledged to help you. Do not forget him in all your doings.

The teacher who will observe these things will find the likelihood of failure somewhat diminished. Success is the fruitage of carefully planned and prayerfully executed work.

WALTER W. SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania, January 27, 1908.

RELIGIO CARTOON.—NO. XIV.



Elder J. E. Wildermuth.

"A LIFE'S RECORD."

The record of a life that is not governed by gospel principles will be a peculiar and inharmonious medley of truth marred by error, strength defeated by weakness, and goodness overpowered by sin.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JAREDITES.

The Jaredites came from the tower of Babel. The people at that time undertook to build a tower to heaven. It seems to me a novel way to reach the heavens, but they wanted to get there, and to go in their own way, just as thousands do to-day. How much better if all would strive for heaven in the Lord's way.

The tower was never completed, for the Lord came down and confounded their language so they could not understand one another; because of this the people became scattered. Jared, the record tells us, was a mighty man, and highly favored of the Lord. He cried unto the Lord that the language of himself, his brother, and their friends, with their families, might not be confounded. We next find him inquiring of the Lord whether they would be allowed to remain in the land or be driven out. The Lord had compassion on them and tells them to go to the valley of Nimrod and to take their flocks and herds with them; after reaching this place they were again commanded to go forth into the wilderness; the Lord going before them and talking with them, directing them in their travel, and commanding them to build barges or ships so they could cross the great sea, to the land of promise.

This land, history tells us, was preserved for a righteous people. The Lord has sworn that whatsoever nation or people should possess this land must be a righteous people or they would not be permitted to live therein. The Jaredites lived in this land about

fifteen hundred years. As the Lord prospered Job and made him a great man, so he prospered the Jaredites and made them a great nation. Truly they were a prosperous people in tilling the ground, building cities, and making roadways.

As we look at them we see them rise from a handful of people to a great nation. As they lift their hearts to God, thanking him for his watchcare over them in bringing them to this land of promise, which is a choice land above all others. Listen as they sing, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." Methinks, as the sweet strains of music are wafted towards the heavens, the heavenly host takes up the refrain, as the blessed Master looks down upon them, saying, "Fear not, little flock, for I am with you." His watchcare has always and will continue to be over his people, those who serve him and keep his commandments.

Had the Jaredites heeded the counsels that were given them and kept pride out of their hearts, what a different record we would have of them. But, as they increase in wealth, pride takes hold of them. They seek for high offices, and murder, bloodshed, stand not in their way to gain their evil desires. Prophets are sent, warning them that unless they repent they shall be destroyed as a people. They refuse to heed the warning, and plunge deeper into sin and iniquity. They are warned again and again, but all to no purpose. They are warned again for the last time, and again they refuse the prophets, and seek to slay the servants of God. The Spirit of God is withdrawn from them, civil war breaks out, and the night is made hideous with the cries of the dying and wounded,—husbands weeping for their wives, wives weeping for their husbands, and children for their parents.

We see them gathered for the last great battle. Soon the two great armies are reduced to a few on each side. After a few hours' rest they rush at each other again. The last man has fallen, and the great Coriantumr stands alone, and as he views the great destruction his heart sinks within him. He then, too late, remembers the words of the prophets. The once mighty nation has fallen, and is no more.

JOSEPH PRESLEY.

OAKLAND, California.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON II. THE LAND NORTHWARD.

1. The Land Northward, otherwise the Land of Mulek, extended northward from the Isthmus of Panama, about three thousand five hundred miles, and varying in width from fifty to more than two thousand miles.

2. The land was known by different names at different times; we notice the following: The promised land, Ether 3:3; the Land Desolation, Alma 13:11; the Land Northward, Alma 30:3; and the Land Mulek, Helaman 2:27.

3. The land is bounded on its entire eastern coast by the Atlantic Ocean and its arms, the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, and on the western coast by the Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of California, and the Bay of Panama.

4. The following lakes are worthy of mention: Lake Nicaragua, and Lake Leon in the extreme south. See Mosiah 5: 9; Alma 22: 5. Lake Chapella, and others northwest of the City of Mexico, may have been Ripliancum of Ether 6: 6, and Moroni 3: 1. Lake Tiahulalila, and many others in the northern part of Mexico, may have been the large bodies of waters mentioned in Helaman 2: 1, 2. The great lakes north of the United States may nave been the Ripliancum of Ether 6: 6 and Moroni 3: 1.

5. The whole land was traversed by many rivers; the most important were the San Juan, Blewfield, Cape, Malagua, Usumasinta, De Blass, Santiago, Rio Grande, Colorado, Mississippi, and its tributaries.

6. The land is traversed throughout its entire length by parallel ranges of mountains, which serve to divide the country into three natural divisions. *a* The Eastern Slope, from the mountains to the Atlantic coast and widening into the Mississippi Valley in the north. *b* The Central Table-land, a high plateau between the mountain ranges, widening into the plains in the north. *c* The Western Slope from the mountains to the Pacific coast.

7. During the Jaredite occupancy the land was divided into three states or provinces:

i. Moron, the land of their first inheritance. Ether 3: 7.

ii. Nehor, a rival kingdom. Ether 3: 7.

iii. Heth, in the northern part. Ether 3: 11.

8. We notice the following important places:

i. Three Cities: Moron, The Great City, and Heth.

ii. Two Hills: Ephraim and Shim.

iii. Two Plains: Heshlon and Agosh.

iv. The Valley of Gilgal, and the Wilderness of Akish. (See the map.)

9. The land was divided into the following provinces under the Nephite rule: David, Joshua, Jashon, Antum, and Shem.

10. The following important cities are mentioned: Desolation, Teancum, Angola, Boaz, David, Joshua, Jashon, Jordan, and Shem.

11. Two important hills are mentioned: Shim, where Amaron hid the sacred records; and Cumorah, where Mormon hid all the sacred records except the abridgment. (Locate these places on the map.)

12. Considerable discussion has been indulged in as to the location of Ramah or Cumorah, the place of the two great battles. Some think it was in western Mexico, near Lake Chapella, while others think it was in western New York, near Lake Ontario. The location of several places of interest depends upon the location of the last battle-ground.

QUESTIONS.

What is the extent of the Land Northward? Give the different names by which this land was known. Name the principal oceans and seas. What are the principal lakes of the land? Locate Lake Nicaragua. Locate Lake Chapella. What other lake regions are mentioned? Mention the most important rivers. What are the natural divisions of the land? Name the provinces under the

Jaredite occupancy. Name the three great cities. What hills are mentioned? Name the plains. What other places are given? Mention the provinces under the Nephite rule. What cities of the Nephites are mentioned? What two important hills are mentioned? What were they each noted for? What is said of the location of the place of the last battles of the Jaredites and Nephites? WALTER W. SMITH.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

We shall not make extensive notes this month because of the large amount of space kindly allowed us for rules and regulations last month, and also because of the space needed for amendments to constitution this month. We would, however, urge your careful examination of both the before mentioned communications. We have published these rules and regulations, so as to give you opportunity to consider them carefully before General Conference and the General Conventions, so should like your questions and suggestions thereon.

Last year we received quite a number of approvals of the opening of a question-box in this department this year, but strange to say we have received very few questions. If the work is not entirely clear to you in every part, the Library Commission work as well, do not hesitate to send questions to this column.

We have report blanks for Gospel Literature and will send them on request. We shall doubtless very soon after the General Conference have report blanks for the Library Commission,—in fact these forms are already prepared and in the hands of the printer.

We have noticed several regrets at lack of back *Quarterlies*, so would again call your attention to the fact that the General Librarian has twenty-five copies of most numbers, of some we have fifty, and perhaps of three numbers less than ten. These are not to fill subscriptions nor to take the place of the publishing house, but in case you can not secure back numbers from them on account of their now being out of print, write the General Librarian. We are not keeping these for the sake of taking up space, but to meet such a need as this. S. A. BURGESS.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION OF Z. R.-L. S.

Please take notice that at the next General Convention of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, to be held at Independence, Missouri, April, 1908, the following amendments will be proposed to the Constitution:

Amend article III, section 2, page 5, "Librarian" by striking out all after the words "shall be" in the first line, and add "a member of the Latter Day Saint Library Commission, and as such shall have full power to represent the library interest of this society, and shall secure and impart needed information relating to the establishing of libraries."

Amend page 6, "Executive Committee" by adding after the

words "Home Class superintendent" in line 8, the words "superintendent of Gospel Literature Bureau."

Add a new paragraph on page 7, after that on "Editor," as follows: "Superintendent of Gospel Literature Bureau.—The Superintendent of the Gospel Literature Bureau shall have general charge of collecting and distributing of church and other good literature; and shall have power to appoint such assistants as are necessary, outside of district and stake organizations."

Amend article III, section 3, page 12, by striking out the words "Custodian of all Literature of the District or Stake Society, and" in lines 2 and 3 under Librarian, and insert the words "a member of the district or stake library board, and as such." Also strike out all after the word "America" in the 11th line. So that said section when amended shall read:

"Librarian.—The Librarian shall be a member of the District or Stake Library Board, and as such shall secure and impart needed information, relating to the establishment of libraries; and shall do what can be done practically in collecting and preserving such evidences of archæology and other data, as has a bearing in establishing the fact of the ancient civilization of America."

Amend page 13, line 3, by adding after the word "Superintendents" the words "the Superintendent of Gospel Literature Bureau."

Add on page 14: "Section 6, Superintendent of Gospel Literature Bureau.—The Superintendent of the Gospel Literature Bureau have charge of the collecting and distributing of church and other good literature in the district or stake, and among the ministry wherever practical, and as such shall coöperate with the General Superintendent."

Amend article III, section 3, page 17, "Librarian," by striking out all after the words "shall be" in line one and adding "a member of the local library board, and as such shall have charge of the library interests of the local, and shall do what can be done practically in collecting and preserving such evidence of archæology and other data as has a bearing in establishing the fact of the ancient civilization of America." S. A. BURGESS.

For the L. D. S. Library Commission.

Notice is hereby given that at the next General Convention of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, to be held April, 1908, at Independence, Missouri, the following amendments will be proposed to the Constitution:

Article III, section 5, page 8, before the words "The General Officers" insert "Members of the First Presidency and of the Quorum of Twelve," and add after the words "The General Officers" the words "of this society," so that the second sentence of section 5 when amended shall read "Members of the First Presidency and of the Quorum of Twelve, the general officers of this Society, all officers appointed by the Executive Committee, Presidents and Secretaries of Districts, Stakes, or Local Societies, shall be *ex officio* members of the General Convention."

Also article III, section 4, page 13, before the words "The Dis-

trict or Stake Officers" in line 7 insert the words "The Stake Presidency or President of the District," and add after the word "officers" in the 8th line the words "of this Society," so that the last sentence of Section 4 shall read "Member of the Stake Presidency or the President of the District, the Stake or District Officers of this Society and Home Class Superintendent and all Officers of Locals shall be *ex officio* members of the District or Stake Convention."

S. A. BURGESS.
R. B. TROWBRIDGE.

FROM THE INDEPENDENCE STAKE.

[Bro. Bushnell, president of the Independence Stake, sends in a very interesting report. It arrived too late to use last month, but is still of interest.—EDITOR.]

Dear Autumn Leaves: I give below a copy of my report of the Independence Stake Zion's Religio-Literary Society to the general secretary:

Progress in District: Number of charters issued in Independence Stake during the year 1907, 3; present enrollment, 1103; gain, 285.

Normal Work: All but five locals have taken the work up so far.

New *Quarterlies* are spoken of very highly by majority of senior members. Every local is asking, "What shall we do for our juniors? The lessons outlined in the *Quarterlies* are too hard for the junior classes."

All the locals are following out the programs given in the *Quarterlies* except some of the smaller locals. Some locals report using as high as seventy per cent of their enrollment, during the year.

Merger Library: The majority of locals have complied with the merger library work and are awaiting further instructions.

The scholarship of Independence Stake Religio was awarded to Miss Edith Odell, of Holden, Missouri.

The Translation Fund made a very poor showing this year. Some one should *wake up*—"so our General Treasurer says."

Home Class: Encouraging reports have come from the Home Class in many parts of the district. The three locals organized last year are the fruits of the Home Class work. More attention should be paid to this part of the Religio work.

Suggestions for future work: In our opinion we need a Junior Religio after the order of the Junior League, for members under about fourteen years of age.

The following are extracts from letters received from the different presidents of locals in Independence Stake.

W. A. BUSHNELL,
President Independence Stake Z. R.-L. S.

Armstrong Local; 41 enrolled. "Our Religio at the present time is doing better than it has for some time past. I do not feel discouraged, for I think 1908 will score a better year for Armstrong Local than ever before." J. A. Harrington, president.

Argentine Local; 36 enrolled. "About seventy per cent of those belonging have responded when placed upon the program. When the new *Quarterlies* came out they did not meet the demand of the Juniors, but the Seniors seem very much pleased with the lessons." Nettie B. Williams, president.

Chelsea Park Local; 54 enrolled. "We were quite well pleased with the arrangement of the programs and lessons provided in the *Quarterlies*. As to the Library work, not so very much was done last quarter other than getting things in a condition so they could act properly. I am sure that with the newly elected officers and those who were reëlected, there is a determination to make this year much better than the one past. I trust these desires and efforts will grow none the less, but be effective." May Crayne, secretary.

Grand View Local; 31 enrolled. "More interest is taken in the new *Quarterlies* than in the old, and they are liked better. We are following out the educational features as outlined. About seventy per cent respond on the program. Had a social which did much to create a feeling of unity and love in the local. Some of the members fear a little rain or snow, and put their temporal affairs too much ahead of their spiritual ones." C. C. Koehler, president.

Ivanhoe Local; 37 enrolled. "We do not use the programs outlined in the *Quarterlies*, but have Junior programs. We think the new *Quarterlies* very interesting, and much more comprehensive than the others, but we hope to soon be able to follow the programs." L. A. Fowler, president.

Knobnoster Local; 100 enrolled. "As to the new *Quarterlies*, all seem to like them and the manner in which points are brought out. The local does not follow the educational features of the program as much as should be done. We are making an effort to use as many as possible on the programs. We have used a little over twenty-five per cent." Bertie O. Grimes, president.

Independence Local; 480 enrolled. Independence Local reports having found it necessary to elect a second vice-president, whose duty it is to have charge of the classes and teachers, and acting under the general direction of the president. They report that the idea of studying the Book of Mormon by topics is quite generally commented upon very favorably. The programs as outlined in the *Quarterlies* have been followed very closely; the subject matter of the literary features of the program has been undoubtedly of a very high class, and is considered by us as very heavy work. We believe a correct estimate would be twenty-five members represented on our programs and evening exercises each month, which would be 300 for the year, or about seventy per cent of our membership. This local is represented in the library merger, but no report has been made as yet." J. A. Gardner, president.

First Kansas City Local; 33 enrolled. "This society, in general, is in good condition. We believe the *Quarterlies* are the best thing ever put out, and are trying to follow the programs mapped out, to the letter. The only fault we have to find is a great many of the lessons have been too long, although the last part of the *Quarterly* is all right as far as length is concerned. We are trying to use

every one on the program in some way. The worst drawback in this local is that feeling of indifference in which some of our members consider the work of only secondary importance, and often such insignificant things as social affairs are permitted to detain members from doing their duty. Until our people learn that God's work is first, we will have this to fight." Harvey Sandy, president.

Second Kansas City Local; 75 enrolled. "Our programs have been better supported and more thoroughly carried out than heretofore." They also report using the programs as given in the *Quarterlies*, supplemented by local program committee. About fifty per cent of members are used on the program. The future looks good for the home class work as there are those who did belong before who will be active. *Quarterlies* are generally liked. Harry Ringer, president.

Third Kansas City Local; 27 enrolled. Report shows that existing conditions prevented very much progress, but they are now in better shape to carry on the work than they ever have been before. Report shows no work done by the merger library. Cornelius Mills, president.

Holden Local; 113 enrolled. Report shows their weak point is large membership and poor attendance; so many dead members who do not attend, yet wish to be identified with the society. They find the programs interesting, as they have a very great many high school students who study ancient history, and so take great interest. All the suggested work has been attempted, three numbers not materializing for want of reference books. Lola A. Johnson, president.

Postoak Local; 48 enrolled. Reports progression, slow but sure. Members are children nine to sixteen years old. They use the programs outlined in the *Quarterlies*, supplemented by speaking and select reading. Joseph Duffey, president.

Lee's Summit Local; 28 enrolled. Lee's Summit is a newly organized local. They report progressing as much as could be expected, considering their small and scattered membership. D. W. Shirk, president.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, HAS A ROTATION OF TEACHERS.

Providence, Rhode Island.—A very perceptible gain is recognized in our society. Membership is good and interest increasing. We have three classes. So large was our senior class a division was made which has proved very satisfactory. We have four teachers who alternately have charge of the two classes. The junior class is in charge of one teacher. We are endeavoring to benefit by the use of the very instructive quarterly lessons, and wish to have pleasing and edifying programs.

One evening our president invited to his home the officers, also members of committees to talk over and plan methods to further the active service of same. Twenty-one were present. After business a brief social season was enjoyed.

A word about our "Flower Pot" social or "Horticultural Show." Thirty members participated in the "nickel investment" about which we wrote a short time ago, and on the evening of December 5, in a very pretty hall, entertained a goodly audience, relating their manner of speculation. Bro. Ed. A. Fox's talent increased to seven dollars and two cents, the highest. His physical culture supper was all right. A pleasing entertainment of music and reading was given, also cake and cream were served. The "scheme" netted the society fifty-one dollars and twenty-one cents.

While we desire to grow socially and financially, our aim is to advance in the spiritual lines. EDITH PENY ROBERTS.

57 Francis Street.

ST. LOUIS BECOMES MILITANT.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The St. Louis Religio still moves on and on. Our lessons have been interesting and beneficial. The attendance is exceptionally good, as are also our programs. One program of recent date is especially worthy of mention, the military program. All the music, both vocal and instrumental, was on the military order, also the readings. A special feature was a military drill by a number of young boys, which was fine. The singing lessons are still interesting, in charge of Sr. Anna DeJong. Bro. Woodstock, of Lamoni, was with us recently and addressed the Religio. E. M. PATTERSON.

2739 DeJong Street.

THE "BREEZY BANNER" IN NECEDAH.

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We start out this year with renewed interest and are taking more *Quarterlies* than ever before. Bro. John Moore is president; Sr. Luella Worby, vice-president; Sr. Perla Moore, secretary. We like the new lessons very much. The "Breezy Banner" is still an interesting part of our programs, as we have two "foreign" correspondents. Sr. Barnes, who used to live here, writes some interesting articles for us from Illinois; also Bro. E. D. Moore, now of Lamoni, has not forgotten his old home and that we are interested in all that pertains to the work in Lamoni. His articles are always of interest to us. Bro. Archie Hook, who can not meet with us at all times, sends items, too. The Religio is an important branch of the work and we know it has helped us all. SISTER RILLIE MOORE.

SAN FRANCISCO RECOVERING.

San Francisco, California.—We are pleased to report that the Religio work in the city by the "Golden Gate" is still alive. Our society has just completed the most trying year in its existence. For a long time the outlook was anything but encouraging, but that grand quality of perseverance and determination is beginning to bear fruit.

Our society is in a more healthy condition now than at any time since the great calamity of April, 1906.

The new lessons on gospel subjects have been received by our members with great interest, and are regarded as very beneficial and instructive. J. A. LAWN.

SEATTLE GIVES THE SISTERS WORK.

Seattle, Washington.—Our society seems to have outgrown its larvæ period and has evolved into a beautiful butterfly, as it were. Sunday, December 29, 1907, we elected officers as follows: Sr. Bertha Emslie, president; Sr. Martha Proctor, vice-president; Sr. Hazel Proctor, secretary; Sr. Nettie Davis, treasurer; Sr. Effa Williams, organist; Bro. John Holmes, librarian.

The retiring acting president happened to remark, *not* being in sympathy with the occasionally expressed idea that the place for the sisters and women of the church was at home looking after their own affairs, that nature had best fitted them to teach the young, and that a large field was open to them in the Sunday-school and Religio. The above, which followed, shows the prevailing sentiment of this spiritual and harmonious local. Now, all you who have not affiliated, come and cast in your influence to sustain and encourage these noble workers in their efforts to gather in and preserve the pure and the good. CORRESPONDENT.

PEORIA HEARD FROM.

Peoria, Illinois.—This is the first time our society has written to the AUTUMN LEAVES. We wish the other societies to know that we have a Religio here. There are sixteen members enrolled on our books, but we have only an average attendance of about half that number. Those that attend are alive and active in the work. The officers are as follows: Bro. A. G. Young, president; J. G. Cole, vice-president; Sr. Edith Cole, secretary, treasurer, and organist.

EDITH COLE.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—We are pleased to report that our society is progressing. The young people seem to be taking more interest of late than they have in the past few months. Our society held a concert some time ago, the proceeds being for our Christmas Offering. The social and program committees had charge of the program, after which we served cake and "wheat coffee." No admission was charged, but we had a collection during the concert.

The election of officers took place Sunday, January 12, of which we are glad to say that all the officers elected were young people, with the exception of our Library Commissioner, Bro. John F. Sheehy, who has been our acting president for the past six months and who was elected president, with Bro. William Roberts as vice-president. We hope they may be able to carry on the Religio so that more of the young people may be brought into the work and realize what the Religio can do for them. ELIZABETH BALDWIN.

Holden, Missouri.—Not seeing anything from Holden local for some time I hereby submit a few items of interest; local met on the first Friday in January to elect officers for next six months. The result was the following: Alma Moler, president; C. F. Scarcliff, vice-president; Elsie Thompson, secretary; Ellis Shimmel, treasurer; Blanche Allen, chorister; Ticy Moneymaker, organist; Auton

Anderson, librarian. This is an able corps of officers. If they use their ability great things will be done by our local.

CORRESPONDENT.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The society is in good working order, with a membership of seventy-eight; during the past quarter seventy-two copies of the *Quarterly* were used. A. A. REAMS.

DES MOINES, Iowa, January 10, 1908.

Oakland, California.—The local here is doing a good work. Dr. W. P. Bush, our painless dentist, is president, with our energetic young Brother Joseph Pressley, born where the "shamrock" flourishes, as vice-president. The *Quarterlies* are heartily indorsed, as making hard lessons easy. The local purchased and paid for a piano, with the aid of the parent branch and the Sunday-school. The city local just across the bay from us is doing well under the care of Bro. Cecil Hawley. The Book of Mormon grows more precious the more we know of it. We feel like pressing on. Be eternally doing something, and at the same time be devising something to be done in the future for the cause, is a good motto.

CORRESPONDENT.

Lamoni, Iowa.—The efforts put forth in our local during the past year have been earnest and faithful. The reports handed in by the various committees at the beginning of the year are evidence of the commendable work that has been done by many of our members. Especially do we wish to make mention of the good work of our Relief Committee who have been so faithful in caring for the sick, and providing for those in need; also of the work of the Good Literature Committee, whose report shows a large amount of literature gathered and distributed.

Under the energetic and careful supervision of our new president, Professor C. B. Woodstock, we feel that the society will continue to move steadily forward. Two new classes were organized the first of the year, making our classes now number twelve, with a total enrollment of two hundred and eighty. At a recent meeting the society appropriated thirty dollars towards furnishing a room at the new college dormitory.

CORRESPONDENT.

Autumn Leaves

APRIL, 1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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THE TRANSIENT GUEST.

NOW to and fro
The night winds go,
And seek and are not satisfied;
They seek for Him
Who on the dim,
Far Eastern hill was crucified.

He held them still
Beneath His will
Upon the troubled Galilee,—
They wander now
On Olive's brow,
And unrebuked they vex the sea.

The night dew weeps
Where Jordan sleeps;
And in Gethsemane again
The moonbeams seek
The lowly, meek,
Great Leader of the race of men.

They can not come
To His dark room;
But when at last the night is o'er,
The morning sun
Gives light to one
Who seeks her Savior's lowly door.

'Tis open quite,
And filled with light,
For He has risen up new-born,—
A transient guest,
The first and best
To meet and greet the Easter morn.

And now we know
The green and low,
Last inn to give poor mortals rest
Is brief, at most,
With God as host,
And every man a transient guest.

ELBERT A. SMITH.

AUTUMN LEAVES

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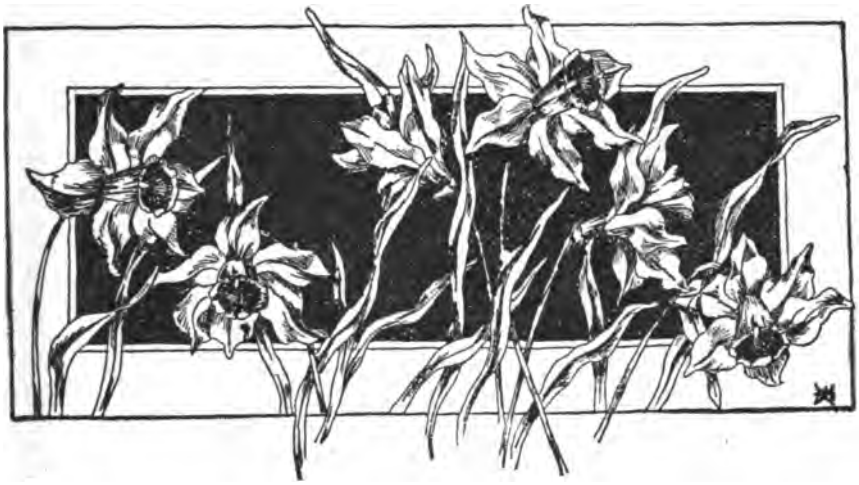
THE FIRST-FRUITS OF THEM THAT SLEPT.



My people, the flowers, are very devout. We love bright colors and sunshine, and some might esteem us frivolous; yet we try ever to do the things that please the Father. That is a part of our mission,—to show people that beauty and religion can go together, that piety does not mean melancholy, drab colors, tears, and doleful sighing. We come out bright and cheerful after every cloudy day; we crowd the snowbanks hard; we smile up at beggars and millionaires alike; we perfume the hand that bruises us; we extract the brightest colors from the blackest soil.

Many years ago we all loved the sunshine, as we do now, and there was great rivalry to crowd the sunny days of June; but some of us came to see that this was selfish, that we ought to come in relays and occupy every hour of the spring, summer, and autumn, so that the earth might always be beautiful for the great Father to look upon. The stars declare the glory of God, the winds whisper it, men preach it and more rarely show it in their lives, and we felt that the flowers ought to be constantly on duty to declare the beautiful character of the one who dreamed them into life.

At first no one wanted to come out in the chilly spring months; but presently one by one we volunteered until we had a brave and

bright company. Soon you will see us, this very spring,—snowdrop crocus, tulip, hyacinth, jonquil, and many others,—do not forget our message.

At first we were a little sad-faced, and jealous of the roses that still clung to balmy June; but one bright day our Master stooped down and whispered, "It is yours to come in the springtime when the long and dreary winter is ended. Now are you become the first-fruits of them that slept; you are the messengers and advocates of the resurrection." Since that day we have been very happy, and we go into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature. I remain yours in bonds of love,

JOHN QUILL.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—PART III.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

THE BOOK OF MORMON. THE THREE WITNESSES. THE RISE OF THE CHURCH IN THESE LAST DAYS.

MANCHESTER, New York, November 4, 1826.

DEAR MOTHER:

YOU WILL observe by my heading that I have carried out my anticipations made known to you some months ago in my note inclosed in the box of presents and souvenir I sent you with our returning countryman, Mr. Meaford. I have received your letter in the most grateful acknowledgment of the same, and I am not a little exulted to know that in my selections for the younger ones I anticipated their preferences. Of course I suspect their appreciation was due in greater measure to the fact that they came from me than their intrinsic worth; for really I was not pecuniarily suited in my condition at the time to invest as lavishly as my heart could wish.

MARTIN HARRIS.

Who was one of the three especial witnesses.

Yes, mother, I have left Palmyra after two successive crop-failings, and have located temporarily in the village of Manchester, a name familiar to every Englishman. My employment since I came here has been a dabbling into a little of everything—whatever I can get work at. I think there is a way in which I can make money much faster than farming. I have something in view, two or three schemes, one of which I am expectant of executing before many months steal away. It is not a mania I cherish for richness.

If I possessed exhaustless treasures I could only eat and drink so much, only wear so much. It is not that I might be able to wear better clothes than my neighbor, or to subsist on more delicate viands, on more dainty foods. No, indeed. For on my trip to New York some months since, I saw some poverty-stricken people, some of whom were citizens, and some were immigrants who had just landed on the wharf. It seemed that I was stung by my visions more than by anything I ever beheld in Liverpool, possibly because my sensibilities have been sharpened by the change of environment, my long isolation from home. Forsooth, I felt ashamed to stand aside of some of them with good clothes on. My consciousness of their hunger made my victuals taste like leaves. Oh, man's inhumanity to man! If the new religion does come, about which I have been so uncommonly aroused, I hope there will be something in it having an application to the financial relations of mankind, the tendency of which will be to level, to promote equality in temporal things. People forget that they are but stewards, permitted users of what God owns.

I presume you pay more attention to the politics of this country since I am here. You doubtless read of the Missouri Compromise of Henry Clay and other great statesman, and their achievements on this side the waters, two of whom, Adams and Jefferson, both died on the 4th of July last, the anniversary of the Declaration. We look upon it as quite a coincidence.

Mother, I want to acquire money enough to bring you all out here, or so that I can frequently come where you are. How I thought of home, and what waves of emotion came and went, oft suffusing my face with tears, as I scanned the mighty ocean once more, while at New York, and heard its familiar roar.

There have been no very striking changes in relation to Mr. Smith and his visions since the incident of September 21, 1823, which I described to you in a former letter. I see him occasionally in the town, as also his father and others of the family. I have spoken to several of them on the theme, and I observe that they all entertain an unbounded credence for their brother. Occasion permitting, I one day a few weeks ago approached Joseph to see if he were still firm to his averment made to me so solemnly some three years ago. I found him, even as I expected, still devoted to his testimony. Moreover, he declares that he will have the plates in his possession when the time is ripe, and they will outline the history of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He professes that the plates will contain many great and wonderful things with reference to the church and kingdom of God; many things which have not come down to us through the ignorant and superstitious intricacies of the ages.

One curiosity which could not fail to arrest your attention if you came out here, is the presence of so many tribes of wild Indians. These dusky-skinned peoples exist in teeming thousands, and though divided into tribes, they are doubtless of one origin. But

what is that origin? Unless some such discovery as Mr. Smith's radiates some light upon it, we must ever behold it as a dark aspect of the human species. I still with much patience await the evolution of events. It is quite reasonable that Mr. Smith should have time to graduate, to become prepared, before the Lord should invest him with such an inestimable treasure, admitting that there is something in it. Few of the citizens here attach any credit to the testimony of the young man. The family are not a little traduced for the encouragement they lend Joseph, and there is much malevolence manifest on the part of the clergy and the would-be religious. As for myself, I must say that my attitude in the matter remains the same.

With reference to the Indian ancestry and Indian characteristics, I will simply say that they must have come from somewhere; if not from Palestine, as Smith alleges, from somewhere else. If they are descendent from the Hebrews, they have in some way, yet to be learned, deteriorated in habits, in complexion, and so forth, to a very marked degree.

But I must close for this time. Think not that because the length of my letter is not equal to former ones, that my affections are declining. Think not that because my letter contains less of the religious, or more of the worldly, that I am degenerating spiritually, —not by any means! It is my staunch determination not to allow my mind to become engrossed with the affairs of this life so insanely as to lose sight of the duties I owe to my Maker.

I would advise you not to present the peculiar religious views I have sent home to Reverend Egbert, who I understand from you still holds the pastorate there. He is anchored to his creed, and it would only afford him unnecessary agitation, as well as subject you to the most likely outcome of hearing me stigmatized as a fanatic.

Boundless love to all the family and to all my inquiring friends.

Your obedient son,

SOLON.

MANCHESTER, New York, July 20, 1829.

MRS. ADELINE BRADFORD, Liverpool, England.

Dearest Mother: It is quite needless to assure you that I was pleased to receive your long letter of recent date, including also one from Bertha and notes from the children. What a budget of news from home! I do not wonder that you think of me whenever you look out upon the ocean, when I recall the pathos and solemnities of my seaside moments in New York.

Oh, but mother, I have a train of news for you this time such as no boy ever sent home to his mother. What? Why, those plates have been found, they have been translated and the manuscript is in the hands of the printer! It is soon to be seen in book form, so that possibly by the time I write you again I can send a copy. Mr. Smith got possession of the plates as early as September 22, 1827. I made some slight references to the proceedings in letters between the one written you on my first arrival here in this town three

years ago and this one; but I thought I would let the work develop to a more tangible proportion before I again essayed to amplify upon it, lest you would begin to suspect an over sufficiency of zeal on my part.

Before entering upon what I half believe will prove the more interesting to you, let me say that no avenue has yet opened up for carrying out my financial dreams. Consequently I am here yet. I have plenty to eat and to wear, and better still, I feel happy. It is not probable that this place will hold me much longer, I venture to say; there is too much religious prejudice and animosity. It was this feeling of bitterness sometimes bursting out into overt acts of persecution and violence that drove Mr. Smith from this neighborhood to Pennsylvania, in December, 1827, that he might proceed with the work of translation.

And now let me enter a more orderly narration of events leading up to the present. When the young man visited the place where the plates were deposited, on September 22, 1827, they were delivered into his hands by the angel messenger, who at that time had his fourth annual meeting there with his young servant. If you ask by what means was the young man able to know the place, I will say that he was shown it in vision four years earlier, when the same messenger, proclaiming himself Moroni, appeared to him in his bedchamber. On the day following said vision, which would be September 22, 1823, he visited the spot, a thing I did not tell you of in my former correspondence. However, he says that the angel commanded him in the same nocturnal interview to tell what he had seen to his father. He resumed his usual toil on the following day; but after he had persevered for some time he became so weak that his father, perceiving his incapacity, encouraged him to retire to the house. He set out, but had not been able to get farther than the fence when he fell in exhaustion of strength. Presently the same angel stood at his side and demanded of him, "Why did you not tell your father?" The boy's plea was that he was afraid he would not believe him.

"He will believe every word you tell him," said the angel.

Arising, in compliance, he returned to his father, to whom he gave a full account of his experience the night preceding. Accordingly, his father believed him, and charged him to attend to what had been told him by the divine personage, for he said it was from God. Straightway he proceeded to the hill, familiar to every one in this locality, where the angel had enjoined him to go, and where the plates were hidden. As I heretofore observed, he knew the place by the vision he had previously had of the spot. The only thing at first visible was the oval upper lid of a stone box. Supplying himself with a lever, a little exertion raised the lid so that he could see the contents which he was at that time, and until the lapse of four years, for wise purposes, restrained from taking.

Finally, in 1827, the same day of the same month, there was committed into his custody the sacred treasure with certain charges; for example, that he was not to think of acquisition from

a monetary standpoint, else he should be destroyed. He received not only the plates, mother, but also a curious instrument with them, called the "interpreters" or "Urim and Thummin." The latter appellation will not be unfamiliar to you as a Bible reader, being mentioned several times in the Old Testament, as being held by high priests or men like Samuel.

The plates were about the thickness of common tin, about eight inches long, six broad, with three rings running through the entire set. Looking upon those ancient characters with the large spectacles or interpreters, consisting of two transparent stones set in the rim of a silver bow, he was enabled to read audibly in English what was otherwise entirely unknown to him. In December, as before observed, he was forced to leave this place on account of the intense excitement and the jeopardy he was constantly in, notwithstanding he had the promise that if he proved faithful, no power would be able to dispossess him of the plates; so he went to Harmony, where the work of translation proceeded with some interruptions, till it was finished, this year, being copyrighted on the 11th of June.

OLIVER COWDERY.

"There came to his rescue a school teacher, who acted as scribe."

His wife, for he was now married, acted for a time as his scribe. A portion was also written by an intelligent farmer, who I understand is furnishing means for the printing process, whose name is Martin Harris. Finally there came to his rescue a talented gentleman, a school-teacher by the name of Oliver Cowdery, who finished the task of duplication. I am impatient, dear mother, to see what the contents of the book will reveal. What I know thus far is confined to what I could gather from the most dependable sources of information.

You need not think it strange that I speak of all these events as though they really happened, not even excluding the angelic ministrations, because, oh, mother, I have indubitable testimony that God is in it, and that a most stupendous dispensation is about to greet this generation. As I reposed one night, some time since, after an earnest commitment of myself to God upon retiring, and imploring him for guidance in this extraordinary affair which had caused me so many serious reflections, I had—shall I say a dream? No, for I had not yet gone to sleep. As plainly as I ever saw anything in the glare of day, I saw a book in inflexible covers. There was contained on the title-page the words "The Book of Mormon." Then I heard the words fall distinctly on my ear: "This is the record of my people on this land who slumber in the dust. It is

true, it is true, it is true." The book vanished, the voice was silent. After thanking the Lord for his bounteous goodness in answering my inquiry, I went serenely to sleep. Therefore, you have my reason for the absence of a continued neutrality in my statements. I see no reason why I should be equivocal or indecisive in my references to what I am safe in saying has been attested as true to me by the highest court in the universe. My impression is that you will receive a similar testimony, if you will put it to the same test.

One very convincing feature of my manifestation was this: at the time I received it I did not know the name by which the record was to be called, and it has come to me since that it is called and entitled, The Book of Mormon, just as shown me.

I am informed that the book contains about as much reading as the Old Testament, that it covers a space of about twenty-two hundred years, from the building of the Tower of Babel down to about four hundred years after Christ; that it embodies fifteen different books written by a succession of prophets who held the sacred plates in their possession and handed them down from father to son; that there were three distinct companies who came out to this land, the first from the Tower of Babel, the second from Jerusalem in about the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, and the third about eleven years later; that the first company was totally destroyed some six hundred years before Christ; that the second and third companies of Israelites came out about the period of said destruction, from whom the Indians are descendent. The first company were called Jaredites, the second Nephites, the third the people of Zarahemla. I am informed that the book teaches that they worshiped God according to the law of Moses till Christ came, having their synagogues throughout the land; that they swelled into multitudes of inhabitants, attaining a high degree of civilization; that after Christ ascended from the Eastern Continent, he descended on this continent where he organized his church after he had destroyed the more wicked portion of them by a great catastrophe which he caused to sweep through the land; that the church prospered for some hundreds of years, but eventually began to dwindle in unbelief and wickedness; that this spirit of apostasy that affected them kept spreading until down about four hundred and twenty years, A. D., there was, it seems, only one prophet left, who was the survivor of a tremendous battle in this neighborhood, and who on account of the fact that they were no longer worthy of the continuation of the prophetic office, took the plates and hid them in a stone box in this same indentical hill where Smith found them.

As for further details I think I shall have to wait till I have the book to get them, which at that time there may be little demand for, as I will be able to send you a copy when you can scrutinize it for yourself.

This story may be somewhat of a taxation of your faith on the start. You may at first think it a little extravagant; but I do not see but what it will compare favorably with some we have in the

Bible. When our minds hesitate to assent because of the marvelousness of its transactions, we might do well to suppose for a moment ourselves intelligent heathens (for there are such), and that as intelligent heathens the Bible were for the first time presented to us by some Christian missionary, with its Noahs and arks, its Sampsons and jawbones, and his foxes and firebrands, its Joshua and the sun, its Jonahs and whales. What impressions would it convey? Beyond all question we would have some objections to raise, and what would our minds be more prone to fasten on than these wonderful transactions. It will, therefore, become us, as Bible believers, to be careful that we raise not the same excuses for our dubiety in relation to the Book of Mormon that skeptics and infidels raise in relation to the Bible. I should not presume that you will do any such thing. I do not expect it, knowing as I do your deliberate mode of reaching conclusions; but I mention these things, knowing that the variety of objections referred to are among those most commonly adduced, and if it has no application to you it may assist you in repelling them as they may be brought forward by others. I fully believe that the time is coming when you will hear the proclamation of this strange message in the old country. Those who are intimately connected with it are looking for an organization to take place in the near future after the manner of the apostolic church.

Mr. Smith and his wife have returned to this State from Pennsylvania, and they are staying with a family by the name of Whitmer, in another county. I must tell you of something of striking importance that happened before they left Pennsylvania. It seems that none of them had yet been baptized, not even Joseph or his foremost coadjutor and scribe, Mr. Cowdery. On a certain day, they declare, John the Baptist came down, and laying his hands upon them said: "Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer this priesthood," etc. He told them it was the priesthood of Aaron he conferred, which would entitle them to administer water baptism. He told them, also, that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the Melchisedec priesthood, which priesthood would likewise soon be conferred. They then went down into the water and baptized each other, after the performance of which they laid their hands on each other's heads alternately and ordained each other, for so they were commanded. The river along the scenic banks of which John the Baptist descended, and in whose water they immersed each other, is the Susquehanna River, a stream one hundred and fifty miles in length, emptying into Chesapeake Bay. This event happened on the 15th of last May.

The removal of Mr. Smith and Oliver Cowdery to Fayette, Seneca County, in this State, from Pennsylvania, took place in the beginning of last month. A Mr. David Whitmer, who has thought more of his soul's welfare than his popularity, had the kindness to bring them to his father's place, where hospitality had been tendered. Since their arrival thither they have received the bestowment of

the Melchisedec priesthood promised by John the Baptist. The latter priesthood was conferred by the personal appearance and ministration of Peter, James, and John, who declared themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom and the dispensation of the fullness of times. You may observe some peculiar phraseology in my letters, but time will accustom you to it. Such as "keys of the kingdom," and "dispensation of the fullness of the times" are not, however, foreign to Bible usage. The former occurs in Matthew 16, and the latter in Ephesians 1. "Key" means the authority to unlock. The latter combination would apparently denote the dispensation in the which God would accomplish all that the mission of his church to the earth aims to accomplish before the coming of his Son. Of that nature it is believed that the present dispensing or sending out of the gospel consists; but I can not think to expatiate to any considerable breadth on these themes which are now only in their accumulative processes. The new religion teaches the idea that many essential monuments of religious truth have been lost to the world in the prevalence of the long and weary night of apostasy when Rome bore sway for ages. Truly it is difficult to say how much has been lost, and it is equally difficult, in the absence of new revelation, to know how many false accretions there have been to the ancient church during the time that has elapsed since the disappearance of inspired men. You can not realize the eagerness with which I watch and attend to every link in the chain of developments, like a condemned criminal would watch the clock while waiting the hour of execution. Every day means so much. We can hardly contemplate the changes of the past month or two. Think of it! the giving of the two priesthoods, the finishing of the translation, and many other happenings of parallel importance that have not yet troubled my pen. Among them is the certification by three witnesses, dear mother, since the removal to Seneca County, that they have seen both the angel and the plates. Their averment is to be published in the fore part of the forthcoming Book of Mormon. The three witnesses are Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, whose names I think have occurred earlier in my correspondence. They are all men of honest repute whose characters are unimpeachable. They all testify to having seen the angel with the plates in his hands declaring as he stood before them that the translation was correct.

DAVID WHITMER.

"Who thought more of his soul's welfare than of his popularity."

Think of it, mother! What joy, what consolation must have swelled their hearts to sit before a divine personage, surrounded with a glare of light so indescribably brilliant and glorious! How can such a testimony fail to appeal to the reasoning of the most skeptical? Can we point to any other system of religion where so many have been allied in bearing testimony to a statement so solemn? Mohammedans are dependent on the word of Mohammed for his visions. Swedenborgians have the word of Swedenborg that he saw Jesus. But here is a church, now inceptive, springing not merely from the pretention, the solitary account of one man, but from the asseveration of a number of men. What could throw Mr. Smith more fatally into the power of those who might chance to become his enemies, if his testimony were not true?

Not only is the Book of Mormon to contain the testimony of the three witnesses, but in conjunction therewith, is to appear the testimony of eight witnesses, all of whom affirm in solemn language that they saw and hefted the plates.

The plates, let me say before I close, were handed back to the divine messenger when Mr. Smith's instrumentality in relation to them was concluded,—when the translation was completed. The exhibition of the testimony of twelve witnesses (including Smith) who say they saw the plates, is a compensation for the non-exhibition of the plates which were taken away. More anon.

Tenderly yours,

SOLON.

ADVERTISING OUR PREACHING SERVICES; AN OBJECT-LESSON.

BY A. F. M'LEAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article is president of the Toronto Branch, Ontario. The cuts used in illustrating the article were used in the Canadian *Courier*, December 7, 1907, in an article regarding the Toronto Saints; we use them by courtesy of the Canadian *Courier*.

THE subject of advertising preaching services is a very important one. I am of the opinion we do not do enough of it. We do not aim high enough. We are inclined to imagine ourselves despised, and unable to take the lead in religious movements. This should not be. We know we have the truth; and every phase of our work will stand the closest scrutiny. Having the true gospel, and being responsible for having it brought within the hearing of our fellow citizens, we should plan how we can force our announcements before the people, so that the responsibility will be theirs.

The Toronto Saints feel they have discharged their duty towards their fellow citizens in bringing to their notice our preaching services. Ten years ago this was a small branch and quite weak financially. Elders visited and preached splendid sermons in our small places of worship. I suppose we did the best we could under the circumstances. Elder Evans visited us on different occasions,

and preached sermons probably equal to his Majestic lectures; but we were in small halls where large crowds could not be obtained. Finally there came a time when the idea of branching out came with irresistible force to some. President Evans had arrived in the city to labor with us. We knew we had the gospel, and also knew that in Elder Evans we had a speaker, who, if given a chance, could win and hold his audience. We were determined to support him. We no longer figured on giving ten cents, twenty-five cents, or one dollar to help him. Some were ready to put up their last dollar. Some who had their payments ready to pay on their property, drew same from the bank and put it up, so determined were they that Bro. Evans should go to the front and win or lose.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

How often people will take chances in business, speculate on the markets, and spend all kinds of money advertising their wares. Why not the Saints be ready to take the same chances in church work? Do not manipulate your money for personal gain only. Use it in church work. That is the safest investment a Saint can make. It will draw as interest God's approval and his protection. No stocks, bonds, or bank account can equal that. If we have the assurance of God's protection, we are the richest of men.. Look over the financial situation of the past six months, and see if stocks, bonds, and bank deposits are a guarantee of safety. Picture the "runs" on failing banks. Money makes men miserable under some circumstances. No "runs" on the bank of heaven, no mismanagement, no grafting officials there.

What little experience I have had in church financing has taught me that every dollar given to the church brings good returns. When figuring up for tithing, I have found my best years were those in which we were busy in paying off church debts or helping in some way. My experience is the experience of dozens of the Toronto Saints. Convince the Toronto Saints that the object is a worthy one, and the battle is half over; they will not let up until they have attained their end. Personal needs are forgotten.

When a missionary comes to your town or city you have a chance to do something. Get together, hire the most prominent place to be had; and simply paint the town.

It will require some capital to start; but your audiences will

make it up in collections. We have spent over four thousand dollars in the Majestic work in Toronto, but the outsiders have paid it in collections. It has practically cost the Saints nothing. Of course the Saints put up the money to start with, and took the chances of meeting success.

President Evans is now in the midst of his fourth season. Last Sunday was his sixty-second lecture in the Majestic Theater. The house was packed. Hundreds have turned away every night. There is no let up in interest. Opposition from all sides has been brought to bear against him; but it only seemed to pack the Majestic fuller. Meetings have been carried on Sunday evenings in the other theaters and Massey Hall in an attempt to draw off the crowds from the Majestic. Some evenings "theater row" seemed like a midway. Electric lights and signs glaring, and the Salvation Army men on the sidewalk in front of the "Grand" roaring, "This way to the big salvation meeting!" But our twenty or more ushers were kept busy crowding our people into every conceivable space, many people being seated in the wings of the stage.

ELDER R. C. EVANS.

It is acknowledged in Toronto that Elder Evans' work surpasses any religious movement ever carried on in this city. No other minister has succeeded in carrying on such meetings for sixty-two weeks without any dropping off in interest. Some have created considerable interest for three or four weeks; but none have conducted five months' series for four years, as Elder Evans has done, and the end is not yet. President Evans has been offered the largest roller rink in Toronto to continue his work here during the summer. The proprietor will run his electric fans and light the place free of any charge. The rink will seat four thousand, and will be the coolest spot in Toronto to hold services during the summer. This is a splendid offer, coming from an outsider; but the people are after Bro. Evans and insist on him continuing to preach to them.

A summary of the work in the Majestic will show the value of advertising. Four years ago we numbered about one hundred and twenty-five; now we number about four hundred. We owned a small brick church on a back street; now we have a fine new church in the center of the city, worth $15,000 (only $4,500 owing on it.)

The gospel has been preached to an audience averaging over two thousand for four years. Many thousands have heard the gospel. Our church has been put in the proper light before the citizens, until we are now respected and the reproach of polygamy cleared away. We feel we have done our duty in warning our neighbor, and it is not left for the stones to cry out because of our silence. When we stand before the judgment-bar we will not be accused, "Why did ye not warn us?" The Latter Day Saint gospel is talked by the fireside of homes on every street in our city. Thousands know us, that we know not. Our church is the most talked of of any in the city. We have been very much strengthened financially. We have made a net increase in the value of church property of $13,000. Since the new church was opened one year ago, we have paid $2,183.35 on church debt, decorated the church, put down asphalt walks, stored twenty tons of coal in furnace-room, paid all current expenses, and have a nice balance in the treasury yet.

JOSEPH THE MARTYR.

We were not satisfied with working in a small way. We set a high mark, and were enabled to reach it by advertising. Every person made an effort to advance the work, and God came to our assistance and prospered us far beyond the most sanguine expectation. We can extend the work by advertising and reaching out in every conceivable way. We must create the interest. Outsiders will not do it for us; but if we make a good "try," outsiders will come to our assistance. Do not hide your light on some back street. Put it on the highest and most prominent place, and then let the people know you are out, by advertising as loudly as possible.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART VI.

THE STORY OF A FIVE DOLLAR BILL. TURNED OUT BY CHRISTIANS; SHELTERED BY AN INFIDEL. THE EDITOR AND THE "IGNORAMUS."

IT WAS well on toward night and still raining when I landed in Salem, and I went to a cheap hotel and paid for my lodging. I did not feel to try to do anything in my mission work, but felt inclined to get out into the country, and next morning I started south, and after walking about seven miles in the mud I came to a place owned by a Mr. Wagner. He was a member of the little church that was built up by G. M. Hinkle whom many will recollect as the man that delivered up the two martyrs and others to the mob at Far West, Missouri. The little church was called "The Bride, the Lamb's Wife." It was now presided over by John F. Adams, a brother-in-law of Hinkle's. I helped Mr. Wagner to gather apples till Sunday, and got a chance to preach in their schoolhouse. These good people were shy of me and would have nothing to do with me at first; but I will say here, that some years after this I got on the good side of them and baptized nearly all of them, and a branch was organized with John F. Adams president.

ELDER J. C. CLAPP.

"The old man extended his hand and said, 'Sir, do you call that Mormonism?'
"I replied, 'I call that the gospel of Jesus Christ.'
"And he said, 'So do I; but I never heard it preached before.'"

I preached to a schoolhouse full of very attentive listeners, but I was opposed by a little old Campbellite preacher by the name of Hyrum Davis; but I found him a very weak opponent, and his opposition did me more good than harm. As I felt I could do nothing at that place at that time, I went on to Linn County and fell in with one A. P. Morris. He and his most excellent wife made me welcome to bed and board, and here I made my first stand and gathered my first fruits in Oregon. There was also a family near, by the name of Ames, that had belonged to the church in early days. I think they belonged to Sidney Rigdon's church, and came into the Saints' church with Rigdon.

The Morrises and the Ameses soon came into the church and thus a nucleus was formed around which a large branch was ultimately gathered.

It was a very rainy season for Oregon, even, and any one acquainted with Oregon climate will know what that means; but I managed to get about considerable and preached in different places. The first time the waters were troubled in Oregon I baptized sixteen adults, and I soon organized a branch, called the Sweet Home Branch. I labored on till spring, and at the spring conference I was able to report thirty-one baptisms, organization of one branch, ordination of three elders, and the blessing of quite a number of children. While I was stopping at Bro. Morris's we learned that there was to be a meeting over on the Calaposia River, about six miles away, and we decided to go over and see if we couldn't get out an appointment to preach; and when we got there I was surprised that the preacher was the same little Davis that had opposed me down in the Wagner neighborhood near Salem. The house was crowded and it fell to my lot to get up almost in the stand, and very close to Mr. Davis, perhaps a little closer than he liked.

[Author's Note.—Sweet Home, Oregon, May 18, 1907; I am writing this little biography at the table of old Bro. and Sr. Morris, the first two that I baptized in this country, so many years ago. They are both alive and strong in the faith. Old gentleman eighty-three years old.]

The congregation began to get restless, for it was getting late, and the preacher made no move towards opening his meeting. I looked at my watch and saw it was a half hour over time, and I said, "Mr. Davis, have you forgotten the time? It is now a half hour past the time." Davis said in a very abrupt manner, "I don't care if it is. I'm not going to get up there and preach and have some one get up and criticise me."

I said, "Elder Davis, I hope you don't think I would be rude enough to get up in your meeting unless I was invited to get up, do you?"

Then Davis said, "I don't care. I'm not going to preach any way. You preach," said he.

"Thank you," said I, so I walked into the stand and began to preach at once without song or prayer. Right in front of me sat an old couple in their chairs that they had brought in from their wagon. The old folks were of the name of Fields, and familiarly known as Uncle Tommie and Aunt Becca. When I began to preach they took up their chairs and started towards the door, for it had already been whispered around that a Mormon preacher was in the place, and this Uncle Tommie had helped to drive them out of Missouri, and of course he knew enough about Mormonism. Just as the old folks got near the door a sharp shower of rain began falling, and they halted and sat their chairs down for a moment. I was talking quite glibly the while, and I could see that they were listening, and they sat down in their chairs and finally began to move back towards the stand, and when I got through they were

sitting in their chairs just where they were when I began. When I got through and walked out of the stand, the old man extended his hand and said, "Sir, do you call that Mormonism?" I said, "I call that the gospel of Jesus Christ." And he said, "So do I, but I never heard it preached before in my life."

The old folks were widely known and highly respected. They had been faithful members of the Campbellite Church for many years. This new light brought joy to their hearts; but it also brought its day of trial, for many of their former friends, and some of their own children turned against them just because they had attended a meeting, even before they joined the church. Some of them told evil stories on me, and on the church in general, so it was a hard trial for them; but their faith finally prevailed, and by a wonderful manifestation of God's love they were confirmed in the faith. They had been praying for light and that the Lord would not suffer them to be deceived by the wiles of men, and one morning early they were out in their dooryard and received an open-day vision that for ever settled the matter with them as to the truth of this latter-day work. Uncle Tommie saw a great concourse of people passing along in an easterly direction. He recognized them as being of all religious denominations, and their ministers were bearing banners with pictures of Christ on the cross; the pictures were so lifelike that one could see the very expression of agony on the countenance of the Savior while he hung on the cross. Bro. Fields said to Aunt Becca, "See, Becca, they are all right except the Saints, for they have Jesus with them, and there are no Saints among them." Aunt Becca said, "Look over here, Tommie." And he looked and there was another band of people passing along that he understood to be the Saints, and Jesus *in person* was at their head. This convinced the old folks that while others had the shadow of truth, we had the substance. They were faithful to the day of their death, and of stainless characters. I baptized them and their sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, to the number of about a dozen, and they made quite an addition to the Sweet Home Branch and were all good, honest people. Bro. Fields often spoke of his association with the mob, and regretted that he had ever affiliated with them; but I suppose he was like Paul, he verily thought he ought to do many things contrary to the work, etc.

On my trip up from San Francisco I had for a roommate a Methodist preacher by the name of Henderson. He was editor of a paper, I think the *Pacific Methodist*. He was very bigoted and overbearing. It was very difficult for me to talk with him on account of my sore throat; but I managed to talk enough to let him know that we carried too many guns for him, on the subject of water baptism at least. Mr. Henderson got to treating me uncivilly before we parted, and when we did part I guess I was as glad to get rid of him as he was to get rid of me, and I supposed that that was the last I would ever hear of Mr. Henderson.

I had been at work about six months in Oregon when I began to

need some assistance. My pants were so worn that they were no longer fit for service, and as I fully believed that God would help in time of need, it was only necessary to remind him that the time of need had come. Up to this time I never had preached anything about money matters, and I had hid my wants and needs as much as possible. I began to be doubtful, not of God, but of myself—thought possibly I was mistaken, that perhaps I was not in my right place, or perhaps I had done wrong, and that God was under no promise to me, and a hundred things crowded into my mind, all of which had a tendency to darken and cause doubts of some kind to arise. So I finally concluded I would send home for money to come home on and I would quit. I had four dollars and fifty cents in my possession that belonged to Bro. T. J. Andrews that I had taken subscriptions for, and had not yet had a chance to send it to him. So I concluded that I would go to Lebanon and get me a pair of cheap cotton pants, and in the meantime I would write home for money to go home on.

I went down to Lebanon and went to every store in the place. There were but three places in Lebanon, and there was but one pair of pants in town that I could wear, and they were a nice pair of black pants, price eight dollars. Of course I could not get them. I turned away with a heavy heart, feeling more than ever determined to go home; but as I was passing the post-office I thought I would step in and ask for a letter, although I had no reason to expect a letter at that place, for I had never gotten a letter there; but I got a letter and I tore it open, and the first thing I saw was a five-dollar greenback, at that time worth seventy cents on the dollar, and that and the four dollars and a half that I had would just make the eight dollars. So I turned around and went back and bought the pants before I read the letter, for I felt a strong witness that it was a gift from God, and I needn't write here that all my doubts were again swept away, and that my soul was comforted. When I read the letter I found that it was from a man that lived in Douglass County, about two hundred miles south. The man's name was Buell. But I will let this rest till a year later and speak of some things that took place before I extended my work into that country.

I was greatly in need of help, as my work was growing, and I went to the conference in California and asked for help, and was furnished with an old brother by the name of G. P. Stayton. I did not feel that Bro. Stayton would be of much help to me in preaching, but I thought as he was an old man he would be of use as a counselor. We made our way to Oregon, and we had not been in Oregon long till I found Bro. Stayton to be of little or no use to the mission, and I determined to send him back to California as soon as convenient; but I thought I would leave him to look out for the work while I took a trip into southern Oregon; and before writing the details of my trip south I will say that after my return I sent him home, and also sent a charge or complaint that Bro. Stayton was not capable of representing the work.

This case was like many others that could be pointed out on the Pacific slope. Dozens that I know of were ordained to office that never made an attempt to honor their calling, and I may say that many were called to office that God had no hand in calling. I believe that no one should be ordained to office in this church that is not in a condition to take the field, unless they are needed for some local work; and that one ordained for local work should be qualified for this work. I will now skip over many things that were of interest to me at the time, and come down to my trip into southern Oregon. There were no railroads in Oregon at this time, and I would either have to go on foot or by stage, and stage traveling was very expensive. The Bro. Morris that I have spoken of had a young animal that had not been broken to saddle, and he told me that he would let me have her for the trip if she were broken; and I told him I could break her for him (for I was very expert on horseback) so I took the animal and started on my trip. My first night was spent quite pleasantly with Mr. and Sr. Shelley on the Calaposia. I had ridden only a short distance and my horse and I were both fresh and in good trim, but I had not a cent of money in my pocket. Now I confess I am some to blame for this, for if I had told the brothers my condition they would have supplied me, but I was too proud and I had to take the consequences. After I left Shelley's I rode on until noon and began to inquire for a place to shelter me and rest and feed for my horse; but I found no open door, for I was in a Campbellite neighborhood, and it seemed that as Campbell used to say, that dog-fennel and the Campbellites had about taken the country. I tried at three or four places, but could get no help, and as the horse was young and not used to bearing so heavy a burden, I felt more for the horse than I did for myself. I finally recollected hearing my father tell some of his experiences. He said he had often been turned out doors by Christians, but never by an infidel. So I inquired if there were any infidels in the country. The man that I inquired of told me that there was an old infidel by the name of Cogswell living over on the Mohawk about six miles away, so I thanked him and set off for his place. I found Mr. Cogswell all right, and he made me just as welcome as one could wish. He was very wealthy and a jovial old fellow, and seemed to take delight in nagging his Christian neighbors. I spun off my little story, which by this time I had as pat as the ordinary book agent has his little piece. The old man seemed to try how much better he could treat me than the Christians had treated me. I spent nearly all night talking with Mr. Cogswell and his intelligent wife; but I got sleep enough so that in the morning I felt quite refreshed, for then I was young and strong and could soon recuperate from severe fatigue. Mr. Cogswell told me if I would come back by that way he would get me a place to preach in Eugene City, about six or seven miles from his house. I promised to come back that way and preach. He wanted me to stay a day or two with him, but I felt that I must pass on. About four miles on the way there was a ferry across the Willamette River, and as Mr. Cogswell was the owner of the ferry, he gave me a ticket to cross the

river. The old lady did not want me to leave, for she said she believed it was going to rain. In this the old lady was right. She buttered me a large biscuit and told me to put it in my pocket, and said, "You might need it," which was also true. I shall long remember that biscuit as one of the sweetest morsels I ever ate. I rode slowly, as the colt was young and I was heavy, and late in the afternoon I began to inquire for shelter, for it began to rain, and I was hungry, and my horse was tired, and I was again in the hotbed of Campbellism; but again I found no open door, and I was doomed to lay out that night. Darkness came on and the rain and heavy clouds made the darkness intense. The rain was cold and I was blue again. If it had been even light enough I would have traveled on, but it was too dark, so I got some pieces of bark and put them over my saddle-bags to keep them dry, and tied the horse to the fence and took shelter under a big fir-tree. I jumped around like a dancing jack to keep from chilling, and when one place got too muddy I moved to another; in this way I spent the long night, and I confess I was again discouraged and wondered if God really required all that of one of his creatures. I almost forgot that God had ever shown me any favors. Finally the rain began to come through the old tree, although it was a massive tree and the foliage was very dense; but when it began to leak it was worse than no shelter at all. The night was long and dreary, but daylight came at last. It was still raining, and I started out as soon as it was light enough to see to travel, picking my way along the sides of the road to keep out of the deep mud, for it was deep in the road, so deep that my horse could hardly carry me through. When I came across a little bunch of grass I would stop and let the horse eat, and it made my progress very slow. I had traveled about eight or ten miles when I fell in with a man going my way. He had two horses and an empty wagon. He asked me to hitch my horse behind the wagon and lead it and take a seat by him in the wagon, which I was quite willing to do. We soon got into conversation and I found he was a Campbellite preacher. His name was Rigdon, a nephew of the once famous Sidney Rigdon. I rode with Mr. Rigdon nearly ten miles, and when we got to the road where he was to turn off he invited me to go home with him and stay all night, but I thanked him and said I guessed I would go on. I got out and started to walk, leading the horse, but I was so stiff and cold that I could scarcely walk, and then I began to think how foolish I was that I did not accept of Mr. Rigdon's invitation to go home with him; but it was now too late, and I almost hated myself for being so foolish. I was again in the muddy road alone and again brooding over my misfortunes. I was tired, hungry, and sleepy, and greatly discouraged, and I wonder how I kept up as well as I did. Hunger again began to overcome my pride, and I began to inquire for shelter and food. I asked at a large white house that stood close to the road, and a young fop of a school-teacher answered my call, and without bearing my humble petition to the family he told me, "Pass on, we have no use for you." I knew he was not a

member of the household, just as well as though he had told me, so I felt very indignant and thought of a line in Defoe:

> "Here as I asked a morsel of their bread,
> A pampered menial drove me from the door
> To seek a shelter in a humbler shed."

Of course I felt more and more indignant at myself for not going with Mr. Rigdon, and I almost resolved that I would starve before I would be so insulted again. I traveled on and passed several places where everything had the appearance of plenty; but I could not muster courage to ask again. In fact I hardly had the courage to look towards them. But finally I saw away out in the field a little log cabin. It was about two hundred yards away, but it struck me that there was where I ought to go. So I let down the bars and started for the house, and I began to think, Now perhaps if I don't tell them who I am and what I am, maybe they will keep me. Then I said to myself, "No, I will *die* rather than go back on my colors," and I kept on towards the house. When within about fifty or sixty yards of the house a lot of long-eared hound dogs came out at me and acted as though they would tear me to pieces. The old man was sitting out on the little porch reading a newspaper. He looked up at the dogs and sang out, "Begone there!" and again lowered his head and continued reading his paper. I approached, rattled off my little story that I was a Latter Day elder, that I was traveling without purse or scrip, and would like to partake of their hospitality to the amount of a night's lodging. The old man turned his face towards the door and sung out, "Edith, here is your man."

"What!" said the old lady, coming to the door.

He said, "Here is your preacher."

And the old lady flew to me and grabbed hold of me as though she was going to devour me.

"Glory be to God on high! Have I lived to see this day, and have the privilege of entertaining a servant of the Lord! Praise his name!"

The old gentleman was a rough old infidel by the name of De Spain. He said, "Now, this beats h——! The old woman is a prophet. Yes, she has had a vision. She told me the other day that you were coming to baptize her into the true church." The old lady was overflowing with joy and the old man was completely confounded.

She seemed to know the Bible by heart, and I could scarcely get a word in edgeways. Finally the old man rebuked her and said, "Let up, old woman, and let the man talk a little. I want to see if he knows anything." I excused myself and said I was tired, and was interested in the old lady's talk. The fact was I would not have objected to the old lady doing all the talking, if she would only get some supper, but I did not tell her so, nor tell her how long I had been without anything to eat, till the next day.

I need not say that my doubts were all swept away again, and I felt a thousand times repaid for all I had undergone. My heart was light and joyous, for I had another evidence that God had not

cast me off, and that even in my darkest and most trying hour his loving hand had been over me.

The old lady saw that I was very weary, and notwithstanding she was so anxious to talk she permitted me to go to bed about nine o'clock, and after a fair night's sleep I felt greatly rested in the morning and greatly strengthened in spirit. I had much freedom in presenting the gospel to them, and about ten o'clock, their son, Ben De Spain, came. He lived in another county. He also became very much interested, and we had a good time talking on the subject of salvation. They had neither of them ever heard the gospel before; but they readily took to it, for the old lady's vision had settled the matter with her anyway, for she had been shown that she was to be baptized into the true church, and that was sufficient. About three o'clock I baptized the old lady in the limpid stream that ran through the back of their garden. Ben, their son, was not baptized at that time, but professed to believe; but I heard sometime afterwards that he went back somewhere in the middle west and started up a church of his own and got quite a following. The old man offered me a compliment by saying, "D—— it! if it isn't the straightest goods I ever saw in the shape of religion."

The next day the old man took his dogs and gun and went out and got a fine deer, and we had venison in abundance. I stayed three or four days in the vicinity, and then went on for Slab Town, on the coast fork of the Willamette River, where I met an old man by the name of Samuel B. Shortridge and baptized him. He had been a member of the church in early days. He wished to renew his covenant. He had raised, or partly raised, the late Elijah Banta. I here went to work pitching hay to pay my board till Sunday, so I could preach in that place. They had a big union house,—schoolhouse, meeting-house, and all kinds of a house. I had obtained permission to speak in the house at half past two o'clock. The Campbellites had an appointment for eleven, and I attended their meeting, and had the usual number of darts thrown at me, but I did not heed them. I noticed that they had nearly all brought dinner with them, so I supposed they were going to wait for my meeting. (They nearly all lived out in the country.) A little while before time for my meeting a man by the name of Underwood (an infidel, and I think a brother to the infidel that has attained to some notoriety in this country as a lecturer and debater) came to me and said, "Clapp, didn't you know the Campbellites were not going to let you preach?"

I said I did not know it, neither would I submit to it, for I had my notices up all the week and I would not be turned down by them. Another man by the name of Brown that kept a hotel, also an infidel, spoke up and said,

"That's all right. We just wanted to see if you had any backbone. We will stand by you. The Campbellites have had their own way here about long enough."

At about fifteen or twenty minutes before time for my meeting, the Campbellites sang a hymn, and one Elder Rowland got up and

began to preach. I kept watching my watch, and the very moment it was time for me to preach, I got up and stepped into the stand and crowded in between Elder Rowland and the desk and said, "Will you please come to order? It is now time to begin the meeting."

Old Elder Boughman, the presiding elder of the Campbellite church got up and said, "Elder Rowland just came along this way and wanted to preach," etc. I said that Elder Clapp just came along and wanted to preach and was going to do it, and I even pointed to the notice on the door and asked them not to disturb the meeting. Elder Boughman blurted out "that was a good deal of cheek." I said, "Yes, sir, a man has to have cheek in this crowd, but please don't disturb the meeting." I went on and preached just as though nothing unusual had happened, and at the close Elder Boughman got up and said he had no particular objections to what the young man had said. It was plain to be seen that all the truth he had spoken was stolen from them. That we had stolen the livery of heaven to serve the Devil in, etc., and he now proposed to nip the thing in the bud.

"Now," said he, "this young man believes that Joseph Smith was a prophet. Don't you, sir?"

I said, "Yes, I do."

"Now, Joe Smith prophesied that the Mormons would build a temple in Jackson County, Missouri, didn't he?"

"Yes, I believe he did."

"Now, the Mormons were driven away from there, and they didn't do it. Now, ladies and gentlemen, that settles it. What is the use of fooling with this any longer?"

I said, "Elder Boughman, you believe that Ezekiel was a true prophet, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well," said I, "Ezekiel prophesied about twenty-five hundred years ago that the Lord would open the graves of the children of Israel, etc. Now he has not done it yet, and if you will wait as long for the fulfillment of Smith's prophecy as you have for Ezekiel's perhaps you will witness its fulfillment."

At that the infidel side of the house gave a cheer that made things fairly rattle and that broke up the meeting. Mr. Brown, the infidel hotel keeper, came up to me and said, "Mr. Clapp, any time that you are in this country you may consider your board and lodging as paid at my house as long as you are willing to stay."

The next day I again started south, and in two days I was in the country where the man lived that sent me the greenback more than a year before. I inquired for the man and learned that he lived twelve miles east of Roseburg, on Oak Creek, so I hied me away to Oak Creek where I found Mr. Buell. I found him to be a very intelligent old gentleman, a Methodist class-leader, and had once been associated with the Saints, was ordained an apostle under J. J. Strang. In conversation with the old gentleman he asked me if I believed in special providence in this age of the world. I told

him I did, and if he would allow me I would give him a little of my experience along that line. He said he would like to hear it, and so I told him the little story about the greenback, and just as I closed the story the old man burst into tears and said, "God told me to put it there."

I did not know then what the Methodist editor had published about me, but I found that what interested Bro. Buell most was that he (the editor) said that the young ignoramus, (as he called me) told him that the gospel had been lost to the world, and that it had been restored by angels, and with it came the gifts of the gospel as in former days; and when Bro. Buell read this it kindled the fire anew that had been smoldering so many years, and he determined to send to me to see if he could get any reading-matter on that subject, but his addressing the letter to Lebanon was the result of a downright falsehood, for the reverend gentleman said, "The last time I saw the young ignoramus" (which classic phrase he used three times), "he was wending his way to Lebanon." I never saw Lebanon till a long time after that, and then only passed through in a wagon. (Another case where the Lord makes the wrath of man to praise him.) The old gentleman wrote the letter, and the boy started to take it to the office, and Bro. Buell said, "I was *compelled* to call that boy back and put that greenback in the letter."

(To be continued.)

DOXOLOGY.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

We thank thee, Lord, that we've been fed
From thy rich stores with heavenly bread;
O, may the blessed food impart
Strength, joy, and comfort to each heart.

Let all our lives which thou hast lent,
Be in thy service freely spent;
And may thy graces through us shine,
The honor, power, and praise be thine.

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

THE MAN TO WATCH.

WHEN, to use a detestable phrase, you go out into the battle of life, you will be confronted by an organized conspiracy which will try to make you believe that the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake, and that all means which lead to the acquisition of wealth are, if not laudable, at least expedient. . . . You will live and eat and move and have your being in a world dominated by that thought. Some of you will probably succumb to the poison of it.

Now I do not ask you not to be carried away by the first rush of the great game of life. That is expecting you to be more than human. But I do ask you, after the first heat of the game, that you draw breath and watch your fellows for a while.

Sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price. At first you will be inclined to laugh at this man, and to think that he is not smart in his ideas. I suggest that you watch him closely, for he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money.

You may meet that man on your farm, in your village, or in your legislature. Be sure that, whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armory with which to attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain he will gain more.

I would like you to study that man. I would like you better to be that man, because from the lower point of view it doesn't pay to be obsessed by the desire of wealth for wealth's sake. If more wealth is necessary to you, for purposs not your own, use your left hand to acquire it, but keep your right for your proper place in life. If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping; in danger of losing your own soul.—Rudyard Kipling, before the students of McGill University, Montreal.

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church, in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that do not harmonize with his church creed. Three "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie's son, Donald, and Luther's sister, Minnie, meet and show scant courtesy.

CHAPTER III.

DRY BONES.

McBERNIE visited the Walnut Street Church once again, once only, some time later, when he chanced to be in the city. The church was not nearly so well filled as of old, and the congregation had an air of aristocracy and frigidity not before seen.

A new face was behind the pulpit; it was the face of a clergyman, no doubt about that, the accessories proclaimed it to the world. The high collar, the white tie, the long black coat, the satisfied look of piety, the unctuous smile, the ministerial intonations, all were parts of one harmonious whole, the finest product of a theological seminary.

The services relentlessly pursued their way to the bitter end (a postlude) strictly according to the printed schedule that McBernie had received from the usher. There were voluntaries; anthems that had but a short journey to go, and so went often over the same ground; solos, done in tremolo, with intermittent wailings that caused the old Scotchman to button his coat under his chin; and presently a sermon by the pastor, the Reverend J. Albert Hubbard. Its belated, inconsequential, unemphasized appearance in the printed program led McBernie to infer that no vast importance attached to the message that the preacher bore.

Of old, when Sidney Luther stood up to speak, the audience had been galvanized into attention; now there was a visible subsidence, and the listeners sought easy attitudes; one good deacon, sound asleep, with head tilted back and mouth open, suggested to McBernie the thought that they were preparing to "take their medicine."

With carefully guarded vocal inflections, the pastor read some carefully selected passages from the the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, omitting such verses as suggested unorthodox ideas:

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of a valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live?"

"Here, my friends," began the pastor, "we have a picture intended to convey a spiritual meaning. Ezekiel, one of the major prophets, in a poetical frame of mind, presents this allegory, and asks the question that is our text, namely, 'Can these bones live?'

"It is not, as I understand it, a real vision, nothing that really happened or ever will happen. Ezekiel, conscious of the inability of the masses to grasp abstract ideas, portrays this picture before them to make his meaning clear. Here we have the valley filled with bones, and notice, my friends, that they are not only dry, but very dry; and second, there are very many of them. Ezekiel stands before them in meditation and the Lord says to him, 'Can these bones live?'

"This valley typifies the world. The dry bones typify the heathen and sinners. We, like Ezekiel, stand before them and ask ourselves the question, 'Can these bones live?'

"In imagination we look at the teeming millions of heathen in China, India, and Africa. They have no religious enlightenment, such as we have; no schools, no colleges, no hospitals, no pastors [this with pathos]. We look at them and say, 'Can these dry heathen bones live?'

"Oh yes, there are very many of these dry heathen bones in *foreign* lands, and they are *very* dry. Even the Lord might well ask, 'Can *these* bones live?' Ah, friends, we ought to contribute generously to the fund for foreign missions!

"But we come nearer home, and we look at the slums of our great cities. They are filled with sinners, the ungodly, and the wicked. We repeat the text, 'Can *these* bones live?' Yes, my friends, they can; the down-town missions are doing a wonderful work, a wonderful work!

"We come *nearer* home. Even among *ourselves* there may be tendencies that will sap our spiritual life and make us like these bones. What are those tendencies?"

Here the speaker paused. He had it in mind to name pride; but Mrs. Banker Martin was looking at him, and he noticed, just in time, the color and texture of her evening dress. The theater leaped into his mind; but he happened to catch the eye of one, the rotund "pillar," who had told him that Sidney Luther was much too outspoken against "innocent amusements." He knew that Mrs. Brown gave whist parties, that Mrs. Humphrey Smith danced, that Humphrey Smith himself speculated in grain.

He skirted the thin ice, recovered his equilibrium, and labored heavily away toward safer foreign fields.

McBernie greeted the pastor at the close of the service and put to him the question most upon his mind, "What became of Mr. Luther, the former pastor?"

Reverend Hubbard replied, a little stiffly, "I am sure I can not say just where he is; he resigned some time ago."

"And what was the trouble? Didn't the people like his preaching?"

"Well, you see, there was some discontent. I did not know him personally; but he seems to have been indiscreet in his pulpit utterances. He was too literal in his interpretation of the Bible, and wandered off on vain speculations, something that we all ought to avoid. I am trying to build the church up again and remove the somewhat bad effects of my predecessor's pastorate."

"Ah, yes, so I take it! Ye gave us a *wonderful* discourse."

McBernie did not specify in what particular, and the preacher expanded with delighted complacency.

"Yes, yes; a wonderful sermon. I could not help thinking how well the discourse matched the subject."

The minister still expanded.

"Dry bones were your subject, I believe?"

A startled look came over the ministerial countenance.

"I never thinket how *veery* dry those bones were until I heard your sermon."

The ministerial expression of complacency still further subsided.

"I am no preacher, but let me give ye a thought; there are many preachers who would do well to read the tenth and eleventh verses of Isaiah's fifty-eighth chapter, when they are about to feed the flock and find naught for them but dry bones. Read it when you go home."

McBernie wrung the pastor's hand in farewell.

The minister's first act on reaching home was to read Isaiah, chapter 58, verses 10 and 11.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN IN OVERALLS.

McBernie, walking down Main Street early Monday morning, in company with a friend, stopped suddenly to stare after a young man in blue overalls and other accoutrements of a laboring man, who had passed them, whistling, and swinging a dinner-bucket in his hand. Thereupon ensued the following conversation:

"Who might that be?"

"That? Oh, that is Sidney Luther, formerly pastor of the Walnut Street Church, and the best preacher in the city."

"So I thought, so I thought; but what's he doing?"

"Well, he quit preaching some time ago and went to work in a tannery."

"And did the congregation turn him out?"

"No, he resigned because he said he no longer agreed with the doctrines of his church. I was there the Sunday when he offered his resignation; I used to go frequently, but I don't any more."

"Too many dry bones I'm thinking?" queried McBernie, with a chuckle.

"I don't know what you are driving at, Mr. McBernie, but there was nothing dry about the services when Luther resigned. It came like a clap of thunder. You would have thought it was a funeral. Most every one broke down, and it was the first time that I ever knew Luther to fail as a preacher. Next day he started out to hunt work, and pretty soon he struck a job in a tannery. Quite a come-down, eh? Quite different from some preachers, I say."

"Maybe, maybe," mused the old Scotchman, "but broadcloth or blue overalls, he's a man for a' that."

The change of garb and occupation gave Sidney Luther many an undreamed glimpse into human nature. The sorrow of his congregation at losing him was hearty, real, and in some instances effusive; yet, like most emotions in this busy world, transitory. Although he had treated all men alike, all men did not now treat him alike.

When he donned the blue overalls there came a subtle change in his relationship to others. There were some of his former parishioners who considered themselves social, financial, or literary luminaries, and now there was a modification of their greeting when circumstances threw them into unsought contact with the tanner. By degrees the cordial handshake and the cheery chat were lessened and curtailed, and faded away, by process of devolution, into nothingness. If they were fixed luminaries, he was a falling star, whose erratic course had carried him far below their brilliant rays.

Whereas the rose-leaf lady had been extolled and admired as the wife of the popular and eloquent minister, Sidney Luther; as the wife of Sid Luther, the tanner, she found herself in another sphere. Calling cards were not so frequently left at her door.

Neighborly curiosity ran high in the first stages of their adventure. An unskilled laborer could not command large wages, and on the first occasion when the tanner's wife did her own washing the neighboring women on either side observed as carefully as possible the details of the process. When the last article was hung to dry, two displaced lace curtains dropped back into their wonted curves, and two women sighed with satisfaction, "Possibly the tanner sees his mistake by now!" As the months went by, a study of this same clothes-line gave out information relative to the financial status of the family.

However, there were some, enough to save some remnants of the credit of the race, who remained true friends to the tanner. They were mostly commonplace citizens, some rich and some poor, who knew no affectation. It even seemed that they were a little closer to the man than they had been to the minister. They no

longer addressed him as Doctor Luther, but greeted him cheerily by his Christian name.

Luther was also surprised at himself. No one else knew or could understand how bitterly he missed his old position of pre-eminence. He did not know until now that the subtle flattery of adulation had been an intoxicating wine to inflame his ambition. More than once he realized that a wise Providence had led him to make his choice between principle and ambition before it was too late. Yet he was (not vainly) conscious of his splendid capabilities, and he was troubled at the thought of wasting his life sorting tan-bark and baling hides.

Those were not unhappy months, however. The light of the home burned pure and serene,—a smaller home it was now. It was his haven of rest when the busy day's work was done. Here, in the long evenings, the tanner and the tanner's lady pursued a systematic study of the Scriptures; for she, wise woman, had not lost faith in God or in man or in her husband; and she knew that some day the three would effect a conjunction in such a way that her husband's powers could be used at God's direction for the blessing of man.

On such occasions, Minnie occupied the big arm-chair, her feet, by some well-learned trick, tucked away under her, gravely listening to the theological discussions; at intervals developing her maxillary muscles with the aid of yucatan.

CORRECTIONS.

In my autobiography in AUTUMN LEAVES for February, page 75, fifteen lines from top, for "Limick Newton" read Dimock Huntington. Also on page 78, nine lines from bottom, for "Hyrum Dalk," read Hiram Falk. Top line, page 79, for "Elmont," read ElMonte. Page 80, fifteenth line fom top, read, "handed the book to him (young Joseph)," not "to me." J. C. CLAPP.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Macedonia, Pottawattamie County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

CATHARINE HOPELEIGH'S HOME.—NO. 4.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

Country Life *versus* Flat Life.

THE NEXT day she had a letter from the agent. "I did what I could for you," it said, " but the owner positively would not rent to so large a family and with such small children. Your money will be refunded whenever you call."

She must begin at the beginning and go through the whole thing again. But she did not want to go alone. She went to see a very dear friend, but she was not at home. Later she telephoned her, telling her something of her experience and asking her if she would go with her some day, as her friend said afterward "with tears in her voice."

Before Sunday Mr. John Hopeleigh telephoned.

"Come in to dinner, Sunday," he said, "you and Bertram, and we will look around near here."

"Thank you very much," said Catharine, "I think we better do that. I am sorry, very sorry to go house-hunting on Sunday, but someway I need—support."

So they went down as early as they could, getting off at Crosswood and walking over. Their relatives were beautifully situated in a steam-heated apartment building near the lake, which was eminently proper if they liked it. They had no children to be housed up, not even a dog,—only a mother, and she could escape when the walls really became so narrow that she could not stand it. For two or three people it is all right. For a family of small children it is entirely wrong, distinctly out of place, and unkind to the children to place them where they are continually treading on some one else's toes, to say nothing of the times some one else treads upon their toes. Catharine felt all this as she realized how nice and new and solid and comfortable this house and furnishings looked. And then they started out.

"How soon will you be back?" asked Mrs. John.

"Not for three hours at any rate," answered Mr. Hopeleigh.

They walked over to the elevated road and climbed the stairs.

"This 'elevated' is just awful," said Catharine, entering the car, panting, and literally falling into a seat beside the gentleman as the train started.

"Of course," said John, nodding gravely, "yes, it is, isn't it?"

"Now don't you make fun of me, J. C.," said Catharine severely; and then she went on to give her reasons for not liking an elevated train which we already know.

"I am not laughing at all," said Mr. Hopeleigh, still grave, but with the slightest twinkle coming into his eyes. "I had never thought how 'awful' it really is, but of course as you explain it to me I begin to see. The stairs are quite a climb, but most of the railroads and their stations are elevated now."

"Yes, and we want them to be. It isn't only that. But——" with a little toss of the head, "some people like one thing and some another, and I am glad they do."

They went up one street and down another. They went to the rear for the janitor. They were directed to real estate offices for keys and information. Bertram would be on one side of the street and his uncle on the other while Mrs. Hopeleigh sauntered along and waited to know what they had learned. She was always looking out for a vacant lot which might be cleared up to make a playground for the children. A number of places they thought very nice, but "children and dogs were not allowed." Everywhere they wanted "adults" with the accent on the "ad." At every office they took fresh addresses and at every office they were met with the kind information:

"I have a steam-heated apartment which I think will just suit you. Eight rooms, hardwood throughout, four bedrooms, large bathroom, drawers, closets, pantries, sideboard, gas stove, refrigerator,—about as complete an apartment as you will find. Newly decorated and floors polished. 1177 Pearl Street."

Catharine invariably went to the door or window to hide her amusement, while John very seriously took down the number.

"Have you written to your sister about Lakedale, Catharine?" asked John, as they walked along.

"No," answered Catharine decidedly; "for I am not going there—to live. I may visit my sister, by and by."

They continued in their search, followed by the odor of onions and the mad whirl of elevated trains. It was about the dinner hour, and they hesitated to disturb people. Finally they went home to their own dinner.

"Did you find anything?" asked little Mrs. John, as, in a neat, white linen shirt-waist suit she tripped in and out of the pretty little dining-room, getting the dinner on the table. This dinner was "in honor of"; they "took their dinners out" and did "light housekeeping."

"We haven't rented anything, Jeanette," answered Catharine, smiling. "There are lots of pretty places around here, but most of

them are rather high. John, what shall I do with the traps I can't bring with me to the city."

"What have you that you can't bring to town?"

"Oh," said Catharine, laughing, several extra beds and tables and chairs, and a surrey and single harness and double harness and saddles and bridles and sheets and blankets and—," pausing for breath, "they would be nice in a five-room apartment like this. And I may not have place for my large refrigerator and gas stove."

"H'm!" said John. "Well, you will have to dispose of them. Sell them. Advertise them. So much for the surrey. So much for a single harness. So much for a double harness. You'll get rid of them. And all you get out of them will be clear gain."

"I will try it," said Catharine, hopefully, which she afterwards did, but not a thing was sold.

After dinner Mr. Hopeleigh said: "Now, I think you had better stay in and rest while Bertram and I go out. If we find anything we will come back and let you know."

By and by they came back.

"There is an apartment over here about two blocks which I think you had better see," said John. So she and Bertram went over while her brother dropped into a chair to rest and look over his paper. She felt that she had spoiled his Sunday, except that he and his wife always went to walk, and he had had plenty of walking.

The parlor was rather pleasant, in which sat a woman, resignedly rocking a baby. There was an alcove just about big enough for a piano. A little boy trotted around with his father to show them the rooms.

The hall was rather dark, the first bedroom was dark, the second one was darker; dining-room and kitchen were pleasant, the third bedroom was dark. The bathroom was so dark that one could scarcely discern the tub in the dim light. The gas would have to be lighted there all the time. There was a vacant lot across the street which was good; there was quite a nice little back yard with a high board fence. Just outside the fence was the St. Paul railroad!

"I think we better go back to the house and telephone to the office that we will take it," said Bertram. "We've worked all day at the thing and we've got to do something."

"We surely have," said his mother.

"And considering price and all, it's about as well as we can do."

"Perhaps it is," said his mother, faintly.

She had heard her real estate friend say that there were more houses rented after four o'clock than any other time of day, for the people were tired, felt that they had accomplished nothing and must settle on something. She wondered if she were going to be like all the rest.

"How was it?" asked Jeanette, softly, as Catharine sank into a chair and Bertram commenced to play on the pianola.

"The bedrooms and bathroom are dark and there is a railroad," she said with a little, hysterical laugh, and with an effort con-

trolling herself. She was discouraged and disheartened, tired and worn, sick and dizzy. Suddenly she was gliding through hall and dining-room to the mothers' room, where a convenient couch held her tired frame and where behind closed doors unmistakable sounds of stifled sobbing were heard.

A professor once said to a body of women over whom Mrs. Hopeleigh was presiding that when one was under a nervous tension or strain, the giving away to tears doubtless gave a certain amount of relief, but used up a vast amount of nerve force. I am not saying that she did not use up force which she would need some other time, I am not disputing the professor, I am simply stating what happened late that Sabbath afternoon when Mrs. Hopeleigh went apartment hunting.

Finally she joined the others. "You better telephone, Bertram," she said, calmly.

Bertram called up, but they gave him his nickel back. The office was closed.

Good! Now she had one more chance. She would look the country over. She would find something that suited them if they had to go ten miles farther out. She was done with apartments for ever. Let the flat-mad hunt flats till they dropped, and live in them till the end of time, she and her children would have room to breathe and to shout if they wanted to. Flat! I should say it was beside the freedom of a home in the country.

Not a word of all this did she say. At the door she said:

"I thank you very much, John, for taking so much trouble for us—and forgive me please."

"What for?" asked John. "Glad to do it. If there is anything else I can do for you let me know."

Mrs. Hopeleigh said to her son as they alighted at their home station:

"I am sorry to have missed the children, poor little dears, but they will be asleep anyway and I want to go to church."

She felt the need of a quiet hour. She felt the need of the influence that always accompanied the ministration of the quiet, earnest gentleman who was their pastor.

"Don't worry about the children; Harvey is taking care of them all right," said Bertram.

Her lawyer was at the church and after the service came across to shake hands with her. The Reese house was for rent. Had she looked at that? No, she hadn't, but she would. There at least was a straw. She would look at it the first thing in the morning.

Mr. Reese's house was on the east side, but had no furnace and no gas for lighting. But he was willing to put them in. Yes, it would be rather unpleasant to live in the house while this was being done, as one who has had the floors torn up and the walls torn out and the house redecorated well knows. But she would have to take it. There was nothing else. Early next morning she was at the house.

"Mr. Swift looked at my house," Mr. Reese was saying, "and he said he would rather have it than the Crandall house which has the conveniences. The Crandall house is so far from the station."

Mr. Swift looked at the Crandall house and didn't take it? She knew about the Crandall house. The owner and his family were in Europe. And it had been for rent all the spring and she didn't know it? She would look at the Crandall house, too. This, of course, she did not say to Mr. Reese. What she did say was:

"I will let you know about the house to-night, and in the meantime if you have a chance to rent it let me know."

She had promised her friend that she would go to her club with her, and as they walked to the car the lady said:

"My husband has a cottage in Evansville. Suppose you go to see that. It has seven rooms and you might want to fall back on it if other things fail. The greatest trouble is that it is only a block from the railroad and is next door to a church."

Dear me, the same, everywhere. If the rent was reasonable there was some unpleasant feature every time.

"Is there anywhere else you want to go?" her friend asked, when they were in Glenfield once more. You ought to look at the Crandall house. I'll go with you. I promised to go with you some day. Here's a cab. Get right in and we'll go." And her energetic friend had her in, in a twinkling, and they were driving away, away over on the West Side.

Before bedtime the boys had seen the house, notified Mr. Reese that they would not take his place, made a deposit and the home was theirs.

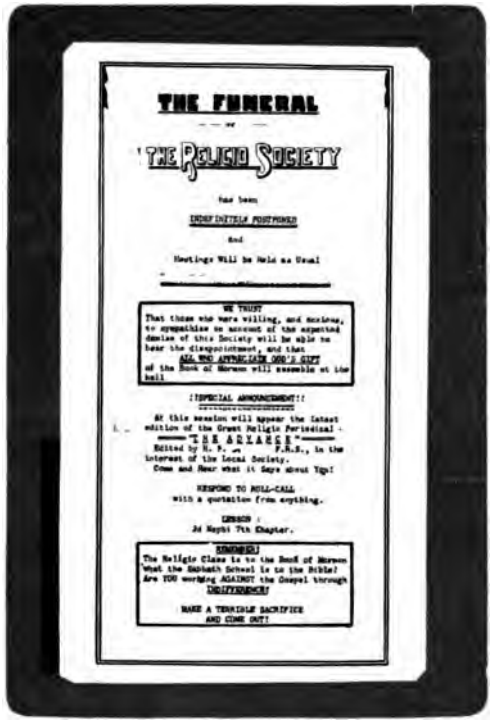
"I have rented a house," Catharine wrote to her mother. "The modern conveniences have been added, but the house is old. That, and the distance from the station make the rent less. There is still the same old problem of heating and all the other expense of a suburban place; but I made up my mind most emphatically last Sunday that I would not go to town if I could possibly help it. Every one, even Bertram, is glad we are going to stay here."

(To be continued.)

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

REVIVING A LOCAL.



THE FUNERAL

— of —

THE RELIGIO SOCIETY

has been

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED

and

Meetings Will be Held as Usual

WE TRUST

That those who were willing, and desiring, to sympathize on account of the expected demise of this Society will be able to bear the disappointment, and that

ALL WHO APPRECIATE GOD'S GIFT

of the Book of Mormon will assemble at the hall

!!SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

At this session will appear the latest edition of the Great Religio Periodical -

"THE ARIARCH"

Edited by H. P. ... F.R.S., in the interest of the Local Society.

Come and Hear what it Says about Yo!

RESPOND TO ROLL-CALL

with a quotation from anything.

LESSON :

Jd Nephi 7th Chapter.

REMEMBER!

The Religio Class Is to the Book of Mormon What the Sabbath School is to the Bible!

Are YOU working AGAINST the Gospel through INDIFFERENCE!

MAKE A TERRIBLE SACRIFICE

AND COME OUT!

Editor Autumn Leaves: After reading President Gunsolley's article on how to kill a good live Religio, in the February AUTUMN LEAVES, I thought that perhaps some of your readers might be interested to learn of our success in building up the Cleveland Religio.

Last year the society was in a very run-down condition, there being only five or six members who could be depended upon to attend regularly; the total attendance was only ten or twelve.

We started an increased-membership campaign; every one whose address we could obtain received a postal or letter, telephone call or personal invitation each week to attend. It was uphill work at first, mainly owing to lack of addresses. After securing the necessary addresses, and mailing notices to each person we thought might care to attend our meetings, the attendance increased, making the average attendance for the last quarter of 1907 a little over eighteen.

But attendance was only a beginning; it took strenuous work on the part of the program committee to keep up the interest. A

debate, "Should a man marry," seemed to convince several that the Religio was a good place to be on Friday evenings. Twenty-five were present.

Immediately following the election of officers on Jaunary 3, at which nineteen were present, we gave the following program on January 10:

Song, The Lord Knows Why, by Society.

Book of Mormon talk, The First People on American Soil, by Elder F. T. Haynes.

Personal experiences, by Elder Michael Lloyd.

Blackboard exercise, Missions; Uses and Purposes of the Book of Mormon, conducted by C. B. Keck.

At this time we decided to divide our general study class into three classes, senior, junior, and intermediate. On January 17 we gave a musical program and had an attendance of thirty-seven. January 24 we rendered the following:

Song, Onward, Christian soldiers.

Paper, The history of artificial light.

Recitation, What shall we do with our boys?

Discussion on the creation of Niagara Falls.

On January 31 the Religio took a trip to Japan. The Religio

MISSIONS, USES, AND PURPOSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

It is a true record of the inhabitants of Ancient America, and of the Indian.

It is a philosophical work.

It is a solution of the social problem.

It is an authentic witness.

It provides a moral code for the highest government. (Different but not inferior to the Bible.)

It shows the impartiality of God in his dealings with nations.

It *condemns* polygamy absolutely.

It prophesies of the first and second coming of Christ and the restoration of the house of Israel.

It gives the Indian a chance to regain his former condition.

It teaches all the principles of the gospel.

It locates the "other sheep" that were to hear the voice of Jesus.

It determines the "promised land of Joseph."

It is a special proof to the Jews that Christ is the Messiah.

Blackboard exercise given by C. B. Keck, December 27, 1907.

rooms were decorated with Japanese lanterns, paper flowers, pictures of Japan, flags, rugs, and other Japanese articles. The lady members wore Japanese dresses and served tea and fancy cakes.

Thirty-one were in the party. As announcements we used small cards bearing our Religio colors and emblem, and the flags of the United States and Japan.

I think a Book of Mormon discussion would be of value to all Saints, especially if the various uses and missions of the Book of Mormon could be tabulated and published. I take pleasure in inclosing the ones that we discovered.

One method of securing new members works very nicely. One of the sisters has several of her girl friends take dinner with her on Friday evenings and then go with her to Religio. In this way she has secured three very desirable members who are not as yet members of the church.

I trust that some of this letter will be worthy of appearing in the AUTUMN LEAVES, as I believe it will be of value to some of the Religios who are making a fight for success. C. B. Keck, secretary.

A NOTABLE MEETING OF THE INDEPENDENCE (MISSOURI) LOCAL.

(Editor's Note.—At the last meeting of the Independence local for 1907, held December 27, the society stenographer was present and reported every word uttered during the session. The president of the society, Bro. J. A. Gardner, kindly furnished us a copy of the report. We reproduce it here. No doubt the smaller locals will be pleased thus to be enabled to attend a session of the local at the center stake of Zion. Also, the time is drawing near when we shall attend the General Convention at Independence, and it may be well to get acquainted with the local at that place before we go.)

Bro. Paul Craig.—Sing number 42 for our opening number. Number 42.

NEVER PASS THEM BY.

Rich and golden blessings are always on the wing,
Never pass them by, seize them as they fly;
Bright and cheering angels their heav'nly gifts would bring,
Never, never pass them by.

Chorus.

Never pass them by, no never!
Never pass them by, no never!
Rich and golden blessings descending from on high,
Never, never pass them by.

Avenues for service are opening to-day,
Never pass them by, fast the moments fly;
"Forward" is the order; the Lord's command obey,
Never, never pass them by.

Blessed ways of helping are waiting now for you,
Never pass them by, "Here am I," reply;
In love's glad endeavors, be faithful, pure, and true,
Never, never pass them by.

Bro. Gardner.—Let us all remain standing and bow our heads in prayer with Bro. Hale Smith.

Bro. Hale Smith.—Our Father who art in heaven, we feel grateful to thee that we have the privilege once more of bowing our heads in thy presence and offering up to thee our devotions, and we feel to commend us to thy care and keeping this night, that thou wilt watch over us and protect us while we are here collected together to read and study the word of God. We feel that inasmuch as our gathering together is pleasing in thy sight thou wilt bless this assembly, that thou wilt give us that light which will enable us to understand thee better. We ask that thou wilt take us into thy care and keeping and eventually save us, in Jesus' name. Amen.

Bro. Paul Craig.—Sing number 30.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

We know not the time when he cometh,
At even, or midnight, or morn;
It may be at deepening twilight,
It may be at earliest dawn.
He bids us to watch and be ready,
Nor suffer our lights to grow dim;
That when he may come he will find us
All waiting and watching for him.

Chorus.

Waiting and watching,
Waiting and watching,
Waiting and watching,
I'm waiting and watching for him.

I think of his wonderful pity,
The price our salvation hath cost;
He left the bright mansions of glory
To suffer and die for the lost.
And sometimes I think it will please him,
When those whom he died to redeem,
Rejoice in the hope of his coming,
By waiting and watching for him.

Oh Jesus, my loving Redeemer!
Thou knowest I cherish as dear
The hope that mine eyes shall behold thee,
That I shall thine own welcome hear.
If to some as a judge thou appearest,
Who forth from thy presence would flee,
A Friend most beloved I'll greet thee,
I'm waiting and watching for thee.

Bro. Gardner.—To-night's session of Religio we desire to make just a little bit informal. You know what night it is, and how near to the last of the year and how close to the first of the year; but we want you to separate to your classes, as usual, for the express purpose of taking up the Translation Fund offering and completing the record of the classbooks, and if there is any defect you desire to remedy before the close of the year, kindly make a note of it, so the secretary can adjust it. Also, I would like to have you take the last five minutes of your time and discuss

among yourselves, "What is the best thing you have accomplished this year in your Religio work," and when you all come down together we are going to ask one or two of some of the smaller ones and some of the older ones to give us their opinions; and we want you to consider the question quite seriously. We will dispense with the lesson as outlined in the *Quarterly* and we will reassemble you in about fifteen minutes. We have prepared a program which we hope will interest you.

The secretary will please read the roll-call (officers and teachers).

Sr. Carlotta Hartnell, secretary.—C. L. Munroe, Fred Koehler, Reese Wells, William Pitt, Mrs. Deam, B. J. Scott, Eva Bailey, Mrs. Watkins, W. H. Callin, Mrs. McCormick, Della Braidwood, Cassie Haines, Atha Robertson, Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser, Roy Morgan, Mrs. Gerber, J. P. Buschlen, Ada Roberts, I. N. White, Jr., Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. R. A. Penny, Jeannette Kelley, Ethel Westwood, Mary Steele, Mrs. Ferris, Ethel Davis.

Bro. Gardner.—For the first number on our program, Sr. J. A. Robinson is going to sing for us.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

For ever with the Lord!
  Amen; so let it be
Life from the dead is in that word
  'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
  Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
  A day's march nearer home.

For ever with the Lord!
  Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
  E'en here to me fulfill.
Be thou at my right hand,
  Then can I never fail.
Uphold thou me and I shall stand,
  Fight, and I must prevail!

So when my latest breath
  Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
  And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
  How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
  "For ever with the Lord!"

Bro. Gardner.—To-night is *Reflector* night. Bro. Will Pitt will read it for us.

Bro. Pitt.—The cover has been designed and executed by Bro. Paul Craig. It is worthy of your inspection.

(The paper is too long to reproduce here.)

Bro. Gardner.—As you all know, the song service and the musical part of our program has been in charge of our chorister and organist for the last six months. As you all know, Bro. Paul Craig has been very energetic in supplying us with selections for the musical part of our entertainments. We are going to lead

him to the altar to-night, and by special request Bro. Paul is going to sing "Shadows" for us.

Bro. Paul Craig.—The music is not here, but we will send for it right away.

Bro. Gardner.—We might express the condition of things by a slang phrase, but we won't do it. Bro. Paul's number will be the next one. Bro. Deam has prepared a paper and we will be very glad to have him occupy now.

Bro. Deam.—This is not by request. I have written these things down so that nobody will misunderstand what I want to say.

ENSIGN PUBLICATIONS.

(This paper is too long to reproduce here.)

I will say further that the *Ensign* and *Herald* both belong to the church. They are one institution. When we favor one we favor the other. When we discourage one we discourage the other, and the church, owning both of them, is responsible for everything put out by them. They are both run by the same Board of Publication appointed by the church.

SHADOWS.

(Sung by Paul Craig.)

Once more I sit at evening and watch the embers burn,
The shadows all go creeping around me as I turn;
And then I see a sweet face from which all care is gone
That starts my soul to dreaming of old times like a song.
How oft we watched the embers and said, "How bright they glow!"
And then how fast the hours went, but now they pass so slow.
The days are all too long, dear, the nights are longer still,
But I would not recall you my longing heart to fill.
I know you're way off yonder, but you seem with me,
And in the evening shadows your form I almost see.
I almost hear you whisper these words, "I love but you,"
And soon we'll be united, sweetheart, be brave, be true.

Bro. Gardner.—We will now listen to a paper written by Sr. Ada Roberts.

(Paper written by Sr. Ada Roberts, too long to reproduce here.)

Bro. Gardner.—Now, I would like to have some very short answers to that question I suggested to your minds. I believe I will choose for the first victim Bro. Reese Wells. He is sitting over there looking so contented that I think I will ask him to give us his opinion.

Bro. Reese Wells.—Bro. Gardner.

Bro. Gardner.—Bro. Wells.

Bro. Wells.—My association with the Religio has been about three months. I have been a charter member of the Religio but have been away for about eight years where there was no Religio at all, and have not been a member of the local here until about the last three months. I have had several good expressions of the Religio work from my class, but not having been associated with Religio for a long time I have not outlined any one thing. The thing that I have accomplished in connection with the Religio

is the taking up of the work, and that is what I would like to see others do,—take up the work.

Bro. Gardner.—I am going to ask Sr. Marie Riggs if she will not tell us what she has accomplished.

Head shakes in the negative.

Bro. Gardner.—Won't you tell us one thing?

More head shakes.

Bro. Gardner.—Now, I think there is some one here who *will*, and I think we are in duty bound to hear from him, and I think there is not one here who has more reason or more cause to make us a speech than Bro. Charles May.

Bro. Charles May.—I am going to confine my remarks to three words. I think we have accomplished a good deal.

Bro. Gardner.—Bro. Ike White is in the room and I would like to hear from him.

Bro. Ike White.—I am somewhat in the position of Bro. Reese Wells. I have been out of the city until the last three months. The greatest good that has been done for me is that it is the only feature of the church that I am interested in at all. It is a kind of string that holds me to the church. It is a fact that the Religio has a hold on me that I can not resist. As far as the class study is concerned, I think the main thing we ought to have is a change in *Quarterlies*. We ought to place in the minds of the children the theme of the Book of Mormon. That is what we are coming here to study. We ought to have a change in the *Quarterlies*.

Bro. Gardner.—I am going to ask Bro. Trowbridge to respond.

Bro. Trowbridge.—Bro. President, I have been attending here until the last two months. I am just on the other side from Bro. Reese Wells. When I was a little lad, like some of the younger boys here, my father lived on a farm. On several different occasions he broke up pasture fields, and boys who know what plowing sod is know that when a harrow goes over the top of the sod it will flop up a good bit. I used to try to get the job done too quick. The harrow jumped around and it did not seem to do a bit of good; but after we had sowed the rye, by and by the rye grew and father proved to me that it did some good to plow that sod. I can say that I think there are a good many, like Bro. White said, for whom the Religio is doing some good, and I believe the principle good the Religio has done this year has been to plant some seed, and in that way sowed some good.

Bro. Gardner.—I am going to ask Bro. Virgil Etzenhouser to tell us what good the Religio has done for him.

Bro. Virgil Etzenhouser.—I know there is a great deal of good to be derived from the Religio. I do not think I have gotten all the good out of it I should have. I have not studied my lessons as I should have. I know in Religio there is a great good to be derived from studying the lessons as outlined in the *Quarterlies*. In the future I hope to derive more benefit than I have in the past.

Bro. Gardner.—I would like to hear from Bro. Freddie Pitt.

Freddie Pitt.—We didn't have any teacher.

Bro. Gardner.—Just give us your own opinion. Tell us what in the whole year has been the best thing that has been accomplished. While you are thinking, I am going to ask Bro. Gray to speak for us. Tell us what the Religio in general has accomplished—the Religio as a whole.

Bro. Gray.—Bro. President, I think one of the greatest things which the General Association has done has been to adopt the new course of study, as I think it brought in a great many things which we otherwise would not have learned of. I think that one of the greatest privileges we have is to learn of the Book of Mormon, because the Lord directed us to know what is in this book, and then we will receive the greater part of the Book of Mormon, which is yet to come forth. I think the work has made greater progress in the last year than at any other time. I think this speaks well for the Religio. I feel like Bro. White; the Religio has a hold on me that is lasting.

Freddie Pitt.—I think the Religio draws people to the church and in that way they get to know more about the church than they did. It draws people to the church.

Bro. Gardner.—I think there is one thing that is developing in the Religio, and that is the way the people shake hands with me. I like to walk up to a man, or woman either, and like to grasp hands in a way that will mean something. I know a young man who belongs to the church, but is not a member of the Religio, that when you take hold of his hand it is nothing but a hand. I like to meet a man half way. I like to shake hands with him. I hope we shall develop in our enthusiasm in the Religio work. We have got some and we want more. We want a little of that warmth of feeling. There is a spirit in this Religio work. Just here I am reminded of the story of the man "who put his arm around me." I do not remember the exact wording and I will ask Bro. Pitt to tell the story if he remembers it.

Bro. Pitt.—I don't remember the words or the story. I think it may be the one that embodies the thought that there is a peculiar sort of feeling comes over one when a fellow puts his hand on your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

Bro. Gardner.—That is what I meant, but I could not say it that way. We talk sometimes in our prayer-meetings about everything we do and say and think being recorded. Now, to-night we have put that to a practical test. Every word that has been said in this room since the bell tapped has been writen down. We will have his matter read at some Religio session next year. This is rather an experiment, but I think it will be of some good to us when we look over what we have said in cold black and white a year from now and think, "Were we sincere in saying it?" and I doubt not that our words and opinions will have so changed and raised that we can do work on a higher platform and train of thought. Bro. Ferris has an announcement to make.

Bro. Ferris.—A Rally Day program is to be given at the Third Kansas City Branch, Sunday, January 12, afternoon and evening. I will read the program: (Omitted.)

Bro. Ferris.—I have been requested to tell something about our last rally day at Armstrong. Since it is getting so late I will just say that it was a success in attendance as well as in spirit. All those who were asked to take part from here responded, and they were well received. Will also say that this is an opportunity for us to sacrifice. I remember listening to-night to a little remark by the president, that we should help others, those who are not as large as we are. So those who can come let us be there, on the second Sunday in January.

Bro. Gardner.—The secretary will please read the report.

Sr. Carlotta Hartnell.—The attendance in the senior department is one hundred twenty-nine. In the junior, eighty-six.

The banner class in attendance in the senior department is the class of Sr. Deam, having an attendance of eighteen. The classes of Sr. Haines and Della Braidwood are close seconds, tying with an attendance of seventeen each.

The banner classes in the junior department are the classes of Mrs. Pitt, I. N. White, Jr., and Ethel Westwood, each having an attendance of thirteen.

The collection in the senior department is $16.45. In the junior department, $1.85.

The banner class in the senior department is the class of Sr. Deam, with a collection of $12. In the junior department, Mrs. Pitt, collection 82 cents.

Officers' collection, $1.00.

Total attendance, 237.

Total collection, $19.30.

Bro. Gardner.—I want to call your attention to the election of officers, which will occur next Friday night. Let us sing one verse for closing.

Bro. Paul Craig.—Let us sing one verse of 144.

PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

Praise him! Praise him! Jesus our blessed Redeemer!
Sing, oh, earth, his wonderful love proclaim!
Hail him! Hail him! highest archangels in glory!
Strength and honor give to his holy name!
Like a Shepherd, Jesus will guard his children,
In his arms he carries them all day long.
Praise him! Praise him! tell of his excellent greatness,
Praise him! Praise him! ever in joyful song.

Bro. Gardner.—We indeed praise thee our heavenly Father, for this occasion, and we feel to raise our voices in prayer to thank thee at this time and feel that thou hast indeed preserved our lives for this present meeting. For all of joyousness that we have received and for all of sadness we have experienced, we thank thee this night, and ask that we may indeed labor in thy cause and its bests interests advance. We thank thee for that Spirit which has been in the past a light indeed to our meetings, and pray that in the future we may be faithful, that we may increase and broaden our ideals and strive to attain to the sunlit heights of an intelligent conception of thy will, and strive to avoid the

lower trails in life's experience, where those who tread strive only from a sense of fear and dread. This we pray, and ask that we may have the companionship of thy Holy Spirit the remainder of our lives; we ask for Christ's sake, Amen.

GENERAL CONVENTION ZION'S RELIGIO-LITERARY SOCIETY.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, APRIL 13, 1908.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1.

7.30 p. m. Preliminary: Short impromptu speeches by workers from various fields. Reports of committee on credentials.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2.

9.00 a. m. Further report of committee on credentials. Reports of officers, editors, and superintendent of Home Department. Communications. Business growing out of reports and communications.

2.00 p. m. Reports of committees. Constitutional amendments. Miscellaneous business.

7.30 p. m. Institute work: Model session, or various subjects to be presented in papers or addresses, as may be determined later.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

9.00 a. m. Election of officers. Unfinished routine business. Adjournment.

This program is subject to change at the discretion of the body or of the executive committee.

The time for the introduction of new business is limited to the close of the afternoon session of Thursday, except by order from the Convention. J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

EASTER MORN.

Years and years ago a wonder in the Orient had its birth,
Where the grape and olive flourish on the sun-kissed, fertile earth,
Near the city of the temple in a sepulcher new wrought,
Where they laid a precious body which from Calvary was brought.

Early in the mist of morning, in its grayness and its gloom,
Bowed with grief, a sad-eyed woman softly crept unto the tomb;
In her hands were sweetest spices to anoint her dear one slain;
In her heart was deepest anguish that he ne'er should live again.

As she nears the spot so sacred, what is this confronts her sight?
Surely, surely some disaster hath befallen in the night!
For the guards are there no longer, and the great stone at the door
Does not seal the lowly entrance, as it did the day before.

Filled her heart with dire misgiving, had they taken her Lord away?
Peering, with fear-laden vision, in the chamber where he lay,
There she saw two shining angels, guarding that most holy bed,
Dazzling white as sun in brightness, one at foot and one at head.

"Mary, Mary, sadly weeping, wipe thy bitter tears away;
Jesus whom thou'rt early seeking, is not here, he rose to-day;"
Thus one angel gave her greeting, and the other, smiling, said,
"Seek the living with the living, not among the buried dead."

Turned she then with soul affrighted from the vision and the light,
Turned and saw the Master standing,—oh, the wonder of that sight!
Jesus who was dead, arisen, holy calm upon his face;
Jesus, Lord of light and heaven, Savior of a mighty race.

"Mary!" Soft the name was uttered, but her heart thrilled at his voice;
And the blood through all her being called, "He lives! Rejoice! Rejoice!"
"Master," full of love she answered, falling low to kiss his feet,
"Thou hast conquered death and darkness; Lo, the Godhead now I greet!"

Thus long years ago a wonder in the mystic dawn was wrought,
And the gift of life eternal by self-sacrifice was brought.
Ever deeper grows the myst'ry; ever sweeter the refrain—
Jesus is not dead but risen, he hath conquered death and pain.

GEORGE W. AMES.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.—It is fortunate that the various theories in regard to the training of the young do not make so very much difference, after all, and that the little individual grows up, somehow, into the man or woman it was intended to be. The Washington *Star* has a story, told by a well-known instructor who holds to the old-fashioned ideas. He says:

I place little dependence upon moral suasion. Good healthy boys under moral suasion have too easy a time of it. They get out of hand.

There is a friend of mine who is rearing a family of six boys with the help of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued the matter the other night at the club.

"And do you believe," said I, "that moral suasion is better than corporal punishment for big, lusty boys like yours?"

"Yes," said my friend.

"And do you mean to say that you have never whipped your boys?" I asked.

"As true as I sit here," answered my friend, earnestly, "I have never struck one of my children except in self-defense."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MOO-COW-MOO.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
  So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two
  En I wasn't a fraid-cat—much.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
  En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
  Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow's got a tail like a rope
  En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
  All over the moo cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
  Just swinging his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run—
  'Cause that's where the moo comes out!

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head
  En his eyes stick out o' their place.
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is spread
  All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails
  En his mamma don't keep 'em cut.
En he gives folks milk in water-pails
  If he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pull the handles, why
  The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,
But the hired man he sits down clost by
  En squirts, en squirts, en squirts!

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON, PAGE 32.

LESSON III.—THE LAND OF NEPHI.

1. The land of Nephi, proper, (as occupied by the Nephites,) extended from north to south about eleven hundred miles, and varied in width from one hundred and fifty to three hundred miles, from east to west.

2. This land covered the west central part of South America. It was bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, called the West Sea; on the north by the wilderness; on the east by the eastern Cordillera; and the south by the Cordillera real. During the Lamanite occupancy the boundaries were much extended, covering most of the central and southern part of South America. Alma 13:5, 11.

3. Nephi proper was divided into two natural divisions: the western slope, from the mountains to the Pacific coast, a strip of country varying from twenty to fifty miles in width; and the highlands, between the eastern and western Cordillera.

4. The land was first occupied by the Nephites, who settled at Nephi (Cuzco) in the south; but the "course of empire" was northward, and the capital was removed in later time to Lehi-Nephi (Quelap) in the north. The second occupants were the Lamanites, a people less civilized.

5. The principal lakes of the land are,—Alagas, and Titicaca, in the extreme south; Jurin and Lauricocha in the center of the land was known as the waters of Sebus (Alma 12:6), Rimachura, and Metuncocha in the north, known as the waters of Mormon. (Mosiah 9:6, 7.)

6. The important rivers are, Disaguadero in the south, Apurimac, and Urbama in the center land, the Amazon, Paute, and Morona, in the north.

7. We notice ten of the most important cities and places mentioned:

i. Nephi, in the south, the early capital of the land.

ii. Ishmael, near the waters of Sebus, in the center, capital of King Lamoni.

iii. Middonni, on the sea west, where Aaron was imprisoned.

iv. Lehi-Nephi, in the north, the latter capital of the land.

v. Mormon, north of Lehi-Nephi, where Alma established the church.

vi. Helam, in the extreme north, built by Alma and his people.

vii. Mount Antipas-Onidah, near the city of Nephi, the place of arms.

viii. Waters of Sebus, near city of Ishmael, where Ammon protected the flocks.

ix. Waters of Mormon, northeast of Lehi-Nephi, where Alma first baptized.

x. The Valley of Alma, north of Helam, where the Lord spoke to Alma and his people in their flight.

QUESTIONS.

What was the extent of the land of Nephi? What do we mean by Nephi proper? Where was this land located? By what was it bounded? What is said of its extent under Lamanite occupancy? What were the natural divisions of the land? What peoples occupied the land? What two places were capitals of the land? What lakes are in the south? What lakes in the center? By what name was one of these known? What lakes are in the north, and what were they called? Name the important rivers. Name and locate the ten principal places. For what was each noted?

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

When this number reaches you, the General Convention will be about to meet, and we hope the result will be that this department will be much better organized, and put in shape for more efficient work this year than ever heretofore. We hope and expect to see the Library Commission and the Good Literature Bureau divided, as there is more work than one person can properly handle, and we believe that it can be handled to better advantage in this way.

The May number will doubtless be taken with minutes of the Convention, so there will be no further notes before June,—for this reason we take occasion to advise you that as soon as it is approved by the General Conference, we intend to send out the rules of the Library Commission, which have already appeared in this column in February. Before the end of April we also expect to have ready for mailing a catalogue of four to five hundred books, including title, author, publisher, price, and description where not already sufficiently indicated by the title. Nor is the library work limited to the building of local and district library, but we should also assist one another in selecting books for home use by purchase, or by selection from public library. If your dis-

trict and local is not already organized with a library board, please do not delay, but take the earliest possible steps to have it so organized and in the meantime get together with other librarians in the district to consider how best this department of the work may be carried on.

The good literature work will still require most careful and earnest attention. The reports so far show a decline of interest for 1907, and especially a failure to keep account and report. Let us hope that this year will show marked improvement, especially in reporting.

Trusting to meet as many of you as possible at the General Convention, we close our work for this year, if not for good.

S. A. BURGESS.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

St. Louis, Missouri.—We have been having splendid attendance, interest, and programs since last report. This is due to the active work of the officers and committees. Our president arranged a slip method which is quite an assistance to the lookout committee. The secretary gives every one a slip to be filled out with full name, address, and whether a member of Religio or not. The slips are then returned to the secretary and the lookout committee can obtain names of non-members and labor with them. We have gained three members since last report.

We had a very nice children's program February 14, after which the social committee entertained with a valentine social; every one received a valentine, and all were served with lemonade and cake.

A very entertaining military program was rendered February 21 in honor of Washington's birthday.

Our music lessons are still continued by Sr. Anna DeJong, and we feel that we have been benefited by them very much.

The district Religio convention convened here February 22 and 23. Delegates were appointed for the General Convention.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Autumn Leaves

EDITED BY ELBERT A. SMITH

MAY, 1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Words by
DAVID H. SMITH.

Music by
NORMAN SMITH.

Of this devious path I am weary, my spirit with pining is worn,

All life seems so empty and dreary, of zest it is utterly shorn.

My pulses once bounded so happy, I never had sorrow to mourn.-

Ah, beautiful days of my childhood! Would God they could only return!

(See opposite page.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 MAY, 1908 NUMBER 5

I WILL RETURN TO MY CHILDHOOD.

BY DAVID H. SMITH.

Of this devious path I am weary, my spirit with pining is worn,
All life seems so empty and dreary, of zest it is utterly shorn.
My pulses once bounded so happy, I never had sorrow to mourn,—
Ah, beautiful days of my childhood! Would God they could only return!

While thus in my sadness repining, I sought my low pillow to rest,
And there in the stillness reclining, a voice spoke peace to my breast.
"Those hours are numbered for ever, yet there is a truth thou canst learn,
Although they may come to thee never, unto them thou mayest return."

MARGARET'S TEMPTATION.

BY GRACE RUSSELL.

ONE DAY two young girls sat together in the pleasant sitting-room. They had been discussing various matters of interest to themselves, and now the conversation lagged. One, (Margaret,) sat with her hands folded in her lap, and was softly humming a gay air to herself. The other, a tall, fair girl of perhaps sixteen years, was idly turning the papers upon the reading-table back and forth. Suddenly her eye was attracted to a book which lay half concealed beneath magazines and daily papers. She picked it up and began to turn its pages interestedly. Margaret, noticing the book she held, flushed slightly. She made as if to rise, then lay back in her chair, watching her friend with half-closed eyes. All was still in the room, the clock being the only one who dared break the silence. To Margaret it seemed the moments were as hours, and when at last May laid the book down with a sigh she was almost as nervous as the prisoner awaiting the sentence of the judge. She waited for her friend to speak. She seemed lost in thought for a time, but finally turned to Margaret and said: "Margaret, do you know anything about the people who believe in that book? How do you happen to have it? Tell me, please."

Before we go further it will probably be necessary to explain somewhat concerning these girls. They had been friends when children, going to the same school, and attending the same church. Their mothers were old schoolmates too, but about two years previous to the time of the beginning of my story, Margaret and her family had left their eastern home, thinking to benefit the health of mother by the change, and had taken up their abode in a western

city. Shortly after arriving there they had heard the pure gospel of Jesus Christ preached by some elders of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, and had been baptized; but fearing the loss of the friendship of their old time friends, they had never told them of this experience. All went well and happily until a letter came from May's mother, telling of the gradual decline of her daughter's health, and the hope that a summer with her friends in the West might benefit her. Then complications arose. She would expect them to go to the old church. They settled that by going to the park, much against Margaret's mother's wishes; but she being an only child, Mr. and Mrs. Poole gave way to her many times when it was against their better judgment.

Margaret sat looking at her friend, not knowing what to answer. May insisted. "Tell me about it, Margaret; I really wish to know."

Then Margaret was tempted. She loved her friend dearly. She could not bear to lose her friendship, and she felt that she would should she make a full and free confession; but how could she account for the presence of the book? She must think and act quickly. She reached her hand for the book. Oh, yes, she could see it all clearly now. She would affect a surprised look, and inspect the book curiously; then, speaking indifferently, say she supposed it was something father had brought home from the library. He was always bringing some outlandish thing home to pore over of an evening; but the pure, straight look from May's eyes made the blood rush to her face, and she saw herself as she would have been had she followed out her first impulse.

Then with the tears in her eyes, and her voice choked with feeling, she told May all about their baptism, and explained to her their belief. May listened eagerly, asking a question now and then, her eyes shining brightly and her face filled with light as Margaret told of her own baptism, how beautiful it was, and what a joy it had been to her; then how she had been tempted to withhold from her friend all the knowledge of the true state of affairs, and how the vision of herself standing before God, awaiting judgment came to her, and she had been given strength to do her duty and tell the truth. May buried her face in her hands and the two girls wept together. When they became calm Margaret began to question May as to why she spoke in the way she did. Then May told her how a year before they were down in the city one evening and hearing some beautiful singing she stopped to listen. Soon the song ended and a plainly dressed young man stepped out, and bowing his head devoutly, breathed forth one of the most beautiful prayers she had ever heard. They stood and listened to him speak, and were firmly convinced of the truthfulness of his message. Again and again they went to hear, until four or five nights had passed, when they all, father, mother, two sisters, and a brother, went down together to hear the wonderful speaker again. This night his subject was the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith; then, to use May's words, "Mamma seemed to grow inches taller, and papa—well, we were whisked away so quick we had no opportunity

to hear his defense, and were not allowed to hear another sermon. I knew he was right. He had in previous sermons spoken so plainly, and I had prayed so earnestly for light if he spoke the truth, and felt that I had received much, I was really sick, I felt it so unjust. Papa and mamma seemed to have suddenly gone mad. They destroyed every tract or paper he had given us. Papa returned a few books with a frigidly polite note, and that was the end of it all. I grew paler and thinner day by day until they grew alarmed, and here I am in a Latter Day Saint family with every opportunity to learn more of this beautiful work. Oh, Margaret, Margaret; if you had failed your God in that trying moment, what would I have done?"

From this time on every spare moment was spent in the study of the word, May gaining rapidly in health, as well, and when the time came for her to return to her parents, Margaret asked her if she meant to be baptized before going. She studied a moment and then said, "I would love to be, but I believe I can do more if I obey my parents. I will go to them and tell them all I have learned, and pray God to bless the effort. I have such faith in him I know he will make it plain. Good-bye, dear Mary." Then the train whirled her away into the distance. Margaret turned to her mother, and with tears streaming down her face said, "Mamma, I have learned more from my experience with that dear girl than I had learned altogether before, and I will never, no never again, try to shirk my duty."

A month passed by and only a card had come from May to tell of her safe arrival home, and the happy surprise of her loved ones at seeing her so well. Then one day there came a long letter, telling of the struggle she had had to make at home, but how finally her prayers and God's power had triumphed, and now they, too, were a united and happy family in God's kingdom.

Moral: Never fail, if the opportunity offers, to acquaint your friends with this beautiful gospel. We can not see the results, but God can.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. 4.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

BAPTISM; SCENES IN KIRTLAND; THE CONVERSION OF SIDNEY RIGDON; CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SMITH.

KIRTLAND, Ohio, March, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

YOUR most lovely and sweet-toned letters have been received by me and perused with usual interest. It is a positive satisfaction to be able to recognize in them the lively regard you cherish for my welfare in the three important phases of my life—matrimonial, financial, and spiritual. No life is lived without a contact with these three environments, though all are not partakers thereof. The last of the three named comes first in importance, and until it is a settled

problem with me, you may depend that I shall hold up both hands to resist any encroachments of the former two. Good, heaven-destined men have lived and died both celibate and poverty-stricken; and hundreds of married men and millionaires have eked out life in lustful gratification, and perished without a spark of spirituality. Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness was the advice of an unmarried man who had not where to lay his head.

Again you find me addressing you from a new locality. My religious accessions and my geographical shifts must amaze you; but every step I have taken has been well measured, whether spiritual or temporal, and I have felt all along a quietude that induced me to believe that a supreme power was leading me, molding my character, and shaping my destiny.

You may wonder what influenced me to come here. Well, your curiosity will be greatly allayed when I inform you that this has become the headquarters and a gathering point for the members of the new church. When I say "new church," new faith, or new religion, I wish to be understood as denoting an old one which has been renewed.

Coming to this point, I journeyed by Buffalo, a town at the east end of Lake Erie, which town is also in the state of New York. Westward from Buffalo lies the majestic Niagara River, with its famous falls, some twenty miles down the river, emptying into Lake Ontario. Across from Buffalo I sighted for the first time the Canadas, one of the two divisions. It is only about twenty years since the scene described was strategical to the armed forces of this country and our own, when they shed each other's blood in their mad grapple, commonly referred to as the war of 1812. Lower Canada is largely composed of French Catholics. Upper Canada has a population very similar to that of the United States.

My eyes feasted on much fine scenery *en route* for the place from whence I now write you. The time is believably coming when all the vast area intervenening my two latest homes will yield to the hand of the husbandmen, as also the fabulous regions westward and in the Canadas. What a yield must result! Who can contemplate!

May I divert—or may I return—to say that Kirtland is now the residence of Joseph Smith, who reached here from New York State in February, 1831. My lodging is in view of his residence, and not unfrequently do I see him on the streets of this progressive town, always walking in a sprightly manner, intently in pursuit of his interests relative to the stupendous work he is instrumental in bringing forth. He is indeed the very impersonation of activity and animation; yet is he unassuming, humble, and ordinary in his clothing. There is nothing pretentious about his manner, his address, his apparel; nothing that could be turned into account against him, against his claims, against his testimony. Those who know him best love him most. His haters, his despisers, and villifiers are that class who refuse and elude his company, and do not investigate his ideas. Every prolonged investigation begets confidence in his testimony, and every extended acquaintance with him

JOSEPH SMITH.

"He was clothed with humility,
For no need of seeming had he.
No trappings were on the sheath,
The sword of his soul to reveal,
All saw the make of the steel
Underneath.

"He was sweet in his soul and mild,
With the innocent trust of a child,
As he prayed to an immanent Lord;
But, stirred by the wrath of the fight,
He seemed as an angel of light
With a sword."

begets respect for his manhood and integrity. He is meek as a lamb; and when occasion demands, he is as bold as a lion. He thinks it not beneath his dignity to sing with the young, or to play with the children. No man could be more versatile, more joyful, more brave, more bold, or more humble, more talkative or more reticent than he. In fact, he is just what the occasion demands. He has that rare quality of the adaptation of himself to all circumstances, yet condones no wrong, surrenders to no evil. He is an oak in the storm, a flower in the calm. He worships no one but God, and he loathes and detests any undue regard for himself. He worships no hero, and he deprecates becoming the object of hero worship.

It does seem strange, mother, that no one of these traits his enemies describe as being so abounding in him has asserted itself. Instead of being confirmed in the impression one most naturally gathers from the rumors and endless tales one hears in outside circles, they find their impressions refuted. They find a man of the same name, but an entirely different character from what they had expected. Truly when we come to meet him about the only thing we can identify in the picture we had painted is in name—Smith.

He prays for his brethren, and requests his brethren to pray for him. He expresses his weakness and incapacity to do the great work assigned him without divine aid, which he says is materially affected by the prayers his brethren may offer on his behalf. One striking feature of the new church is the documentary revelations that are given from time to time, the purpose of which is to bring to the surface things essential to the rise and restoration of the kingdom of God that have been buried for ages under the debris of man-made creeds, errors, traditions, superstitions. And one feature of one or more of these revelations I desire to emphasize is this: that in some of those revelations Mr. Smith is rebuked quite severely for some particular failure in his conduct relative to the work assigned him to do. The circumstances of one of the revelations in which Mr. Smith is a sharer, if not in chief, of the rebukes administered, were as follows:

Martin Harris, aforenamed, had written the first one hundred and sixteen pages of the Book of Mormon translation, mostly or all at Harmony, Pennsylvania. He was desirous of taking said manuscript home with him, perhaps for retired reading, and to display to his wife. Joseph made inquiry of the Lord as to the advisability of the loan and was counseled not to let the manuscript go out of his hands; whereupon Martin Harris became persistent in his desire and ambition for that which it may be allowed had become a great treasure to him, and Joseph finally let him have it. In consequence the manuscript was stolen from its trusted holder, and the angel took the plates and interpreters from Joseph, much to his anguish. When the latter had suffered the most racking torment of mind over what had happened; when he had quite sufficiently suffered, and been humiliated for his wrong-doing, the Lord gave him a revelation, July, 1828, in which he said: "Behold,

you have been entrusted with these things; but how strict were your commandments; and remember also the promises which were made unto you, if you did not transgress them; and behold, how oft you have transgressed the commandments and the laws of God, and have gone on in the persuasions of men: for behold, you should not have feared man more than God." Further on: "Behold, thou art Joseph, and thou art chosen to do the work of the Lord, but because of transgression, if thou art not aware, thou wilt fall, but remember God is merciful; therefore, repent of that which thou hast done, which is contrary to the commandment which I gave you, and thou art still chosen, and art again called to the work; except thou do this, thou shalt be delivered up and become as other men, and have no more gift." Again: "Thou hast suffered the counsel of thy director to be trampled upon from the beginning."

We perceive that there is no attempt in his revelations at the laudation of himself, or work—a mark which if visible would stamp him at once as a charlatan. On the other hand there might be conceivable a self-condemnation, without apparent excuse, which an impostor might concoct for the doing of himself a negative augmentation; but the self-condemnation before us is not answerable to that description. Not only is it a rare thing that impostors will condemn themselves with the stoutness that we have seen in my citation; but we find in the example I have given, a condemnation appearing in due place after a chain of events leading up to it, and a chain it is, I should say, that would be the last contrivance of one who was laying a trap to deceive.

Some seventy revelations have been given thus far. Oh, mother, and I am so eager to send them to you at my first opportunity in printed form, for I have confidence that their tone, together with the pleasant spirit that enraptures you while you read them, will be fruitful in impressing your mind that they are from God. Everything I beheld about Mr. Smith, and the people who are connected with him, is a revolt of the idea that those revelations are forgeries. One thing must be admitted, that they are either blasphemous forgeries, or they are from God. If from God, then Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, the Book of Mormon is from God, and the church now inceptive is the church of God.

It is expected that time will bring about the canonization, so to speak, or the formation into a book, as a law, of all these revelations, which are given progressively, according to the exigencies of the times. It is a source of pleasure to me to know that you have received the Book of Mormon, and that thus far you are not unfavorably impressed with its contents. With you I think its teachings are elevating, and the more you read it and the more deeply you become acquainted with its internal characteristics, the weaker will become your suspicion that it might after all be the work of a deep-laid deception. We see in the Bible some characteristics peculiarly its own. We see its compactness, its repletion of ideas; we see no other book exhibiting so many ideas in the same compass; we behold the adaptation of its parts, and the apparently

undesigned correspondences in circumstance. We call these internal evidences; we say it has marks of a higher power than that of man. Now, I hold that the same thing is true in relation to the Book of Mormon; that it possesses an endowment that is the exclusive property of an inspired pen to give. Many have received testimonies similar to my own, related in my former letter. It is astonishing here at the social gatherings to hear these people stand up and relate their experiences, the personal testimonies they have received, the answers to their prayers, the visions they have beheld, the healings that have been wrought upon them.

The other evening I sat quietly at the rear of the building, and was as attentive as I could be to all the testimonies borne. Some were very feeling and touching. I felt a pleasant sensation as the meeting progressed. Much harmony prevailed. When one called for prayer there was no disinclination to bow on the part of the others; all seemed moved by the same spirit. When one arose to speak all were attentive to his utterances, and when one broke forth in the singing of a hymn, all who knew it, or were able, joined with him. The presiding officer sitting on the rostrum presently said: "Be prompt, brethren, the Spirit is with us. I feel that there is a blessing for us if we all do our duty." The response that came from the now tearful audience in a more rapid and lively participation in the exercises gave his words more significance than the casual hearer would attach to them. After a couple had spoken a third arose to speak, who after addressing the members for a moment in respect to his desires and aims, entirely gave way to the power that made him conspicuously tremulous, and began to utter unintelligible sentences, directing them at first to the audience in general, then to two or more in particular, and finally walking directly in front of me and addressing me. In the space of perhaps two or three minutes all was over. Silence reigned. The presiding officer called for prayer; all bowed. A fervent prayer was made that the interpretation might be given, when all resumed their seats. There was a moment's pause, a verse was sung, upon the conclusion of which a woman arose and proceeded to address the same ones, first collectively, then individually, that had been precedently addressed by the man in unknown sounds. She called one to the eldership, reproved another, and imagine my surprise when she came to me, a stranger to her, and called me by name in words as follows: "And unto you, Solon, I have heard your prayers, and have beheld your anxieties in regard to my work which has been established for the last time among the children of men. You are acceptable before me, save that you have not yet obeyed my gospel by receiving the ordinances at the hands of my servants, which if you will do without delay I have a multiplicity of blessings for you; and you shall have the desire of your heart granted concerning your kindred across the sea. Be obedient, therefore, and you shall be mine in the day when I shall make up my jewels." She retired promptly to her seat, and I sat reflecting on the singularity of the scene, especially wherein it pertained to me. I had heard that they

were in the enjoyment of the gift of tongues, but up to that time had not seen it manifest, and did not have a very clear idea as to how it was exercised, or just what it meant. Now all is plain. First, one speaks in an unknown tongue, moved by the Spirit of God, then some one gives the interpretation in the language understood by the audience, of what was said in the tongue unknown. When they are asked why it is not given directly in the language all understand, they defend themselves by appealing to the New Testament, where such phenomena is concurred in by Paul, who said: "If any speak in an unknown tongue, let him pray that he may interpret."—1 Corinthians 14. We see therein a provision for an apostolic practice which was in perfect keeping with what I have described. The Saints here—for thus they are known among themselves—claim that when the church was restored all the gifts of 1 Corinthians 12 were brought back to earth, and that the organization and blessings are in accordance with what we find in Mark 16; 1 Corinthians 12; Ephesians 4.

But oh, dear mother, with what thankful throbs did my heart unburden itself when I realized that the Creator of the universe, the Maker of all that is grand, noble, and sublime, was in our midst, and more especially that he would stoop to call me by name. Where was room for doubt? Why should I now linger? Why falter? Nay, I felt satisfied, for what power save that of God could communicate to me such unspeakable joy, such transports of happiness, such calm and gentle assurance. I must have stood in a similar relation to Paul, to whom Ananias said: "And now, why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins." Forthwith, mother, let me break the news to you once for all, I arose and was baptized. Subsequently I was confirmed by the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It was the day following the gift of tongues described that I was immersed. I shall never forget the day. Fertile will it ever be in the garden of my memory. Hereafter I shall feel justified in referring to the Saints as "my brethren," "our people," etc.

Compliance on my part with the principles that you could discern were gradually winning my favor ought to evince to you my implicit belief in their truth. My obedience corroborates all I have said. A man is superlatively inconsistent, who being afflicted with a certain disease is known to abstain from a remedy which he is constantly urging on others as an infallible cure for that disease. One of the best evidences I could offer you of my sincerity is to do what I did. God being my helper, I shall be faithful and allegiant to him, who after a tranquil working in me for some years, at last spoke peace to my soul, and bade me go forth and obey.

The church was organized on April 6, 1830. Many were the blessings that were bestowed. Prophecies were delivered, visions beheld, and the Spirit was mightily poured out.

On June 1 following, the first conference of the church was held at Fayette, the same place where the organization was effected about two months previous.

Eye-witnesses describe the extraordinary manner in which the power of the Lord was displayed on these occasions. Some were marvelously wrought upon to that extent that they were lifted from the floor from the spot whereon they reclined. These are things attested by witnesses, men and women, intelligent people, who are as honest as any that were ever made of common clay.

The organization of the church is progressive, and is not yet as perfect as it will be in time to come. The plan may be perfect beforehand, but it may not take effect on account of not having materials to work with. For example, there is a plan for twelve apostles, but they are not yet chosen, for the time has not yet come.

One event I must not pass over, is the introduction of the work in Kirtland. Following the organization of the church, a small force of missionaries set out in different directions, as their circumstances would permit, declaring the beautiful story, bearing testimony and selling copies of the Book of Mormon. There was at that time a congregation here of "Disciples," under the pastoral care of a very talented man by the name of Sidney Rigdon, the Disciples being a church founded by one Alexander Campbell about the same period as our own, and who on account of their founder are commonly called Campbellites. They are a very controversial people, staunch in their belief; they think they can vanquish anything that comes along. Their founder is said to be a resourceful reasoner, shrewd logician. In the first three principles, faith, repentance, and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, they are probably a unit with us; and notwithstanding the fact that they leave out many other points of equal importance, they think their case is utterly inpervious to all assaults.

It was to this place and to such a people that the new born missionaries came to present their views. You may imagine the scene that followed. Did they have a clash at arms? Well, I should say! Mr. Rigdon opposed them with all the argument and eloquence he could muster. He fought indeed till he witnessed every objection he had to offer fall flat; till every argument he proposed, till every favorite hobby, exploded under the ponderous blows of these mighty men of God. Then, like a true man, when he had done his best, when he had exerted his noblest, his utmost, when he had seen his Herculean energies so terrifically repulsed, he yielded to the conqueror, displayed the white flag, said, "You are right, and I am wrong," and was baptized. This powerful man then turned his attention to the turning of his flock in the same direction, and multitudes of them came and were baptized. Being promptly called and ordained, he went among other congregations of his former brethren, and turned many of them from the error of their way into an acceptance of the great restoration, the true light that now shineth out of darkness to illumine the souls of the sons and daughters of men.

Another historical item deserving of attention here, and one that makes this Church of Jesus Christ as peculiar, is its belief that the New Jerusalem is to be located on this continent. What next! I

almost fancy I can hear you exclaim. Well, we find in Revelation 21 an account of two cities descending on the earth which you will observe by a careful reading, and if one is to be in Palestine it is not, in the first place, unreasonable that the other should be in some other land; here for instance. When the Book of Mormon came to light it was found in that that the New Jerusalem is to be built on this land, which made its believers very anxious to know on what part of the land it would be. In several revelations given, the Lord made reference to the same, promising that he would show them in time to come. In a revelation given here in February, 1831, the Lord said: "Thou shalt ask, and it shall be revealed unto you in mine own due time, where the New Jerusalem shall be built." As an indication of the direction of its location he said in the same revelation: "And even now, let him that goeth to the east, teach them that shall be converted to flee to the west."

In another revelation, given the following March, the Lord said again: "After your brethren come from the east, there are to be certain men appointed, and to them it shall be given to know the place, or to them it shall be revealed." Forthwith a company was appointed and went up into the land of Missouri, and while there the Lord made good his promise in another revelation in which he said: "Wherefore, this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion. . . . Behold the place which is now called Independence is the center place, and the spot for the temple is lying westward upon a lot which is not far from the court-house." This revelation was given in July of the same year.

Hence our people are now purchasing those lands and gathering there that they may become fitted, sanctified, and prepared for the coming of the Son of God.

But, my only mother, I must once more wish you all well, and resign my pen to its rest. Tender regards to all the family, to my inquiring friends, to father, who I am happy to note is believing my story.

Hopefully and happily,

SOLON.

CEASE TO COMPLAIN.

BY H. J.

AMONG the weaknesses and imperfections of fallen humanity is the reprehensible habit of complaining; especially so in the matter of aches and pains and bodily distress. This perhaps belongs more to this age than to some others. The ancient Greeks and Romans would blush to speak of such things,—considering it a disgrace to be sick and ailing and a shame to call attention to it or to acknowledge that they were influenced by their sufferings.

Very few love or admire others because of ill health, but to the contrary hold them in a sort of a pitying contempt; especially if their attention is continually drawn to the subject by the parties themselves.

And yet there are hundreds of persons who love admiration, who

have formed the detestable habit of moaning and groaning and magnifying every little ache and pain until they become an object of pity and contempt. Not so much because of what they are suffering as that they have not the manly or womanly courage to minimize their suffering, if they really are suffering, by putting on a smiling face and a brave front.

Sympathy is sweet, but it is useless in this matter-of-fact world to seek it by whining about one's ailments continually. Your headache is no worse than other people's; your stomach, your tooth, your toe is much the same as your neighbor's, and perhaps is not aching as bad as theirs, who are saying nothing about it, where you are continually trying to impress them by a twisted countenance and piteous moans,—that nobody ever had such a headache or a toothache or a toeache as you have.

The chances are that while your are complaining and seeking sympathy, your audience is inwardly saying, "Then, why don't you eat less fat pork, and drink less tea and coffee; or, why don't you do a little more deep breathing, keep better hours, and wear shoes that fit you."

The true physical-cultured consider complaining not only a weakness but a disgrace. They are proud of what health and strength they have, and knowing the value of it as a factor for power and admiration, they put the best foot forward, not even acknowledging what lingering relics of indisposition there yet may be about them.

Complaining in this way is not nice, or dignified. Even the complainer despises it in others, yet fails to check it in himself.

In Saints it is not excusable. The Lord has pronounced against it. If it were not a thing that is unnecessary, and could be overcome; if it were not a thing that he despises, he would not have said, "Cease to complain of pain and sickness and distress of body. . . . Bear the burdens of body," etc.—Doctrine and Covenants 119:9.

The Lord, who is kind and loving, understands our aches and pains, and does pity us in our fallen condition. Do not let us prevent him from loving and admiring us at the same time, by our continual complaining.

The beginning of a New-year is not the only time to make good resolutions. Let all the Saints make this one,—that is, those who complain:

"Resolved, That I will heed the Lord's word, and from now on cease to complain and talk about my bodily ills; and if ever called upon to mention them at all, to render them as small as possible instead of as large as possible."

Remember that the world loves and admires the healthy and brave, but has contempt for the weak and contemptible.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

ELDER J. C. CLAPP.

From a recent photograph.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART VII.

I WILL pass over much of my experience and hardships that I met in Northern Oregon, and again step down to Douglas County where, being at my wits' end as to what was best to do, I learned that a wagon-train was to start to the big valley on the Pitt River in Northeastern California, and I made my way to the train that I found encamped on the South Umpqua. I went and found the train and found the proprietor or main one was this same Bro. Buell. He had a herd of sheep and several wagons, and several others had joined him, for they were going to settle in an Indian country, and they had gotten up a party for mutual protection. They were going in what is now Modoc County. Bro. Buell needed some one to drive a four line team, and it just suited me, for I thought if there was any one thing I could do better than anything else, it was to drive a four or six-line team. The brother asked me if I would preach of nights if he would have the boys make up a big fire, and of course I consented; after that preaching was in evidence nearly every night the whole trip, till we got out to the Pitt River, about three hundred miles, and by the time we got there quite a number of the train were converted, and I baptized Bro. Buell in the Ash Creek,

near Pitt River, and several others. I ordained Bro. Buell to the office of elder, and organized a branch with Bro. Buell in charge. I then helped them to stake off their claims and left them, again on foot and alone. I did not ask them to supply me with a little of the filthy lucre. Bro. Buell had gone over into Fall River Valley and was not at the home camp, so I left without a cent.

I had thought to travel with one Mr. Harris, but we failed to connect, and I took it the old way. My way was for seventy-five miles in an Indian country, through what was called the Hat Creek country. The Hat Creek Indians used to be very hostile, but they were not very bad at the time I passed through the country. I was not afraid of them, yet I thought best to be a little cautious. It was about two hundred and fifty miles to where Bro. D. M. Williams lived on the Sacramento River. I had brought Bro. Williams into the church some years before, and I knew if I could get there I would be all right. It was cold of nights passing through the Hat Creek Mountains, but I would make a little fire and, Indian like, would get close to it and turn first one side and then the other to keep from chilling; but I had only two nights of this kind of weather until I got into the Sacramento Valley. There it was as hot as a bake oven. My feet got sore and my grub gave out and I began to murmur as usual. I was now in the settled country, but was too proud to ask for food. My feet were so blistered that I could not wear my boots, and I took my underwear from my little grip and wrapped them around my feet, and carried my boots in my hands. Near Red Bluffs I gave out and lay down in the shade to rest and try to sleep a little. I took a spell of something like pleurisy, and I thought I would die there all alone.

Finally a man came along, the man Harris, that I had hoped to travel with. He tried to do something for me, and he did perhaps the best that could be done there. He had a bottle of Trappers' Indian Oil, and I took a big dose of it, and it seemed to relieve me. After Mr. Harris left me I lay and rested and I think slept a little. At Red Bluffs, which was the end of navigation on the Sacramento River, there was a steamer going down the river, and I went and applied for a ride, but was refused; so I plodded along with my feet swollen till they were almost like puffballs. I finally fell in with a man who was camped, and he was eating his dinner or lunch on bread, raw bacon, and raw onions. He invited me to share with him, which I did with a relish, and after partaking I felt strengthened. Had it not been for my sore feet I could have walked on quite well, but oh! the misery I was enduring, no one could tell only those that have done likewise. Weary and discouraged, I trudged on until night, when I came to a big mansion of a house near the road, and I thought I would try to find something to eat. I did not care so much for lodging, for I could sleep by the wayside, but I was hungry. I found the sole occupant was a young man about twenty-one years old. He was the son of the old man that owned the big ranch of seventeen thousand acres of land with lots of stock. There was no one living on the place at that time, and the young

man had been sent out for a few days to see that all was right on the ranch. His father kept a large hotel in Sacramento. The young man was glad to take me in, for he was lonesome. He treated me very kindly and seemed glad to minister to my wants. I found him to be a very intelligent young man, and although I was much exhausted I talked with him nearly all night, and then with my mind full of thoughts and body full of pain I lay down; but the little sleep I got was so delirious and flighty that it did me but little good.

The next morning the young man took me in his buggy to a place called the Willows, about ten miles on my way, and paid my passage across the river, and I again took up the line of march. I was now within nine miles of Bro. Williams' and yet it seemed impossible for me ever to get there, for my swollen feet had thrown me into a hot fever, and from my head to my feet I was in a rack of pain. I fainted by the way and lay down under a big oak-tree, to die, as I supposed. I lay in a kind of swoon, I know not how long, but I finally awoke, smarting from head to foot. I was covered with red ants and they were getting in their work in good shape. (Their bite is nearly like the sting of a bee.) This instilled a little new life into me, and I got up and was trying to free myself from them when two gentlemen came along on horseback and I got them to take my grip to Colusa, a town not far from where Bro. Williams lived. I told them to leave it at the post-office. They seemed to be nice men, and when they left they expressed regret that they could be of no further service to me. I trudged along, and even after I got in sight of the house I felt I must give up and die, for I never could make it. I would walk a few rods and then lie down and pray, and walk again, but finally I reached the house, and here I found a warm welcome and sympathetic hearts. With the very best of nursing, it was four weeks before I could wear my boots.

I got to Washington Corners, California, in time for the fall conference, but was so bad off that it was not enjoyable to me. After the conference I went to Santa Cruz, California, to rest and recuperate my health; and spent the greater part of the winter with Bro. Norman Moses and his family. In the spring I was again appointed to Oregon. This time Elder J. W. Gillen was appointed to go with me. Bro. Simeon Stivers, of Washington Corners, gave me a horse, and Bro. Frank Young gave Bro. Gillen a horse, and so we started out for a trip of six hundred miles, or perhaps seven hundred miles, on horseback. We chose the most of our way through an unsettled country, on account of getting grass for our horses so as to make our traveling as cheap as possible, but we could not carry enough stuff on our horses to make us comfortable. In riding through the Sacramento Valley the mercury registered as high as one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, several days. We suffered considerably, but I felt more for Bro. Gillen than for myself, for he had not been used to such hardships. After we got into the mountains we fared much better till we got so far into them that it began to be too cold, and we began to suffer as much from the cold as we had

suffered from the heat. We went by the way of Big Valley on the Pitt River, where I had planted the gospel standard about two years before under trying circumstances.

Arriving at Big Valley, we found that quite a number of the Saints there had moved away, and the little branch was broken up; but we found enough to give us a hearty welcome, and as quite a number of strangers had moved in, we immediately unfurled the flag and went to work. We had good crowds and good attention for a new country. At Big Valley we were opposed by a United Brethren preacher by the name of Mayfield. He was one of the kind that thought he knew all that was worth knowing. He came and hunted us up. Said he wanted to get hold of us. He would fix us so we would never show our heads in Big Valley again. Said he, "I am the man that has got the steel-pointed, case-hardened tongue." Bro. Gillen took him in hand. I said nothing, but I looked on and listened, and I can truly say that I never heard a man get such a flogging in my life as he did. Gillen would not let him get off with anything, and made everything he said look ridiculous. Poor Mayfield got so confounded that he could not say anything, and he was afraid to try for fear Gillen would make it look absurd. It was truly amusing. I asked Mayfield if his case-hardened tongue had not thrown off on him a little.

When we left Big Valley we went a new route by the way of Lost River, and Tule Lake. We expected to make our first camp at a place called Pilgrim's Camp; but we missed our way and the pilgrims didn't find the camp. When night came it found us away on the high table-land, well up on the sides of the mountains in the junipers, and we had to make a dry camp, that is, without water. We did not have bedding sufficient for that cold place, so we spent a miserable night. Bro. Gillen said he thought it was a hard way of serving the Lord. Our horses had plenty of good bunch grass, with no water; but they fared much better than we did. The coyotes gave us a free concert, and kept us awake nearly all night. We started quite early in the morning, taking our bearings for what we thought to be Tule Lake, or towards where we thought it must be located. About an hour after we got started I took a hard chill, and I was very sick, but rode on. We found a little spring about ten o'clock in the morning, but by that time my chill had given way to a high fever. We camped and kindled a little fire; and were waiting for the fire to burn down a little so we could set our tin cups on to make our tea (our camp outfit consisted of a pint cup each). We would set our cups on the fire and boil water and then drop in a little tea, and when we had bacon we would broil a piece of bacon on a stick, and our meal was ready. I felt so sick I lay down to rest; and Bro. Gillen lay down and went to sleep; when all at once I heard the fire crackling and roaring like a storm, and I aroused Bro. Gillen; but it was too late, our camp was on fire, and the little grub we had was burned up. The fire had caught in the high grass and we had a hard fight to put it out. Our saddles were badly scorched, Bro. Gillen's top-coat was ruined, our blankets were

burned, great holes in them, and we were in a bad fix in an unsettled country, as we had no idea where we would get anything to eat. We did not even have a gun to shoot a sage-hen with. Bro. Gillen was blue and very much discouraged, but we started on and about two or three o'clock we crossed the Lost River on a natural bridge; about half a mile after we had crossed, and were traveling along up the river, an old Indian squaw came up out from under the river bank and began to talk in a tongue we did not understand. I spoke to her in the Piute tongue and said, "Why don't you talk Piute so we can understand you?" and that just suited her. She could talk Piute much better than I could, and she began telling us a pitiful story. She said they were in an enemy's country, and they had two little girls that were sick, and they wanted medicine, bread, etc. (The girls were about ten and twelve years old.) I told them there were plenty of fish in the river, and the old lady said they could not eat fish, they could not keep them on their stomachs.

I interpreted for Bro. Gillen and he seemed sad to think that we could do nothing for the little girls. He said, greatly affected, "Joseph, our arms are too short," and with tearful eyes we passed on, but after we had gotten several miles away, Bro. Gillen expressed regret that we had not administered to them, and I also was ashamed to think that I had not thought to give them such as we had. We went on like one of old, not knowing whither we went, and very late in the afternoon away towards the setting sun we saw a cloud of dust. It was a long way down the valley, but I was satisfied it indicated a band of sheep; and we struck a bee line across the country for the sheep camp. There was no road, but the valley was open and level, and just before the sun sank behind the western hills we came up to the sheep herd. Here again were two parties made glad, for the sheep herder was alone. The two proprietors had gone off to hunt a better sheep range, and the herder, like our Robinson Crusoe of old, had no companions but his dogs; he was in an Indian country, and was afraid he would lose his scalp. As soon as we came up to him I thought I knew him. I thought he was a man by the name of Frank Williams that I used to know in Santa Cruz County, California, and I sang out, "Hello, Frank! I am glad to see you." He seemed glad to see me, and I pressed forward to shake hands with him. I soon let him know that our commissary had fallen a victim to the flames and that we had taken nothing for our stomachs' sake for thirty hours. Frank supplied us liberally with bread, bacon, and coffee, and after supper I began to inquire about some of our old friends in Santa Cruz. He did not seem to know anything about them. I thought it strange that I could not make him recollect anybody, and so I finally said, "Isn't your name Frank Williams?" "No," he said, "my name is Frank Fisher." I knew then that I was in for it, for Bro. Gillen was always watching me to get something on me, and he would certainly make a big thing out of that; but we were in such straightened circumstances I did not look for it just then. In the morning Frank Fisher and I had a shooting match at a target, then we started on. After we got over

the Kalamath River we got some grub, and when Bro. Gillen got to feeling pretty well he got to taking me off, telling how hard I tried to rake up an acquaintance with "Frank" so as to get something to eat. And every place we went after that he told it on me and always enlarged on it, for every time he told it a little bigger than he did before, until he got a big thing out of it.

After we left the Kalamath River, we started across the Siskiyou Mountains through the great forests of sugar pine, spruce, and hemlock. It was a scene to be remembered, for the forest had been untouched by the hand of man, excepting to carve the temporary road that we were traveling. Those that have not traveled in these great forests, have no idea what they are. At times the shades would be so dense that it was almost as dark as night, and it was quite a relief to get into a little opening where one could have the sunlight. We traveled on, admiring the beautiful scenery, till we were reminded that night was approaching. With the approach of night came also the cold mountain breeze, and we began to think of preparing for the night, for we expected it would be very cold, as indeed it was, and there was not a house within thirty miles of us that we knew of. We were poorly supplied for such a cold place, especially after getting our blankets so badly burned, so we had to make the best of it.

We came to a little vale of about two acres, with a little stream of crystal water running through it, a most romantic looking little place with a fringe of stately pines all around it, but the little valley or prairie was like a well kept lawn. I thought that if Tom Moore had found this spot, it would have furnished the inspiration for a better poem than when he visited the vale of Cashmere. We camped for the night, but it was so cold that we had to jump around like boys to keep ourselves warm; but we finally hit onto a plan that we thought would be just the thing. All around the edge of the little valley were large pine-knots that were full of rosin or pitch, and then, there was no scarcity of them. We began to carry them together and rake pine-straw and pine-cones together, and enjoyed the work so well that we finally got at least four cords of those pine-knots together; when we got ready to make our scanty bed we set the fire going, and it was one of the grandest bonfires I ever saw. It would have done double honor to the hero of Manilla. The flames almost leaped above the tops of the tall pines, and roared like a tornado, but soon it got too hot for us, and we had to move our bed farther away. Well, we only got fairly located till it was again too hot, and we had to move again. I think we moved three times and then as the fire began to burn down we began to move back, so we were kept moving nearly all night, and we got little or no sleep, but plenty of exercise.

We still had a long journey ahead of us, and our horses were getting jaded, and our cash was getting low; but we were getting near the settlements and were not afraid of Indians or of starving to death. The day before we got to Looking Glass Prairie where old Bro. Buell lived (Bro. Buell had moved back to Oregon), we got

out of grub, and the last morning we had only about a handful of cracker dust which we put into our tin cups of water and stirred it around and drank it. That was our breakfast. It was rather a light breakfast, but it was all we had till evening, and Bro. Gillen again thought it was a hard way of serving the Lord. But about four o'clock we landed at Bro. Buell's and were again happy.

Bro. Gillen could not be persuaded to stay in the Oregon mission longer than he did. It was too rough for him, but I often told him it was the easiest time I had ever had in that mission; and so it was, for I had traveled over all that country on foot and alone, and had raised up many friends to the cause, and there were many homes to welcome us where once there was no open door for an elder's welcome.

After some labor in that vicinity we again started north. Our destiny was now Sweet Home, in Linn County, where I had years before built up quite a large branch of the church. But by the time we got there my horse was so jaded that he was no longer able to carry me, for I was heavy and my horse was poor, having had to subsist mostly on grass. I traded my horse for a very large mare and gave my watch to boot. The mare was a very unruly animal and had never been broken, in fact, the owner thought she could not be broken, either to the saddle or to the harness. Bro. Gillen thought I was making a bad trade unless I wanted to be killed, but I knew that I could ride anything that would stand on its feet, for I had been noted for my horsemanship, and had conquered many of the very worst animals that could be found, and I knew I could ride the big mare. On my first mount she plunged and bawled until she sounded like an African lion. Bro. Gillen wanted to kill her. Sometimes it was almost like a sailor hanging onto the yard of a ship in time of a storm. Every morning for a month I had a tussle with old Belle (as I called her), but I finally completely conquered her, and then Bro. Gillen thought I had made a good trade.

Bro. Gillen and I labored together quite successfully, but did little pioneering. We labored mostly over the ground that I had previously traveled over, and tried to build up and strengthen those already in the faith, and in this I think was our chief success. But Bro. Gillen got tired of the mission, and as it was getting late in the fall, he thought we had better go back to California. It was too late to go on horseback, so we began to make arrangements for a wagon. We traded off our horses for two work horses in Douglass County, and traded our saddles for a *very* light wagon; and the Saints fitted us out with the best outfit I have ever had since I was in the ministry, plenty of grub and blankets.

I am passing over many things that occur to my mind, that while of interest to me at the time, may not be of moment enough to chronicle here; but it is sufficient here to say that we made our way to California, passing through the cold, snowy mountains in good shape, and as comfortably as one could expect, although suffering some with the cold. I will mention one little mishap that came nearly proving fatal to me. I have already

mentioned the fact that Bro. Gillen was always trying to get some kind of a joke on me, and surely he never missed an opportunity to do so. A fine opportunity was offered for a big laugh at my expense while traveling down the Upper Sacramento River. It was in the high mountains, and we had been driving till sometime after dark, and it was intensely dark. In this vicinity the Sacramento is said to be the most rapid river in the world, and there are few places one can get down to the water. The place where we camped was close to an old mill site, and the bank was very abrupt. We led our horses down to the river bank, but it was so dark that we had to trust to the horses to find the water, and my horse would snort and fly back as though she were afraid of the water. While I was trying to get her up to the water I fell in and I found there was a strong current setting in under the bank, and the bank was solid rock and shelving. I called for Bro. Gillen to help me, but the roaring of the river made it difficult for me to make him understand my condition. Fortunately he could see better than I could, and I finally made him understand and he came to me. I was digging my finger nails into the rock to keep from being carried under the shelving bank. Bro. Gillen took hold of me and it took him two or three efforts before he got me out. I could not have held on another quarter of a minute. But after I was out and on *terra firma* I found out why it was that it was so hard for Bro. Gillen to get me out. He was so convulsed with laughter that he was so weak he could not lift me out; but as an apology for his laughter I will say that neither of us knew what a terrible place it was till next morning. Viewed in the daylight it was a desperate looking place, and I wonder how I managed to hold on as long as I did. Just below, eight or ten rods, was a terrible cataract that I would have been dashed over had Bro. Gillen not taken hold of me just when he did.

In thinking over my checkered life and calling to mind my many narrow escapes, I sometimes think 'twere better I had fallen many years ago. It would have saved me from much trouble and affliction and many tears, and perhaps saved some trouble to my friends. And again I would think, he, God, doeth all things well; and I was only filling my destiny according to the will of him that doeth all things well, and perhaps 'tis well that I have lived and suffered and sowed that some others may reap. And in recounting all my mistakes and failures, and the *many* wrong things I have done, I can only draw comfort from the fact that I have eaten no idle bread. I have done what I could.

We arrived in California in time for the fall conference and I stepped out of the wagon and gave my part to Bro. Gillen, as he had a family and I had none; and besides he was talking of moving to Montana, so my part of the wagon and equipment came very handy to him. Bro. Gillen soon went down to San Bernardino and did an excellent work among the people, so they fitted him out with four young horses, new harness and wagon, and much provision. I also went south to see my mother, and was ready to go back north

when Bro. Gillen was, so I traveled with him and helped him to break his team, for he was a poor hand with horses and his team was wild, and some of them were hard to govern. I drove the team five hundred miles, and by that time they were well in hand and were a good team.

I left Bro. Gillen at San Jose Mission, and went to Santa Cruz, where I opened a work and brought some into the church. I found a good home with Bro. Meader. While at the Meader place Father Meader wanted me to stay with his three granddaughters (all the family he had) while he took the old lady to San Francisco to have her eyes operated on. Said it would take about seven weeks, or perhaps two months; so I stayed and took care of his business to his complete satisfaction. But before the time expired, Mother Meader died very suddenly of heart failure and was brought home a corpse. I got a telegram announcing her death, and was advised to send a hearse to Watsonville (the first railroad station), to meet and receive the corpse, and was requested to preach the funeral.

Just after the funeral I opened a correspondence with some of my relatives in Kentucky. I had never seen my kinfolks; in fact I had never seen any of my kin, for I was born after my folks had gone west. So I resolved to go to the general conference that was to be held in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and if I found it convenient to go and see my kinfolks and preach the gospel to them I would go. Agreeably to my feelings I was appointed to that mission, in charge. It was called the Southeastern Mission and composed all the territory from the Ohio River on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the Mississippi on the west, to the Atlantic Ocean on the east. In this mission I succeeded Elder T. W. Smith, but the mission had only been opened in Alabama and Florida. I began my work in Kentucky and Tennessee. While at Council Bluffs, Iowa, I met President Joseph Smith, and although I hadn't seen him since we were boys together in Nauvoo, he recognized me at once and called me by name. I was quite sick and threatened with paralysis at the time, and Bro. Joseph and Bishop Rogers administered to me, and Joseph said, "Verily thus saith the Spirit, Thy sickness is not unto death. Thou shalt go into the southern country, and among thine own kindred thou shalt build up a branch of the church." I was appointed, as before stated, but Joseph at the time he made the prediction did not know that I would be appointed. I went to Kentucky and began to preach among my kinfolks, who were all Campbellites, and, of course, strongly set against the truth. I had several public discussions with their elders, in all of which the truth was triumphant, and finally, as the Campbellites saw their heroes were falling one by one, they thought they must do something to save their church, so they sent to Louisville, Kentucky, and got the Reverend R. B. Tremble, but he was no cheap man. They had to pay him four hundred dollars to come up to Graves County to save the flock. The discussion lasted ten days, and at the close I found that the truth had triumphed most gloriously, and my kinfolks began to ask for baptism. In the mean-

time the conference sent J. H. Hansen down to help me, so, as I was looking for Bro. Hansen I postponed baptism till he came, and I think we baptized about forty in all, and we organized a branch. The first time we met in branch capacity, I noticed that they were all my relatives. I felt now, with Bro. J. H. Hansen as a helper, that we could cope with almost any kind of opposition, and indeed I found him a genial companion and an industrious worker; much more capable of presiding over the mission than I was.

I also took a trip down into South Alabama and Florida and met with splendid success. I performed but few baptisms, preferring the local authorities to do that work while I did the preaching.

After staying in the mission about eighteen months I got word from California that my mother was about to die, and she wanted me to come home if possible before she passed away. So I resigned the field in favor of Bro. Hansen. I made my way to Council Bluffs to where the conference of '74 (I think) was to be held, and from there I was again appointed to the Pacific Slope Mission.

At Ogden, while on my way to California to see my mother, I met my brother William, whom I had not seen in nineteen years. He, too, was on his way to find mother, "if she was still alive." We had supposed brother William dead for many years, yet mother always said she would see William again in this life. William had his family with him and was going to locate on the Pacific slope, but his main object in coming to California was to see mother once more if he could find her. It was by mere accident that I met him at Ogden. I only had time to exchange a few words with him, as he was on the slow train and I on the fast train. I told him I would meet him at Oakland wharf, and convey him to the steamer for Los Angeles. (There was no railroad in Southern California in those days.) I met William and only had time to hurry him to the wharf where the steamer was waiting, especially for our train. I only had time to telegraph to the folks that I was coming, but was afraid to tell them that William was also coming for fear that they would not act wisely in breaking the news to mother, for I learned by telegram that she was still alive; but mother seemed to know that William was coming, and when told I was on the way from San Francisco she said, "Yes, and William is coming to see me die." After a voyage of about forty hours we landed at San Pedro, and my brother Johnnie met me at the landing and said that mother was still alive, but very low. I went quietly into a room next to her and my sister said quietly, "Mother, Joseph is here." And mother said, "Yes, and so is William. Tell him to come in."

William spoke up and said, "Yes, mother, I am here. I have come three thousand miles to see you."

She seemed to rally for a season and talked a great deal. Sometimes she would want to talk to us all together, and sometimes to one of us at a time. She several times bore her testimony to the latter-day work.

Finally, one morning early, she called us all to her bedside, and there in a clear but weak voice she bore her last testimony and bade

us all good-bye. She said she had suffered long, and endured many afflictions, since she first obeyed the gospel. It had been her comfort and consolation all through life, but it never gave such absolute comfort as it did that morning. It never seemed so precious before. She gently folded her hands across her breast, and gave one look of love at us all, and closed her eyes as though passing into a sweet and restful sleep. A most beautiful smile came upon her face. All were surprised to see such beauty in death. Yes, she was beautiful in life, but more beautiful in death. She died on November 13, 1874, in the fifty-ninth year of her age.

My covenant was now fulfilled, and I thank God that I was able to make her last days her most peaceful days, and to minister to her wants in life; then to lay her away on the hill, overlooking the beautiful city of Los Angeles.

Mother was a woman of remarkable fortitude. She suffered intensely for many years, but managed to hide her true condition so well that but few knew of it.

After this I felt that I was truly alone in the world. Although I had been away from home much of the time since I had been in the ministry, yet I felt that home was where mother was, and there my heart would turn, for there my affections were centered, and I could now answer the solemn question, "What is home without a mother?" It was nothing but a wilderness, a barren waste to me.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church, in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner.)

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER, AND THE REPLY.

SIDNEY LUTHER whistled a lively air as he walked homeward in the evening twilight. Soft spring breezes from the countryside wandered down the city streets. A robin chirped in the top of a poplar-tree whose leaf-buds were daily swelling with their promise of future greenery. As he turned in at the open gate and walked up the path toward the little cottage that was his home, he noticed the spring flowers that had thrust themselves up through the sod bordering

his walk; tulip, crocus, hyacinth, they made a brave and bright display,—later would come the wealth of roses and summer bloom.

His sister, admirer, and chum, Minnie, came flying from the open door to meet him. Flushed cheeks, red ribbons flying from her braided hair, bright plaid dress, laughing eyes, formed an attractive addition to the spring finery of the little yard. It struck him suddenly that the bright vivaciousness of the child would soon merge into full, attractive bloom of young womanhood.

Presently the little family surrounded the supper-table (two blocks away "dinner" was being served in the Humphrey Smith residence). Grace was said, and the tanner fell to with the honest appetite of a laboring man. The tanner's wife sat in her place, a watchful eye upon the children. She was the same fine-featured, soft-tinted, unchallenged lady that she had been as "our minister's wife." Presently her low voice queried, "Well, Sidney, how did you get through the day?"

"Fine, fine," he responded heartily, at the same time intercepting an enormous spoonful of food that was approaching little Viola's mouth. "Take smaller bites, child," he chided.

"She's like Reverend Hubbard," spoke up Arthur, his own table manners not yet irreproachable. "I heard Tommy Watt's father say that when Reverend Hubbard took your place he bit off more" —again the hand intercepted.

Little Viola, who had been sitting stiff and rigid, winking very rapidly, now subsided into a pink and tousled heap of woe, rent with intermittent storms of sobs and reproaches.

Under the quiet and tactful touch of Rose Luther, the storm soon abated, and little Viola resumed her supper, only at intervals bending upon her father, eyes in the blue sky of which lurked a few clouds of disapprobation.

"I got on fine," continued the tanner, picking up the thread of conversation that had become entangled around little Viola's silver spoon; and perhaps taking his simile from her way of eating, he went on: "Everything is coming my way. We'll see better times from now on, I hope."

At this juncture, Minnie sprang up with girlish impetuosity, exclaiming, "Oh, I forgot! The postman left a letter for brother. I'll get it this minute!"

The letter, when placed in the tanner's hand, looked innocent enough, yet unknown to them it was destined to change the tenor of their lives.

"Who is it from?" queried Rose Luther; and after the manner of women she took it from his hand and endeavored to identify it by the postmark or the handwriting, neither of which proved familiar.

"Perhaps," replied the husband, with twinkling eye, "we can tell by opening it," and he again possessed himself of the missive. A little pause and a rustling of paper followed, and then he announced, "McBernie,—now who is McBernie? Oh, I remember, the old

Scotchman who used to come to our meetings when I was a 'journeyman clergyman.' What can he want?"

"Perhaps," interjected Minnie, "you can tell by reading it." The tanner joined in the laugh at his own expense, and then read aloud:

"MENTONE, ————, April 25, 19—.

"MY DEAR MR. LUTHER:

"You may be a bit surprised to hear from me. You will remember that I called at the West End Church several times while yet you were its pastor, and once after, when Reverend Hubbard went to his cupboard, and bones were our portion *that* night. You will remember a little talk that we had the last time I met you. Ever since then I have nursed a project in my own head, and the time has come to christen it. I have kept track of you through a friend who is a merchant in your city, and I find that you have not made so sorry a failure as a laboring man, so perhaps you would feel no shame to go back to your calling as a preacher, because no one could say ye had to. I find, too, that you are somewhat connected with another church than the one that had no room in its creed for thought. Now, in this very community there are some members of the same church. Moreover, there is here a big church-building standing idle. The various denominations built a union church and started out in fine shape to teach peace on earth, and, lo; what happens but they all break up in a big fuss. There are no meetings for some time, yet all that is needed is some one to rally them. He would find some good sheep and some unruly goats, but more of the sheep, I'm thinking. The church is just in the edge of Mentone, and you could draw from both the town and the country. I live in the edge of town on a little farm, all by myself, which is bad for a Scotchman, of my age, who ought to be at the head of a clan. My youngest son is in college; the others are gone. My wife, who was too good for me, went over on the other side a year ago; and though I have not yet found the church that suits me, I am more than ever interested in laying up some treasure over there. Lad, I feel impressed to write. It is no salary we can promise; but one, at least, is hungering and thirsting to hear more of your kind of preaching. Is there now any hope at all that you could move down here? The country air would be fine for your children and the lady.

"Your servant,

"WILLIAM MCBERNIE."

Minnie sat with both elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, attentively regarding her brother. Rose Luther also studied his face, but he folded the letter and put it in his pocket without remark.

The matter was not again mentioned until the evening prayer, and after that the tanner and his wife talked of it far into the night. Two weeks later McBernie received his reply.

"P————, ————, May 11, 19—.

"MY DEAR MR. MCBERNIE:

"Your letter was received some two weeks ago. I have given it a careful reading and prayerful consideration. It came to me with

a strange appeal, and I could not put it aside lightly, if I would. It may be that I will fall in with your plan, surprising as it now seems to me. I have worked at my trade for nearly two years, and I am doing well. I have been foreman of my department for some time and command excellent wages; yet I am not satisfied with mere financial advancement. I feel that God has a work for me to do, and it may be that he is leading me your way. I am nominally connected with a church that claims to be the church of Christ. Its teachings seem to be more nearly in harmony with the teachings of Christ than those of any other church. Yet I am not fully satisfied that I have found or can find the church that in teaching and organization is in complete harmony with the New Testament church. If I do find one, I shall sever my connection with all others instantly. My mind is led to a favorable contemplation of your plan by reason of a peculiar dream that I have had repeated three nights in succession. I dreamed that I came to a little village or city, and that you met me. Presently we went to work to build a large building, of material that we found there ready to our hands. We had it nearly erected, and were quite proud of it, when one appeared on the scene who claimed to be an expert builder. Under his instructions we tore the former building down. We selected some of the material and rejected some of it, and with the material that we had saved, together with new material, we constructed a new building, smaller, but more beautiful than the former. Now I know that people who attach importance to dreams are regarded as superstitious. Yet God spoke to Joseph, regarding the designs of Herod, in a dream; he spoke to Joseph of Egypt, Nebuchadnezzar, and many others in dreams. Does he do so in these days? I know that he does. Moreover, the Scriptures bear me out in such a thought. You will hear from me again.

"Your obedient servant,
"SIDNEY LUTHER."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONQUEST OF MENTONE.

When Sidney Luther and family alighted from the westbound express at Mentone, the first snowflakes of the winter were softly filtering earthward. Not much of their future field of operation was open to scrutiny. Several loungers were assisting the depot to stand erect and defiling the white robe of earth with extract of horseshoe plug.

A board walk leading townward, melted into misty nothingness, and presently out of the grayness whither it tended, McBernie materialized, as though new created by the fabled scientific "fortuitous concourse of atoms."

The little group trudged away, McBernie leading, followed by Sidney Luther, carrying little Viola, not quite so little now; then came Rose Luther, and next, Arthur, subdued and "close herded" by

Minnie, who had grown tall, maidenly, and decorous. After devious turns and wanderings that induced vertigo to their sense of direction, McBernie's little home was reached.

Here the old gentleman lived alone, subsisting on a diet of bread and butter and hot Postum. Yet everything was neat and orderly, and the ladies moved by mysterious feminine tendencies, glancing hastily over the woodwork of the interior, saw no pressing need for housecleaning. Several small shelves supported a collection of books, including the Bible, also several scientific works, and "The Unspeakable Scot,"—the last named a book that the old man cordially hated, yet kept to read and rail at during periods that otherwise would have been lonely.

It was arranged for the family to lodge with McBernie until they could move into a little house, just a few yards away, that had been secured for them. A few hours of gray and mottled light were left, and Arthur wandered forth to investigate. The various mechanical devices of farm machinery that met his gaze required individual manipulation. The old Moline riding-plow was the first selected, being approached from a point of vantage in the rear. He loosened the right lever with some difficulty, and then it abruptly sprang forward and the young Balboa followed in swift, ungraceful flight, coming to earth on his stomach, amid a whirl of snow. Minnie rescued him, cleared his eyes and mouth until vocal expression was regained, and firmly but gently guided his footsteps into the house.

Sunday dawned clear and bright. Sleigh-bells jingled merrily up and down the village streets and over the country roads. A better view was secured, of the little tree-dotted village and the beautiful rolling country that surrounded it.

It can not be denied that the morning service at the old union church (as it was still called, though it now belonged to the church of which Luther was a minister,) was an event. All were agog to see and hear the "new preacher." They critically examined his clothing, his way of sitting and standing, his gestures, his voice, his keen, pale face, black eyes, and high forehead, and marked this and that down for or against him. Also, the minister's wife was closely watched. "Will she be stuck-up?" "How does she dress?" "Will she be a good leader of the aid society?" These questions demanded attention. Also, how about the children? Were they well-behaved? Minnie resented the stares, of which she received her share, but added years and dignity prevented any adequate return. Rose Luther seemed unconscious of the scrutiny; though she flushed a little when compelled to subdue Arthur, who was bent on returning gratuitous insults surreptitiously offered by the boy two seats away.

Luther was happily unconscious of the crucible of public opinion in whose hot center he was being assayed. His mind was taken up with his sermon, which he prefaced with these remarks:

"Friends, brethren, sisters: I come among you, being led, as I believe, by the voice of God. But let us understand each other at the start. Many of you are members of the church that I have

allied myself with. The motto of the church is, 'Where the Bible speaks we speak.' That seems a good enough motto; but I say, here and now, if I ever discover that the church does not live up to it, I shall go on and leave the church. In such an event my charge will revert into your hands, and I will endeavor to leave you not injured by reason of our association. I am and have been studying the Bible carefully. I believe that the churches have overlooked many truths contained therein. They have overlooked many prophecies that deal with our own times. Who dares to believe the Bible as it is may follow me; only, however, so far as I follow Christ."

Evidently his years of contact with men as a tanner had enhanced rather than diminished his power as a preacher. Men listened. He was less boyish, more mature, and powerful. The concensus of opinion, arrived at after careful debate in the entry way, at home, over the back fence, and at the grocery-store, was favorable. Mrs. Barker, fat and comfortable, almost suffocatingly religious, not able to grasp complexities of doctrine, yet impressed with his indorsement of the Bible and his reverent way of speaking the name of the Deity, shook his hand cordially and declared, "What a blessed hope we have in the blessed book, and what a blessed thought that our blessed elder brother has done it all for us!" Luther looked at her keenly, but said nothing. Her husband, Norman Barker, the jolly drayman who had delivered Luther's trunks, a big six-foot whale of a man, with a voice like thunder, frankly grasped his hand in one excruciating wrench and bellowed, "You'll do, young man." Barker was supposed to be quite absolutely void of religion. His irreligious nature was Mrs. Barker's chief topic of testimony at the weekly prayer-meetings. Luther smiled at the hearty greeting. Miss Halloway, who was more sentimental than religious, and who led the soprano, declared that the new preacher was "simply divine." Deacon Hardpack, bent, old, but stubborn and critical, shook his head and peered from under his bushy brows. Mrs. Deacon Hardpack, kind old soul, was vastly relieved when Rose Luther shook her hand cordially and smiled that sweet and winning smile, and immediately became a championess of the minister's wife's husband. The mass of the congregation felt that he was an honest man and one who knew how to preach. Mr. E. E. Miller, an old gentleman with a long, white beard, smooth-shaven upper lip, eyes like hawk's eyes, and a reputation of always having a grouch and of having broken up one or two congregations, greeted the new minister almost cordially. He indulged in a little, flitting, frosty smile that he used when almost pleased; he had never been pleased. The smile was like a brief glint of winter sun on the surface of a polished icicle. No one ever addressed Mr. E. E. Miller by his first name; he was always Mr. E. E. Miller.

The church was chaotic. Old grudges were unsettled, only held in abeyance by the curiosity over the new preacher. Disgruntled odds and ends of various denominations were in attendance. Secretly, a strong prejudice had been fostered in certain quar-

ters against the radical ex-tanner. But the ascendancy of Luther was assured from the first day. He brought order out of chaos, won enemies over to his side, and silenced those who still nursed an enmity. He visited the sick and the well; preached here and there through the countryside, and soon had a reputation, for miles around, as a remarkable man. The old union church was crowded at all services.

Months passed away, with ever-increasing popularity, yet he made no demand for salary. What the people wished to give they gave; and summer and winter he worked at odd jobs at odd times to help pay the rent of the little cottage into which they had moved, and in which they still lived, and to supply the humble board whither he came three times daily with the hearty appetite of a live, hard-worked preacher.

The quiet integrity of the minister's wife, and her charming personality, had helped in the conquest of Mentone. She had the habit, invaluable in a preacher's wife, of speaking the right thing at the right time, and of holding her counsel regarding things best left unsaid.

In certain circles the minister's popularity was immensely enhanced by the fact that he had a sister. Almost in a night, it seemed, Minnie Luther had become a young woman; of bright personality, quick wit, and not hideous countenance. She had long ago quite abandoned the gum habit. The young men's Bible-class was always well attended. There was a large accession of young male voices to the choir. Minnie sang alto; and Ephraim Wilson, who hitherto had sung an uncertain tenor, and stood near Miss Halloway, now cultivated a deep bass, and stood behind the altos. When Ephraim sang, "The half has never yet been told," he fixed his eyes firmly on Minnie's shining tresses, and thrilled from the top of his slightly bald head to the tips of his dusty shoes.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

NORMAN W. SMITH.

DAVID H. SMITH.

In the early days of the Reorganization there was a little band of Saints near Hopkins, Michigan; among them the families of Norman Smith, Sherman Smith, Horace Church, Asa Cochran, and others.

They were visited by such elders as Brn. H. A. Stebbins and David H. Smith. These elders brought the little band glad tidings of great joy, and were ever welcomed. In turn they enjoyed the splendid forests, the maple sugar, the generous hospitality of those frontier Saints. Those were pleasant days; the very odds against the people of God caused them to stand close together for mutual defense.

Norman Smith was then, as now, a musician, and he and David were intimate friends. On a certain occasion a theme was given the two and they worked it out in words and melody. Norman lay down with one of his children for a moment's rest, one day,

and dropped asleep for an instant, and in a dream the words came to him, "I will return to my childhood." They were so indelibly impressed upon his mind that he requested David to work out the theme in poetry. He did so, and afterward Norman set the words to music.

There is before us as we write an old letter, written from Nauvoo, where David was at the time when the song was composed:

"NAUVOO, Illinois, February 26, 1871.

"BRO. NORMAN SMITH:

"Here is your song, and my song also. We are very happy this morning. We wrote to Sherman not long ago, have not heard from him, presume he did not get it, or maybe he is mad. I shall not wear any fine clothes until we hear from him. Let us know if you get this. The maple sugar was not good; it did not last worth anything; I never saw such stuff to give out! Well, well! In fact it is a pleasant Sabbath, and the snow is deep and light and pure, and we feel like serving God truly. May peace abide with you all. Write us a note please. Tell Sherman I have Libbie's picture done; how shall he get it? It is eight inches by ten.

"DAVID H. SMITH."

The words of the song are on the back of the letter in the author's handwriting:

I WILL RETURN TO MY CHILDHOOD.

Of this devious path I am weary,
My spirit with pining is worn,
All life seems so empty and dreary,
Of zest it seems utterly shorn.
My pulses once bounded so happy,
I never had sorrows to mourn,—
Ah! beautiful days of my childhood!
Would God they could only return!

While thus in my sadness repining,
I sought my low pillow to rest,
And there in the stillness reclining,
A voice whispered peace to my breast:
"These hours are numbered for ever,
Yet there is a truth thou canst learn,
Although they may come to thee never,
Unto them thou mayest return."

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

It is refreshing to turn from the topics of which we habitually converse, the weather, dress, our neighbors, and note what the Master talked about when he conversed with men.

Note the important principles mentioned in this single short sentence, Truth, Knowledge, Freedom.

Here is the estate of Freedom, yonder the storehouse of Truth; and Knowledge is the key that gives access to both.

It is a fact, even in affairs political, that ignorance is the great-

est enemy and knowledge the greatest friend to freedom. Granted a liberty for which they are not yet ready and the ignorant and brutal let all their passions loose and proceed to destroy the lives and property of any particular class of fellow citizens whom they may chance to hate. The Jew, or the Chinaman, or the Christian, or the Capitalist, whoever it is that is unpopular, must suffer when an ignorant populace attempts to enjoy the fruits of freedom. This is because they do not know what freedom means, and until they know the truth they can never be free indeed, no matter how many tyrants they may slay or how many fetters they may burst.

What is true of the populace in general is equally true of any individual. No one can be free and at the same time be ignorant, because ignorance is immediately at the mercy of crafty and malevolent force, that seeks to bind. We bend the neck most readily to the flaxen cords when we are most ignorant that the strong chains are to follow.

No ignorant race can long maintain its freedom in the world and no spiritually ignorant man can long maintain his spiritual freedom amid the forces of evil. And it is quite possible that one may be so ignorant as to think himself free because he is in a land of freedom, while all the time he is personally bound.

Those who heard Jesus when he uttered the words above quoted thought that he was presumptuous to come and talk of setting them free. They did not want his freedom. "We be Abraham's seed and were never in bondage to any man." Ah, but they were servants none the less, for "he that committeth sin is the servant of sin."

It is possible that some congratulate themselves that they are Americans, or Scotchmen, or Englishmen, and were never in bondage. Do not be too sure.

It is a grevious thing to even think of being bound hand and foot, or of being cast into prison, where one might batter his head against the stone walls and long for light and never see it, or of being the political slaves of some tyrant king; but is it not just as grevious to be free born in a free land and yet be the slave of some filthy or immoral or contemptible habit? What is a man more than a slave who says, "I want to quit certain things, but can't."

Washington or Cromwell or Bruce may have fought for such a man's freedom, but he is not free yet. But "if the Son shall make him free he shall be free indeed."

The agency by which he sets men free is the truth. And it is not exercised merely by Divinity to safeguard the subject; but the man himself *knows* the truth and its sets him free. He does the will of the Father and *knows* of the doctrine. Through his knowledge truth becomes his own property and he shares it with God and is no longer called a servant, but is called a friend, as Christ himself expressed it.

He gets where he can safeguard himself against bondage and becomes master of his own destiny. By putting on the armor and taking the sword which God gives him, he is able to fight his own

battles and the battles of others who need liberation, until, knowing all truth, he is in the fullest sense free.

The promise to us is that the Spirit will guide us into all truth, and he that refuses to follow, or will not accept all that is given, cuts short his own possibilities. And he who will not do his part in searching for truth does the same. The Spirit guides, but does not push nor pull nor carry. Stand up and walk on your own feet, and be free; and until you do that you can not be free.

Truth is defined in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants to be a knowledge of things as they have been, as they are, and as they are to be. No glossing over of disagreeable facts, or any incorporation of blue sky or air-castles, but a knowledge of things as they actually have been, and as they actually are, and as they actually will be.

It is evident at once that only God can give us truth, if we accept this definition. Because we may obtain a partial understanding of the past by reading, or of the present by reading and observation; but the future no man knows.

To our mind it is equally apparent that this is the true definition, because we can form no correct idea of the general meaning of things that we see around us, and of forces that we know have operated in the past, unless we know how they are to terminate at some future time. With this knowledge in our possession we can get a true understanding of things which now seem mysterious, and the gospel of despair that science or agnosticism (denied the second sight) would teach us is displaced. With that knowledge we are willing to bear with the human what humanity must bear, because we know the final destiny of humanity. Were it not for that, there are times when man might well be tempted to "curse God and die."

It is of the utmost importance that we should know certain things before we coöperate with God. Love is not easily sent by force of will, but when an acquaintance opens the eyes to the beauty of the thing observed, love follows naturally. A young man might find it difficult to sit down and by force of will love a young lady whom he had never seen. While he was attempting that feat, the soft eyes and lovely hair and supple form of some girl of daily acquaintance would steal his love away.

We can not love God by force of will. If we sit down and attempt that the Devil will blind our eyes with a thousand beautiful worldly temptations that seem very near and dear. But when we begin to secure a knowledge of what God is, of what he has done, and of what he will do, we begin to know the truth and we find it easy to love God.

Thus are truth and knowledge and freedom and love and all good things the chords in the ascending scale of a divine harmony.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Macedonia, Pottawattamie County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

CATHARINE HOPELEIGH'S HOME.—NO. 5.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

YES, the house was theirs, with its broad vine-covered verandas, where later would bloom roses red and white, clematis white and pure, and clusters of purple wisteria. Theirs, with its light, many-windowed parlors and substantial library: its pleasant east dining-room, its bedrooms, enough and to spare, into which streamed sunlight and air. Plenty of room for some "fresh-air children," by and by.

There was gas for lighting and cooking, the house was finished in oak; there were china-closets and pantries, furnace, coal-room, laundry, vegetable- and fruit-room. There was a bathroom, with a full-sized tub, there were clothes-closets and linen-closets. There was an attic with dormer windows and a moth-closet. Plenty of room to store all the trunks and odds and ends that she had been so perplexed to know what to do with. A play-room for the children, a barn to house the surrey and harness till they could be sold. A fine place all ready for the chickens the little boys had been wanting to buy. They would even consider getting a cow, and a horse again if things went well. Growing boys needed something to do and to be interested in.

There was room to breathe, and the children might shout to one another in their play and no one would care. There were acres of green sward over which they might roam. Room to play baseball and not break any windows. Room for their tent, which they always enjoyed. Indeed, Bertram's severe headaches had doubtless been cured by sleeping out every summer. There was plenty of space to dry clothes beautifully white and clean. There is something refreshing in a line full of the children's clothes, clean, sweet, and fresh with the delightful air. There was no "elevated" at the back door. No railroad at the back fence.

A few weeks later and the house was clean from top to bottom, rugs laid, curtains and pictures hung, books arranged, everything in the most perfect order. And with this state of things came the calm and satisfaction that comes to every homekeeper when things

are arranged as she wishes them. Every one had fallen into his place and his things into their places most conveniently and satisfactorily, and the household machinery was beginning to run with its old accustomed smoothness. Catharine and the faithful Anna had worked wonders.

Much work had been done both inside and out, but each member of the family had taken hold with a will and helped to make things trim and neat as they wanted them to be. And so with the help of a strong man for a few days to do the hardest work, things were beginning to look just as they wanted them to look.

The garden was made, the earth in the rose-beds loosened and leveled, geraniums, pansies, and other flowers were set out, sweet-peas were planted and seeds for a "grandmother's garden."

The walk from the station though long, was shady and pleasant. There were trees strong and stately around the house. There were fruit-trees, now all pink and white and fragrant. At the back of the garden there were tangles of bushes for thrushes and thrashers, whose joyous music was such a delight and whose young families were already appearing on the back lawn where there was always food and water for birds and birdlings.

There were meadows behind and beyond, where bloomed the wild crab- and thorn-apple in wildest profusion. Meadow-larks rollicked and sang rapturously, orioles whistled and whistled to one another in an abandon of ecstacy, thrushes caroled, robins and bluebirds trilled, turtle-doves cooed in the woods, squirrels chattered and played, tanagers flashed about, humming-birds and warblers darted in and out of fresh, green leaves; and the sunshine flooded all with warmth and light.

The newly turned earth in the garden was smooth and warm and moist. Trumpet flowers, honeysuckles, and grape-vines grew on trellises over a grassy walk. By and by they would blossom as the rose.

The boys' tennis-court, made by their own hands, was completed. There was croquet for the small children. And, triumph of the boys' art in wood-work, a "shack" had been built on a platform ten feet in the air between two trees. Garden settees and porch chairs had had a new coat of light green paint. The lawn was broad and green and close-shaven, with flowering shrubs at the side.

"You are just sort of on the edge of things," Catharine's friend had said. Yes, she had the woods and the meadows, the lake and the hills. She loved and claimed them all.

Away beyond her was "the ridge," where now and then she could see a farmer's wagon, or a carriage, or a solitary horseman outlined against the sky. Away out there were gardens, also, made by the genial and whole-hearted Germans, who were her neighbors in that direction. She could just see one now, walking in his garden, smoking his peaceful, though ill-smelling pipe, and surveying the labor of the day.

There were, she knew, long rows of radishes, onions, beets, peas, beans, celery, and all the things he knew the people would like,

planted there. By and by he would be coming to her gate to sell her some of these things, and giving her friendly advice about the things she had planted.

"Are you sure you are not going to be lonely, away over there?" her friend had asked.

"You know, dear," Catharine had answered, softly, "I should be just as lonely in a crowded street in the city. Lonely? Beautiful places like this don't make me lonely," looking with shining eyes on the beauty about her.

The sun was setting, flooding the meadows with a glorious, rosy light. Were ever such sunsets as she had seen since she came here?

The children were calling her. She went out to swing and shout with them. Suddenly she found herself alone; they had gone away to pick handfuls of violets blue and yellow, buttercups, and snow-white trilliums.

Peace and quiet reigned, loveliness was above, around, and all about her. Birds were singing their evening songs. She turned to watch the beautiful changing lights in cloud and sky, to note the many shades of green, and to be glad that the quiet, and the green, and the sunshine filtered through flickering leaves, was a delightful reality,—not only a beautiful memory.

"I am so glad," she thought, "that Mr. Crandall built this house just here and left it for me. I am glad I do not like the city,"—uplifted by the beauty she was eagerly drinking in. "I am so thankful," quietly, reverently, "that I love God's country and that I can stay in it."

(Concluded.)

LITTLE HELPERS.

Little habits make little helpers or little hinderers. The baby who has been trained to notice when he has food on his fingers will go around with hands held out and fingers spread, if they are sticky, waiting for some one to wash them before he will think of touching anything. Such children will not be spoiling books or furniture or mother's dress with soiled fingers.

Little Vera, not much more than two years old, is not satisfied to have a bit of mud on her baby shoes, and will work away at the scraper to remove any that may have fastened there. She is not only so careful about her own shoes, but she quickly sees if papa's or grandpa's shoes need scraping. If they have come inside the door with a bit of mud that could be taken off, she makes an ado over it, and draws them outside to the scraper. The winning sweetness of her baby ways makes it only a pleasure to do her bidding, and so mamma has a little helper training others to make her work light.

This same baby girl is learning to want things kept in order, and if she finds anything on the floor, her first thought is to take it to her mother for her to put it in its place, or to dispose of it if it is to be thrown away.

These are little things, but such habits may cling to one for a lifetime. Almost half a century ago one mother drilled her children in the matter of picking up from the floor anything that did not belong there, whether they were responsible for its being there or not; if it had fallen there or been carelessly thrown down. "Don't pass it by," she would say. "If every one will put in place the things that come in his way, the house will be kept in order." She made each one responsible, to a large extent, for the order of his own things, but they were also to be accommodating, and not step over something on the floor, giving as an excuse for not picking it up, "Well, I didn't put it there." "Never mind," she would say; "pick it up. Do that much for the good of all." So, whether it was a piece of paper to be put in the waste-basket, a letter dropped that was to be laid away, a spool of thread or a piece of clothing, the first one passing was to put it in its place, or to lay it up where it would be convenient for the one wanting to use it.

And to this day the habit clings to the ones who had this training in their childhood, and they remember distinctly their mother's teaching in this one thing given when they were little children.

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1.

Opening song No. 144.
Prayer.
Song 37, Praises.
J. A. Gunsolley in charge.

The credential committee was announced as follows: J. M. Baker, Nellie M. Anderson, Frank E. Smith.

OPENING SPEECHES.

Program announced to consist of speeches from various delegates.

Bro. Gunsolley said in part, in opening speech: "The present membership of the Religio is 8,300, and what a power for good in such a membership. I feel sure that all present are here because we are interested in qualifying ourselves for future work. I congratulate the convention because of their evident earnestness and sincerity in this great work. We bid you all a hearty welcome."

Bro. J. T. Hackett, from the Kewanee District, responded and said in part: "After some investigation we discovered a need for revising the work in our district, and also discovered an interest and a desire for the Religio work. We organized new locals, and

reorganized old locals. We discovered that those who had studied the Book of Mormon lessons were much more able to understand the gospel, and some problems which are confronting us, such as equality and inheritance, etc. By the study of these subjects they were enabled to become more practical workers."

Bro. W. H. Dawson wrote from California, and read by Bro. Gunsolley, in part: "The work here is making a sure and steady growth, and in many instances the young people are the chief promoters of the work."

Sr. Flo McNichols, of Atchison, Kansas: "It is a pleasure to meet with you, since our motive and object are one. In our district a year and a half ago we had one local; now we have five. One great lesson I have learned is that we should qualify ourselves for future work while conditions are favorable, so that when unfavorable times come we will be able to meet them. In speaking of the duties of a district president, we think he should be able, above all other things, to visit his locals. The Religio work is important in this respect as well as others, in that it introduces strangers to the work in many instances. We consider the Religio a school for our young people."

R. C. Evans: "The work in Canada is progressing very favorably. I can consider the Religio a leading factor in this latter-day glory. Outstanding branches in our district have been strengthened by the Religio. The Religio is a blessing and a factor for good in Canada."

Sr. Cloe Grigsby, of Woodbine: "The work in our district is progressing. We are encouraged by the zeal that is manifested and the individual perception of duty. Officers must have the assistance of members. The church and Religio and Sunday-school should go hand in hand. A worker in one should be a worker in the others."

C. A. Butterworth, from Australia, reported in part: "In Australia the Religio has two locals. We consider the Religio a splendid institution for learning and study."

F. M. Sheehy reported concerning Honolulu: "Work in Hawaii is confined to Honolulu. Eager interest is shown in the lesson study. Their eagerness for the lesson study is surprising since this is their first attempt at study, and the subjects being so deep. Splendid results from the study by natives. Had a review just before I left and it was marvelous how they responded. We are looking forward to the time when the young people will carry the work to the rest of the natives."

J. W. Rushton, from Great Britian: "We have two locals in Great Britian which are as yet 'bruised weed and smoking flaxes.' There is an interest in the work in spite of apparent indifference. The most valuable asset of our country is our boys and girls, and we are trying to care for them. Bro. Leggott is *the* man for the work in England."

Peter Anderson, from Germany and Scandinavia: "We are not so far along in the work in Scandinavia for a Religio. We hope to organize one soon, but retranslation makes it difficult."

George Jenkins: "The work where I have been is advancing surely, and my sympathy is heartily with the Religio."

T. W. Chatburn, Spokane District: "We have organized a district in our country, which is flourishing. The Spokane local is in good shape. The Sago local doing finely. The *Quarterlies* are a great help to us. From the Religio will come a class of young men into the field, and the results obtained therefrom will be something never before attained to."

M. C. Fisher, Boston: "Most of our branches have active Religios. The work is progressing in our State. It is our belief that from the Religio will come scores of future efficient workers. In behalf of our Eastern Saints we greet the Saints in the West."

Mrs. W. H. Deam, Home Department superintendent: "There is a decided increase in interest in the Home Department, and the willingness to do. We credit the missionaries for this gain. We are glad that the missionaries are enlisted in helping us, and thank them for their coöperation."

THURSDAY, APRIL 2.

MORNING PRAYER SERVICE. The prayer service opened at nine o'clock, with Brn. Walter W. Smith and S. A. Burgess in charge. A very spiritual time was enjoyed.

FORENOON BUSINESS-MEETING. Business-meeting convened at twenty minutes past ten. Song 22 was sung and President Gunsolley offered prayer.

After the reading of the minutes the credential committee reported. Sr. Belle James was chosen assistant secretary. Order of services was left with the presiding officers. Courtesies of the floor were extended to visitors. A committee was appointed to wait upon the First Presidency of the church; E. Rannie, J. F. Curtis, A. D. Angus were appointed as the committee. The balance of the session was taken up with reports of various officers, extracts from which appear elsewhere.

AFTERNOON SESSION. Convened at half past two. Song No. 66 from Praises. Prayer by J. A. Gunsolley.

Bro. Paul Craig chosen chorister.

Motion to grant Bro. W. N. Robinson the privilege of an *ex officio* was granted.

Moved and seconded that we take up the financial reports for consideration. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the report of the auditing committee be approved.

The recommendation in the auditing committee's report was read as follows: "We, your committee, would recommend that the general treasurer be required to keep a separate bank-account in which only the funds belonging to the society shall be placed. And we would further recommend that the general treasurer be required to make entries of all transactions involving the transfer of funds."

Moved to amend this recommendation, "by placing the amount of money in the general treasury in the hands of the Bishop, without

interest, and keeping it there, and the Bishop acting as the bank."

It was moved and seconded to amend the amendment by striking out the word "bank" and inserting "custodian." This was carried, and the amendment as amended carried.

Financial report of J. A. Gunsolley read and deficit ordered paid.

Financial report of vice-president read and deficit ordered paid.

Librarian's report (financial) read. It was moved and seconded that we ask the Sunday-school to reimburse us for fifty per cent and let the church go free. Seconded and carried.

Moved as a substitute that the chair appoint a committee to take up this matter, and all other matters in which the Sunday-school and Religio are jointly interested, and that we be bound by the final adjudication as so determined by that committee.

The substitute was lost, the first motion prevailing.

Secretary's financial report was read and ordered spread upon the minutes.

Home Department superintendent's financial report and translation fund read.

Moved and seconded to take up the consideration of amendments of constitution and by-laws.

The matter concerning the amendments to constitution and by-laws was then taken up.

Song No. 2 was sung.

Moved to amend article 3, section 1, page 4, by adding "Home Department superintendent" after the word "librarian," the same rule to extend to districts and locals. Amendment carried.

Moved to amend article 3, section 2, page 5, "librarian," by striking out all after the words "shall be" in the first line, and add "a member of the Latter Day Saint Library Commission, and as such shall have full power to represent the library interest of this society, and shall secure and impart needed information relating to the establishing of libraries."

Moved and seconded that the amendment suggested by the library board be the sense of this body, and the change be made in the constitution and by-laws, and that all parts not agreeing with this act be changed in accordance therewith. Carried.

Article 3, section 4, page 13 was amended; before the words, "the district or stake officers" in line seven insert the words, "the stake presidency or president of the district," and add after the word "officers" in the eighth line the words "of this society" so that the last sentence of section 4 shall read "member of stake presidency or the president of the district, the stake or district officers of this society and home class superintendent and all officers of locals shall be *ex officio* members of the district or stake convention."

Article 3, section 5, page 8. Moved to amend; before the words "general officers" insert "members of the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve," and add after the words "the general officers" the words "of this society."

It was moved to defer action upon the two above amendments for one year. Carried.

Song No. 21; benediction by Walter W. Smith.

EVENING SESSION.—Convened at half past seven. Song No. 67 was sung.

Prayer by Frederick M. Smith.

Walter W. Smith in charge.

Minutes read and approved. Communication from Quorum of Twelve read. Report of Library Commission, and part of the published report was read.

Moved that the report be approved and the recommendations adopted.

Section 3 of committee's recommendations was by motion adopted.

Moved the adoption of section 5. Moved as an amendment that in case this prevail that we guarantee one third of the sum as a society.

Moved that after the words, "one third of the sum," we add the words, "three hundred dollars," then it would be one third of the sum of three hundred dollars.

Moved to amend the amendment by striking out the words, "one third of the amount," and insert "one hundred dollars."

Moved to refer the matter to the committee for decision as to what they want.

Substitute was offered that this recommendation of the library commission be referred to the executive committee of this society with power to act.

Substitute prevailed.

Recommendations adopted as a whole.

Moved and seconded that we take up the course of study for the coming year. Carried. Moved that we take up the price of the *Quarterly*. Carried.

Moved the adoption of the recommendation of the treasurer to reduce price of *Quarterly* to twenty-five cents per year. Carried. Moved and seconded that the price of a single *Quarterly* be ten cents.

Moved to amend by striking out ten cents and inserting seven cents.

Moved to amend by striking out seven cents and inserting eight cents. This carried.

Moved to take up the revising committee's report. Carried.

Report read and after a motion to adopt, then a motion to refer, was finally referred to the executive committee for final adjustment. By motion the matter was tabled.

Solo by Miss Blanche Nesbit. Announcements. Benediction.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

MORNING SESSION.—Called to order at nine o'clock.

J. A. Gunsolley in charge. Song No. 99. Prayer by W. S. Taylor. Minutes read and approved.

The following officers were elected by unanimous vote: J. A. Gunsolley, president; Walter W. Smith, vice-president; Mrs. M. A.

Etzenhouser, secretary; R. B. Trowbridge, treasurer; S. A. Burgess, librarian; Mrs. Deam, Home Department superintendent. Moved and seconded that the treasurer be authorized to provide a typewriter for the use of the Home Department superintendent. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the sum of two hundred dollars be appropriated for the use of the executive committee in general work for this year. Carried.

Moved that the matter of providing a junior quarterly be referred to the executive committee, and they be given power to act. Moved to amend by adding the name of *Quarterly* editor. Carried as amended.

Moved and seconded that we favor the publication of a junior *Quarterly*. Carried.

Report of joint committee of normal superintendents on normal work was read. Moved that this report be approved and recommendations be adopted. Carried.

Report of revising committee was taken up. Motion to adopt the report. A resolution concerning the same was also read and its adoption moved as a substitute, as follows: "Resolved, That it is the sense of this body that it is the duty of the revising committee to correct all mistakes that may appear in the matter prepared for the *Quarterly*, and that all manuscript should be placed in their hands to give them sufficient time to carefully examine it and that liberty should be given to the editor to decide the course of study, unless seriously objected to by the revising committee, then in case of disagreement the matter be referred to the executive committee and their decision be final."

Moved to amend the substitute by prefixing "We approve of the report of the committee" and "be it" coming before the word resolve. Amendment carried and substitute prevailed.

Communication from Presidency read.

Document on chronology was read and the matter by motion referred to committee on normal work.

Song No. 71. Benediction.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, 1908.

Graduating exercises of Sunday-school and Religio normal class. In charge of J. A. Gunsolley and T. A. Hougas. Thirty-nine graduates, sixteen present.

A paper was read by Walter W. Smith on "The Sunday-school of to-day." Paper by A. D. Angus on "The Sunday-school of to-day, and the church to-morrow." Paper by Edward Rannie on "Analysis and assimilation." Superintendent T. A. Hougas addressed the class. Presentation of diplomas by D. J. Krahl to graduates present. A vocal solo by Mamie Pace of Shenandoah. Two songs were rendered by the missionary octette. Ephonium solo by J. A. Robinson, Jr.

PART OF THE REPORT OF PRESIDENT J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

Beloved associate workers in the Religio:

As we again meet in our annual gathering to sum up the work of the year and to make our plans for the coming year, it is but fitting that we should take a brief retrospect of the work done, and seek, if we may thereby, to discover where we might have done better, as well as to note where we have done well; and if in this examination we shall find aught of good accomplished by our labors, that we might render to our Master due homage for our successes, and where we have failed to confess our shortcomings and ask for his pardoning grace.

In turning our minds backward we are sure that much of good has come to us as a society, both in the general organization and in local work. The spirit of peace has directed our various activities to a very satisfactory degree, though the efforts of the author of discord and confusion have not been entirely unnoticeable. Many who have hitherto been slumbering, so far as recognizing an agency for good to them in the Religio is concerned, have awakened to find that much time, precious time, has been lost that will never return, while some who apparently were keenly alive to their responsibilities for a time, have allowed the enemy of their souls to lull them into a slumber that will prove fatal except there shall come to them a thunderbolt directed by the mercy of God to arouse them from the sleep of death into which they have fallen. But to speak more specifically we shall proceed to notice some particular points of interest.

NORMAL WORK.—Following the convention of last year there was quite a burst of enthusiasm over the normal work, and many of the workers in the auxiliaries accepted the movement as one fraught with much good. As a result, numerous classes were formed consisting for the most part of both Sunday-school and Religio workers to enter upon the study. So far as heard from, the work has proved successful to a goodly degree.

The normal lessons on the Book of Mormon are before us. They have been prepared with a great deal of care and labor. Shall these be associated with lessons on elementary psychology, didactics, and history, and form a basis for a book on normal training, to be a course parallel to a course on the Bible similar to what we are now studying?

If the normal work begun last year is to be perpetuated, the convention should speak and make its wants known. The work of our beloved vice-president along this line should receive indorsement of no uncertain kind, and provision should be made to secure a continuation of his excellent services in perfecting the work so ably inaugurated by him and his co-laborers.

FIELD-WORK.—Agreeably to the expressed will of the convention the president took up the matter of field-work and made such arrangements as seemed practicable. He himself entered the field on June 13 and concluded it September 23, leaving home the next day after the close of the college year and returning two or three

days before the opening of the new year. Of this three months and ten days not to exceed ten days were spent at home outside of the time of the holding the Lamoni reunion, and those ten days were when there was no reunion accessible where he might have worked.

The general secretary and the vice-president, of the executive committee, also gave attention to field-work as their time would allow, the former in the Southwest and the latter in the far East. Of this work doubtless they will have something to say, but reports are to the effect that their labors were well received and much appreciated.

SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.—We feel that we have a special interest in the success of the Scandinavian Mission, perhaps because we have something invested in it; for we usually feel an interest in a matter just about in proportion to the amount we have invested in it; perhaps that is why the Lord wants his Saints to invest their all in the gospel work, so that their whole interest will be there. Some call has been made upon the Books of Mormon secured by the Religio for the aid of the work among that people during the past year.

AUSTRALIA.—In a letter from Bro. Gomer Wells we are informed that it is a struggle to keep the work going in that country, the main trouble being a lack of leaders. He says that unless the missionary continues to nurse the societies that they soon wane and often die from a lack of attention by some one who is able to lead and care for them. And that they having had a scarcity of missionaries to do the nursing, the result is that there is very little active work being carried on there.

SOCIETY ISLANDS.—Matters in the islands have been just a little turbulent, but seem to be settling somewhat now, and it may be that in the near future the work of the society may be taken up more specifically. While they did not discontinue the study of the Book of Mormon altogether, the maintenance of the Religio as a separate organization was discontinued for reasons that have been discussed.

HAWAII.—In Hawaii the work is moving along in quite a satisfactory way, judging from reports incidentally gathered. Bro. G. J. Waller has always been a firm supporter of the Religio work, and he has some able assistance, we believe.

ENGLAND.—In the mother country the work has scarcely held its own, there being no active local society there at the present time. Something is being done, however, in the way of home department work, under the direct leadership of Bro. Leggott.

HOME DEPARTMENT.—A decided impetus has been given to the work of this department by the earnest efforts of its superintendent, who has labored faithfully for its promotion. The correspondence has required so much attention that a typewriter has been required to meet the demands, which is a good indication. We hope that the work in a number of the departments shall grow to such magnitude that it shall not only require a typewriter but a typist also. Sr.

Deam has a faculty of enlisting the coöperation of the missionaries in this department, which has been a source of great help.

PRAYER-MEETINGS.—We have now had one year without the prayer-meetings being provided for on the programs, and we have wondered how it is being taken by the locals. We have heard neither complaint nor commendation of the change, and hence take it for granted that it is satisfactory.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS.—In the matter of new organizations this has been quite a fruitful year. Not only has a number of new societies been formed, but especially in the matter of reviving old ones has the year been somewhat notorious. Another interesting feature of the secretary's report will be the number of old societies which have applied for charters, never having had any. Viewed from this standpoint the year has been highly prosperous.

COMMITTEE WORK.—There is one thing which I feel like urging upon the attention of the workers that affects a vital point in our work. The work of the committees, and more especially the look-out committee. Too often the work of this committee is looked upon as consisting in simply looking out candidates and presenting their names.

The social committee too is very important, for one of the aims of the society is to promote sociability and provide proper social environment for the members. There has been a disposition at times and in some places to allow the work of this committee to degenerate into mere money-getting. Now there is no more connection between this committee and the finances of the society than there is between the program committee and finances. It was recognized in the beginning of the society that the social feature was one of the leading features, and its cultivation along proper lines and its promotion rests largely with this committee.

PROGRAMS.—There seems to be need for attention to another feature in the carrying out of the program work. It is apparent that there is a tendency more or less prevalent to neglect the less capable members, but the most needy, in the assigning of work, and to put forth those who are most able to perform well.

THE LESSON.—Last year the convention decided upon a topical study of the Book of Mormon with the Doctrine and Covenants to be used supplementarily. The lessons by the new plan have been in use for six months, and nothing but good words have been heard from them. They have not only been approvingly received by the membership of the society, but many of the priesthood have seen such merit in them that they have taken them up as a study suited to their needs. The excellent work of Sister Palfrey upon the former lessons has even been surpassed in these; and when the fact is taken into consideration that these lessons are without precedent or reference in the way of prepared lessons, and that much of the ground had to be broken new so far as the making of lessons is concerned, the difficulty of the undertaking can be appreciated to some extent. I think that the results are such as to reflect great credit upon the author well befitting one of much wider experience and much larger pretensions.

The hearty and almost universally warm reception given these lessons betokens much for our future study. It indicates beyond a doubt that the people are ready, or at least desirous, to go forward in their study of the law of God beyond the elementary principles—that the time has come for the church to go on to perfection. The oncoming generation of both ministry and laity are going to demand attention to the application of the higher principles of the law as it was applied in the time of Enoch, and by the church at Jerusalem and by the church upon this continent subsequent to the visit of the Master here. We may stay it off for the time, but come it assuredly will, it is even now at our doors. And what shall we do about it? Shall we recognize the ripening of the harvest and take care of the grain, or shall we permit irreparable waste by failing to provide for the legitimate demands of that which the Lord is bringing forth?

PARTIAL REPORT OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY, MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER.

Our report shows a net gain over last year of one thousand, six hundred and fifty-two. We now have a membership of eight thousand, three hundred and sixty. Seven thousand, five hundred and twenty-four of which are in locals, and eight hundred and thirty-six in the home department.

We are pleased to report that we have a district or stake whose figures for their enrollment has reached over the thousand mark. The Independence Stake has an enrollment in locals of one thousand and ninety-seven, their home department five hundred and nineteen, making their total enrollment one thousand six hundred and sixteen. They lead, in their enrollment, home department, and members gained since last report. W. A. Bushnell is their president.

During this year our work has been introduced and locals organized in the following new territory: British Columbia, Idaho, and Florida.

There have been thirty-six locals organized this year; last year there were twenty-five, a gain of eleven.

The work of the last year has been arduous. Besides the ordinary work of the office, which has called for the writing of about eight hundred letters, I was asked to do field-work for the Religio.

This was my first experience doing field-work, and though I always started to these places with fear in my heart that I would not be able to properly represent the work, I always returned rejoicing that the Lord had been with me, assisting in overcoming the man-fearing spirit, and blessing me in the effort made. I believe that some good has been accomplished.

During the year, each district president was written to, asking about the work in general, the normal work, and how the new *Quarterlies* were liked. Not all have taken up the normal work, the excuse usually given is that they have no competent person to teach it. All of the districts but two reported favorably in regard to the *Quarterly* and some were loud in its praise. Alabama and

Northern Kansas preferred the study of the Book of Mormon along historical line. Some stated that they liked the new *Quarterlies* but could not interest children. Two reported that they had tried to teach the children the Book of Mormon lessons in the *Hope;* one of these had not been able to do so successfully and had to disorganize the class.

With few exceptions the district officers have been prompt to answer letters. The reports have come in on time with the exceptions noted. A few of our district officers have never answered a letter that we have written them either last year or this. We have not been able to assist them because they will not write us in answer to any inquiry; their reports show they are the ones that need help.

We have had a general record made in which we have recorded each district, with the names of the locals in the districts, showing their enrollment, average attendance, and home class members from year to year, this as ordered by last year's convention.

INDEPENDENCE STAKE CONVENTION.

The semi-annual convention of the Independence Stake Religio association will convene with the Second Kansas City Branch, Twenty-third and Holly Streets, Saturday and Sunday, May 16 and 17.

Saturday, May 16, prayer service at 10 a. m.; 11 a. m., report of credential committee; 2.30 p. m., election of officers, including home class superintendent and library commissioner, and other business; 7.30 p. m., literary program.

Sunday, May 17, 11 a. m., address by M. H. Bond; 2.30 p. m., field-work; 7.30, short speeches by officers elect.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Kirtland, Ohio.—The Kirtland Religio reorganized Saturday evening, April 4, 1908, under the auspices of the new district association. The president of the association, Bro. John W. Topping, directed the business of the meeting. He was assisted by officers and members of the Cleveland Religio.

The Cleveland Religio passed resolutions pledging themselves to support the Kirtland Religio, to attend their meetings as often as possible, some one to attend at least once a month to help out with programs, and give any other needed assistance.

After the officers had been elected and the necessary business had been transacted, the Cleveland delegation furnished the evening's program. The leading features were the reading of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "The enduring"; a recitation, "The college oil-can" (a plea for temperance); a paper, "Across the ocean"; and a talk by Sr. W. C. George of Kirtland.

Patriarch J. H. Lake pronounced the benediction after which we

adjourned to the hotel where we had a "stirring time." Every one was furnished with a spoon and a saucer filled with hot maple syrup. After a lot of stirring, the syrup turned into a delicious confection called maple cream. The Clevelanders planned to return to Cleveland, but owing to the hospitality of the people of Kirtland, we were detained until after the sacrament-meeting Sunday afternoon.

If the officers of the Kirtland local receive the support of the forty-three people who helped them reorganize, there is no reason why they should not become the leading local of this district.

The Cleveland local had the pleasure of entertaining the instigators of the Kirtland reorganization several weeks ago. The object of the visit was to get pointers so that they could make a success of their local. The program of that evening is worthy of mention. Several Religians dressed in the national costumes of the various countries and gave short talks about their country. Every one seemed to enjoy himself, and before dispersing they were served with ice-cream and cake. C. B. KECK, Secretary.

San Francisco, California.—Our local is doing nicely. The attendance and interest are slowly but surely improving. The new *Quarterlies* have been the subject of much favorable comment.

On the 18th of last month an event of unusual interest occurred. Our popular president, Bro. Cecil Hawley, and our efficient vice-president, Sr. Luella Lawn, were united in marriage. The sister had evidently proven such a worthy assistant in Religio work that Bro. Hawley thought it best to make the partnership permanent. It might be well for the officers of other locals to take notice.

CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The officers of the district met this month at the home of Bro. and Sr. Weidman of Lansdowne in the interests of district work.

Our president having been out of the city the past few weeks, the meetings have been in charge of our vice-president, Sr. Anna DeJong, who has conducted them in a most creditable manner.

The social committee are arranging for a social and entertainment for the near future, the proceeds to be used for church building improvements.

The past quarter's lessons have been very interesting and instructive. Good programs have also been rendered.

Our monthly paper, "The Indefinite," was a splendid issue, edited by our young Brn. Gomer Evans and Ivor Cooke.

Your sister in Christ,
E. M. PATTERSON.

Oakland, California.—The work in Oakland is moving along nicely. The *Quarterly* lessons are educational and timely—along lines that are opportune. J. M. TERRY.

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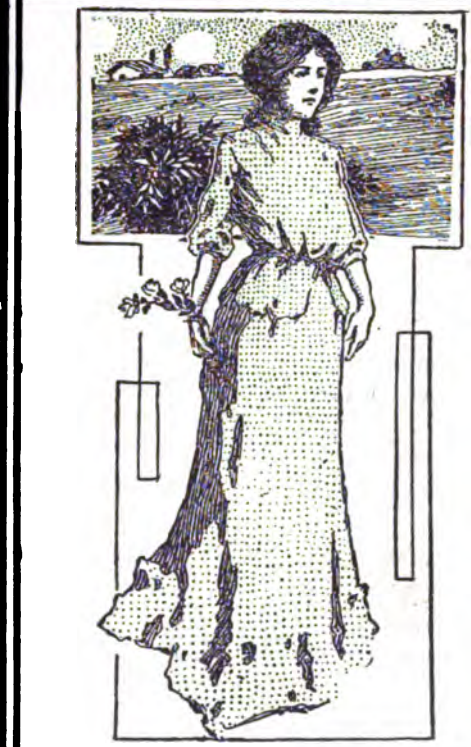
Autumn Leaves



EDITED BY ... ELBERT A. SMITH

JUNE, 1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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FINDING OUT GOD.

No matter how strong a mind may be, it can not find out God; no matter how weak it may be, God can reveal himself to it. He denies himself to scientists and reveals himself to babes and sucklings.

The basis of Christ's economy is conservation of life; the basis of the world's economy is accumulation of wealth. The two can never get together until the world relinquishes its basis or Christ abandons his.

I am glad to note that when men are driven to an extremity they will abandon their basis and accept that of Christ. All that they have will be relinquished to save the life of a loved one.

Why not make the sacrifice in the interests of a still higher life? Why not make it before we are driven to the extremity?

--Heman C. Smith.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 6

OUR DAILY BREAD.

BY EARNEST WEBBE.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill are the wheat and the shower
And the sun and the Father's will."

Then give us this day our daily bread,
O Lord of the sunshine and shower;
Give us to work so it may be said,
We know of thy glory and power!

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

BY LILIAN J. PROUD.

EFFICACY means power to produce effects,—force, energy, ability. Do we want to find out how our prayers are to become effectual? We are told in the word of God that we are to be instant in prayer, and in another part of the word it is written, "Pray without ceasing." This does not mean that we are to shut ourselves up in our room all the time, or be on our knees in the attitude of prayer. Our Father knows that amid the very many duties of life we could not do this. But although not always in the act of prayer, we should ever be in the spirit of it; in spite of the contempt often thrown upon it, believing "prayer" still remains the highest of agencies. It can still, as of old, bring down from opened heaven showers of blessings, and, if need be, scatter foes and remove mountains. In order to do this, however, there must be importunity, seeking, and knocking, as well as asking, and a patient, trustful waiting, whatever the delay.

"The method appointed for the attainment of blessing," says John Newton, "is the most simple imaginable. It is only 'ask and ye shall receive,' " but then we are not going to give a runaway knock at wisdom's gate, but humbly and patiently wait until it is opened.

When we were children we were always told to *say* our prayers, and I feel that that is the trouble with many people to-day, they *say* their prayers instead of praying. They do not know anything about the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous, and so, thereby miss many of the blessings which they might enjoy. Even we, who know and have seen the power there is in prayer, do we not

often fail just here? Are we as earnest as we ought to be in these matters?

It is in the time of deep trial and trouble that we get close to God. It is at such times as these that the true prayers of God's children ascend to him. When we are in the sick-room and see our loved ones suffering, and know that nothing that we can do can give them relief, then our hearts go up in earnest, heartfelt prayers. It is then we forget all our surroundings, and our minds are centered on the Father, who can answer our prayers.

In these days much has been said and written about the place and power of prayer, and things that may or may not be presented at the throne of grace. Paul had no difficulties regarding this matter, but ever carried out to the full the blessed command, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." He prayed for things spiritual as few before or since have done, but, if needful, he equally prayed for things temporal. In sore hungering, he prayed for "food"; in perilous times, he prayed for safety; in bonds and imprisonment, he prayed for escape and liberty, and very markedly, too; in hindrances, he prayed for providential guidance. So it should be with us; but often when we do pray about things we have our doubts, especially if we are not answered at once.

Nothing gives such efficacy to prayer as abiding intimacy with the Lord. When we are not in touch with him, prayer is usually a cold, burdensome, heartless task, in which there is neither faith nor expectancy; but when there is loving intimacy with God, prayer becomes sweetly natural, and has life and power in it. We always feel more or less restraint in the presence of strangers, and it is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to ask any favor at their hands. With intimate friends, however, we have no such hesitancy or reserve, but feel as free and ready to ask a kindness as they are ready to grant it. It is just the same in the Christian experience. The nearer we come to God, and the more intimate our fellowship, the easier it is to pour out our hearts in fervent supplication. Further, such intimacy makes prayer wisely appropriate.

In daily life there is a great deal of what the Scripture calls "asking amiss," and in very mercy to the supplicant, asking of this kind is not followed by any receiving. Although a needful experience, this is often a very bitter one. Now, in such a case, abiding communion would be an effectual remedy; for by its very nature it tends to assimilate the will of the believer with the will of the Lord, and to control and wisely regulate the manifold desires of the heart, so that if we ask in accordance with the will of the Lord, we shall receive the answer; for we are told in John 15:7, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Has not the church almost yet to learn what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of believing prayer before which mountains depart? What of persevering prayer which

causes us to stand continually on the watch-tower? What of practical prayer which fulfills itself? Let such prayers be understood. Let our spirits but break with such longing, and the expectations of our hearts shall be fulfilled. So we will find that the influence of the Holy Spirit is the life of prayer.

The power to pray comes from God. The thoughts to which you give utterance in prayer are, when acceptable to the Lord, suggested by him. Therefore, ever seek his influence when you begin to pray. Another thought is, that if we want our prayers to become effectual we must learn to pray for others, we must not be selfish in our prayers; in interceding at the throne of grace for others, we will receive much blessing ourselves.

May each one of us know what it is to be in habitual converse with him at every time, and in every place. If we thus walk with Christ we will be more likely to walk in holiness through an evil world.

THE DEDICATION OF KIRTLAND TEMPLE.

BY RICHARD BULLARD.

IT WAS Sunday morning, March 27, 1836, in Kirtland, Ohio. The sun was shining between the gray clouds driven swiftly along by the force of the cold northeast wind. On tne hillsides the snow lay in small drifts, for the evidences of winter had not yet been obliterated. The early morning air was cold and penetrating. The sun's rays had not yet melted the frost that whitened the grasses on the bare hilltops.

An imposing structure of solid masonry, its cemented walls showing architectural beauty and strength, crowned a hill at whose base ran the swift waters of the Chagrin River. It was a scene of animation; everywhere life abounded. A crowd of people in plain apparel, but with earnest faces lighted by smiles of pleasure, stood before the unopened doors of the building. It was the morning of the dedication of the temple, that remarkable structure erected by their sacrifice, by the toil and labor of their own hands. Now it stood before them, a monument of the indomitable courage and determination of that band of workers.

The doors are opened, the social talk so common to Saints is at once hushed and quietude pervades the throng. With hats removed and bowed heads they enter the building, which during its erection had received its baptism of tears, caused by the opposing forces, which, from the laying of the corner-stone to the last stroke of the painter's brush, had forced persecution and suffering upon its builders.

But the hour of their triumph had come, and the recognition of a heavenly Father's favor was awaiting their entry into the courts of the Lord's house. A mellow, soul-pervading power took possession of the hearts of the faithful as they entered the auditorium. The eye refused to keep back the tears, the lips would quiver as the

fire of God's Holy Spirit burned within the soul, and before they were conscious of it they had begun to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

Ah, who but a true child of God could appreciate those moments of a heavenly Father's acknowledgment. The throng still surged around the doors, and every seat provided for the assembly was

BISHOP RICHARD BULLARD.

taken. The aisles were filled, also the vestibule, when at nine o'clock, the presidents, Joseph Smith, Jr., and Sidney Rigdon, reluctantly ordered the doors closed so that the exercises of this memorable day could commence.

The ninety-sixth and twenty-fourth Psalms were read by Sidney Rigdon, after which the following hymn was sung (Saints' Harp, 1004):

"Ere long the veil will rend in twain,
The King descend with all his train,

The earth shall shake with awful fright,
And all creation feel his might.

"Proclaim the joys of heaven around,
Hosannah! now, the trump shall sound,
And all the Saints together join,
With songs of love, with hosts divine."

As the Saints with their well-trained choir sang, the Spirit seemed to shake the temple, and heavenly choirs were heard to mingle their voices with those of the Saints, making the effect wonderful, soul-inspiring, and uplifting. A thousand voices with the help of the Spirit and augmented by the heavenly forces who had been assigned by the Father to make sacred and more impressive the service of song, made it a service of rapture.

The discourse following, by Sidney Rigdon, was one of eloquence and spiritual power, occupying two and one half hours. After this the prophet, Joseph, was presented to the congregation as their prophet, seer, and revelator. All rose from their seats to receive and acknowledge him as the one appointed of God to be their president. Then followed the song, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation," and the exercises of the morning closed with an intermission of fifteen minutes.

The sun shone through the windows of the temple upon a people filled with joy and praise. The hours had fled as though they were minutes, so intensely happy were God's people under the holy influence which filled that edifice upon that occasion. But the real feast was yet to come.

All joined in singing, "This earth was once a garden-place." President Joseph Smith then arose and after some appropriate remarks, prophesied to the assembly concerning God's blessings upon that people, and the work intrusted to their care, after which followed the prayer of dedication by Joseph.

There stood the living prophet of God, clothed with a mantle of light and intelligence, even that of the Holy Spirit, with eyes closed and uplifted hands. He presented to the Infinite One the first temple built under the direction and after the pattern given of God, since the temple was raised to his name and glory in Jerusalem, and by the sacrifice of his people.

With face illumined by the holy fire burning within him, stood this man, pouring out the longings of his soul to God, giving thanks and praise for the success which had crowned his efforts and the struggles and terrible persecutions which had attended the labors of these faithful Saints while building this house to the honor and glory of God.

The fervor, pathos, and spiritual power manifested in this prayer of dedication long remained with those who listened to its outpouring. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel was earnestly appealed to, to accept the work of the hands of God's children, who through much sorrow and persecution had continued their work to its completion. The Lord was asked to permit his glory to rest upon it and to come into it for his children's blessing. The

poor, the sick, and the afflicted were not forgotten before the Lord. The persecuted ones in Missouri, who had been cruelly beaten,

THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE.

"From pinnacle to corner-stone,
A temple unto me was shown."

slain, and driven from their homes and lands, were remembered, and the tears of sympathy coursed down the cheeks of the prophet

as he earnestly pleaded their cause before the Lord. The sobbing response of those who silently joined with him in prayer showed how their hearts flowed out with sorrow towards their afflicted brethren. The church was remembered, with all the elders in Israel, that holiness might prevail among them, and that nothing should be permitted to enter the temple to pollute it, but that it might be preserved a house of holiness unto the Lord, that his glory might ever rest upon it. He prayed for himself, that he might be strengthened to do the will of God, and delivered from his enemies. His wife and children, with the families of all the Saints, were committed to the fostering hand of a loving Father.

Thus the temple was handed over to the Lord for his acceptance, and the sequel will reveal the fact that the work of sacrifice by the Saints was pleasing to the Lord and accepted by him. The Holy Spirit which had been pent up in the hearts of God's people during the wonderful prayer of the Prophet found relief when the hymn, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," was sung. Oh, what ecstacy of delight, what a thrilling power pervaded the assembly! Again heavenly choirs joined in chorus, swelling the strains of melody and praise to Jehovah. The hills surrounding the temple took up the sweet strain and reverberated the hallelujahs of that wonderful song of praise, and nature all around seemed to rejoice before the Lord. "Oh, happy people, whose God is the Lord!" The very atmosphere of the temple was filled with a soothing, melting influence which brought spiritual invigoration to the true and faithful children of God.

Quietude settled over the assembly when Joseph arose and announced that the emblems of the Lord's body would be administered. His brother, Don Carlos Smith, blessed the emblems and they were administered by the elders.

Then came a season of testimony and a wonderful display of spiritual power and manifestations of blessings in prophecy. There were tongues, and visitation of angels, one taking its seat between Joseph Smith, Sr., and Frederick G. Williams. Loud acclamations of "Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb," with "Amen" thrice repeated was sung by the assembly as an expression of the power and the blessing of God felt within them. Those "Hosannahs" were sung by an infant who had been brought into the temple under its mother's shawl, thus showing that the Lord used every available means to display his love and willingness to bless his people upon this memorable occasion.

Oh, the depths of the riches of his grace! How willingly he reveals his wonderful goodness when his people can utilize his blessings! Thus the meeting ended and the occasion has gone into history as one of the most blessed ever recorded.

Upon the Sunday following, the Saints again assembled to partake of the emblems of the Lord's body. A spiritual feast was again enjoyed. After the assembly was dismissed, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery retired to the pulpit, the veil being dropped. They bowed in solemn, silent prayer before the Lord. On rising the following vision was opened to both of them.

The veil was taken from their minds and the eyes of their understanding were opened. The Lord, even Jesus Christ the Lamb, once slain, descended and stood upon the breastwork of the pulpit before them. Under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like unto amber. His eyes were like a flame of fire, his hair white like pure snow. His countenance shone above the brightness of the sun and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying, "I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain. I am your advocate with the Father. Behold, your sins are forgiven you. You are clean before me, therefore lift up your heads and rejoice. Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice who have with their might built this house to my name; for behold I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here, and I will manifest myself in mercy to my people in this house.

"Yea, I will appear unto my servants who keep my commandments and do not pollute this holy house. Yea, the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands shall greatly rejoice in consequence of the blessings which shall be poured out. And the endowment with which my servants have been endowed in this house and the fame of this house shall spread to foreign lands. And this is the beginning of the blessings which shall be poured out upon my people, even so. Amen."

What an indorsement of the work accomplished was this. Even the Master Workman who had given instructions concerning its building came down and inspected it himself, smiled upon it, then said, "I accept it."

Then the veil was rolled back from heaven's gate and Moses appeared before them and gave them the keys of the gathering of Israel and the gathering of the ten tribes from the land of the north. After this Elias appeared and committed unto them the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, then Elijah, who was taken up into heaven without tasting death, stood before them and said the prophecy of Malachi was about to be fulfilled and the coming of the Lord was near at hand. Thus ended the vision. Who is a God like unto our God?

What beautiful memories cluster around that wonderful building, and more wonderful experiences attending its dedication! We feel this a fitting place for the beautiful hymn of David Smith's composition.

"From pinnacle to corner-stone,
A temple unto me was shown,
A building most desirable in which to dwell;
Builded with wisdom every wall,
And graceful tower straight and tall,
High springing arch and spacious hall—were beautiful.
Within its courts I longed to go,
Its cause and purpose longed to know,
Above the door a name did glow,—
God's Church Below."

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. 5.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

SETTLING IN JACKSON COUNTY; THE HAUN'S MILL MASSACRE; BONDS AND IMPRISONMENT.

RUINS OF LIBERTY JAIL, WHERE JOSEPH SMITH WAS IMPRISONED.

FAR WEST, Missouri, December, 1838.

DEAR MOTHER:

IT IS quite probable that I have received all the letters you have mailed me. The last mail brought several from the old city, some from the family, some from friends—quite a refreshment. Aunt Prudence, from whom also I received a letter, warns me to be careful about my religious adventures, quoting predictions that point forward to deceivers in the last days, and commenting not a little on the reports she has heard and read about the "Mormons" in the old country. It is plainly recognizable that the seeds of misrepresentation and falsehood are finding suitable soil there as well as here. How I would like to be there to meet them all in person. It is encouraging, however, to know that you and father, and the children, for the most part, are all believing at home, and that you are thinking of coming out here as the hand of Providence may open up the way later on. Just now I would caution you not to be hasty about coming, as there has been a perfect pandemonium prevailing here for some time past, and our people are in an

unsettled condition, not as to their belief, but as to their temporal sojournment.

Pursuant to the receiving of the revelation concerning the location of the site of the New Jesusalem, and the consecration of the spot, our people proceeded to move upon and settle up the land in Jackson County, this State. It was not long till their enemies, jealous of their success, envious of their prosperity, hating their religion, fearful of the suppression of the slave traffic, leaped upon the helpless and inoffensive Saints and drove some fifteen hundred of them from their homes in the inclemency of the cold autumnal winds of 1833. The brethren, after dwelling temporarily in different localities, enduring hardships and suffering untold persecutions, came here. And now, after a brief season of peace, if we may so call it, for there never has been a time when we were not the victims of the most revengeful tales of slander and calumny, the same spirit of mobocracy has cropped up again, and has burst into open violence. Every invasion of this kind, every unkindness, every lie that is told, and every mob that is raised to propagate it,—all makes me firmer in my trust in this great latter-day work. We pity our offenders, we lament the dire consequences to them; but in privation we are happy; in homelessness we are rich and buoyant. How truly I can sense the words of the apostle, who said that neither height nor depth, nor principalities, etc., could separate us from the love of God.

About sixteen or eighteen miles from here one of the most outrageous and revolting deeds of persecution occurred that has ever stained the earth. A little settlement had been formed by a few families of Saints, where they had erected a grist-mill and a blacksmith shop. There, in that sequestered spot, in the supposed security of that lone wilderness, they were hopeful of a season of undisturbed and undisputed immunity from the wrongs and grievances they had been subject to in the past. There they minded their own business, labored peacefully among the trees, tilled their ground, met in their divine assemblies, and conversed happily over the religion they had espoused. But imagine! Of a sudden, when they were unsuspectingly following the ordinary pursuits of life, this grand monotony was broken by the firing of rifle shots upon them. A few minutes, a few rifle cracks, a few cries and screams from the poor martyrs, and all was over. Eighteen were dead and lifeless upon the ground. A few had escaped to tell the tale. A small minority they were, the majority had died for their religion. Thus runs the pathetic tale of Haun's Mill. You will be mutually thankful with me that I was not there, though I am no better than my suffering brethren, and sometimes I could wish to take their places. The tide of persecution still rolls, and it will beat upon the shore of every land that has a true prophet or a spark of inspiration in it. The same spirit is rife here that perpetrated all the cruelties and brutalities of the Dark Ages, that kindled the fires of the tyrant Nero, and tore out tongues in the Middle Ages; that gave them torment here, and promised

them hell hereafter; that filled dungeons and made orphans, invented thumbscrews, racks, fagots, gridirons, and every conceivable instrument of torture; that established the infamous Inquisition. The religionists generally headed these outrages in former times, and so it is to-day.

And now at this very place we are but emerging from another upheaval of turmoil and animosity that necessitates an emigration from the State entirely. Shortly we will have spanned the Mississippi River, and set up a location eastward in the state of Illinois. Some members are already moving in that direction. Our prophet is in jail with some of the other leaders and high officials in the priesthood, after escaping a death sentence to be shot of a wicked, vindictive, and rash military officer. Stock here has been shot to the ground, houses have been rifled and burned, fair sisters have been violated, crops burned to the ground, and finally an enforced agreement to leave the State. It was only the 14th of March last that Joseph Smith and family arrived here from Kirtland, and now without offense, without a wrong on his part, he is deprived of his liberty, his family association, by imprisonment. When he will be released we know not. He has the united prayers of the church, and the same God who delivered Peter, the same God who heard the songs of Paul and Silas in the night-time, can liberate his servant to-day. The work is going on, elders are abroad, conversions are being made, thousands are rallying around the standard. Persecution is refining the Saints and removing the dross, making them ready for the coming of the Master, who shall suddenly come to his temple, as saith Malachi 3.

Later. Mother, I have received your letter concerning some of our missionaries at work in another part of England. I had in view to speak of it later on in my narration of events. I am aware that they left here in June, 1837, and their names are Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, and Willard Richards. Bro. Kimball, one of the twelve apostles, is in charge. Do come in contact with them if you can. They are good, spiritual men. Apostle Hyde is a very powerful speaker. In listening to those men you will witness an unspeakable contrast from the old cold and formal style of the established church clergymen. Ministers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints cultivate a dependence on the Lord. As a rule their studies are general between times, and when they stand up to preach they depend on God to marshal in their minds the facts and truths they have been treasuring up. It is astonishing in how little time illiterate men develop into good, powerful speakers. Nor do any of them receive salaries. Local men are preachers who depend for their livelihood on their earnings, the same as all other members composing their congregations. They get not a cent for the services they render in a ministerial way. Where missionaries, like those who have visited our beloved country, go out on duty, the Saints make an effort to sustain their families in their absence, but the subsistence of the men who travel is what comes to them by voluntary contribution. You can com-

prehend how that by that means we can put a tremendous force of men into the field for the size of the membership. Does not that sound like the apostolic order? "Take neither purse nor scrip." Men who know that faithfulness is their only refuge, that if they are faithful they will have sufficient, and if they are not faithful they may come to want, are more apt to be faithful, and in their faithfulness are more apt to do good, for God will bless their ministrations and work with them.

News has already greeted the church here of the arrival of the three missionaries in England, via Liverpool, July 20, following their departure, also of their first baptism ten days later in the River Ribble. It is of absorbing interest to hear the missionaries upon their arrival, from time to time, declare what wonderful things God has wrought by their hands. Joyful are the returns of these sacrificing men to the loving embraces of their tender wives and merry children after a very long absence sometimes. Painful and tearful are the partings again, when the partition of duty divorces them again for another season—it may be months, possibly years—and with feelings that are, I dare say, best known to their actual partakers, they pull away by disentangling a network of loving arms, and, rounding the corner, hasten to the stage with grips in hand. They are the "swift messengers" we read of. They are the "fishers and hunters" of the latter days. What is more appealing to our reason than that God should have a prophet in these days and a dispensation go forth? First the world ripened in iniquity and he sent a Noah, one dispensation. Again he found them in the degeneracy, and to preserve his name in the earth he called an Abraham, another dispensation. Subsequently the promised seed became involved in baneful surroundings, the true light was vanishing, and he called on a Moses—another dispensation. Eventually God sent John the Baptist and his Son when the people had fallen back to that extent that the last ray of light had all but fled—another dispensation. Now over eighteen hundred years have rolled away. Apostasy has darkened the heavens. Rome has prevailed against the saints and worn them out, the truth has been crushed to the ground (Daniel 7:8). The earth has been bathed in gross darkness for ages; ordinances have been changed (Isaiah 24); a famine for hearing the word of the Lord has prevailed (Amos 8). Is it not reasonable that God would now call another messenger and issue another dispensation?

I sent you a package of literature the other day, and have another package in view before the setting of many suns. Following up some events in their order so far as it is wisdom to pay any attention to chronology I will mention some events in our history that have transpired since my last regular account.

In April, 1832, Joseph Smith was acknowledged as president of the high priesthood. I believe I had something to say in the past about priesthood which may excuse me from any enlargement thereon in this letter. I will mention, however, that we now have the quorum of apostles, who were called and ordained in 1835.

Another order known as the "School of the prophets" has been organized, and the patriarchate is established in the church. The father of Joseph Smith, whose name also is Joseph Smith, was ordained patriarch on December 18, 1833. One function of his office is to bestow patriarchal blessings, in which duty he lays hands on the head of the candidate, as in confirmation or ordination, and addresses them in respect to the past, the present, or the future, according as he may be led by the Spirit of God. I should say that the blessings are not necessarily prophetic, though they very commonly are, and oftentimes not only is the future work, and many future particulars of the one blessed outlined, but the lineage is frequently given. One peculiarity is the fact that in cases where the lineage has been indicated it has always, as far as known, been Israelitish. I availed myself of the opportunity of having mine before I left Kirtland, and how astonished was I to be told that I was of the tribe of Ephraim. Most of the Latter Day Saints, in fact, are designated as descendant from the same head. We have therein quite an explanation for several of the prophecies which speak of Ephraim's being mixed with other nations and ceasing to be a people. We are safe in believing then, mother, according to these developments, that there is Israelitish blood coursing through the veins of many, if not the majority of the Anglo-saxon race. Little have you imagined that you were a daughter of Sarah.

Since the advancement of the church to the stage it has attained, we have in uniform application many of the prophecies. Take Ezekiel 37. In the fore part of said chapter we read of the final resurrection of the whole house of Israel. In the latter part we read of the union of two sticks which were to be united prior to their restoration; this we explain as having reference to the Bible and the Book of Mormon,—the stick of Judah, the Bible, as having proceeded from the Jews; the stick of Joseph, the Book of Mormon, as having proceeded from the seed of Joseph, who came out to this land. Anciently they wrote on tanned skin and rolled it on sticks, and "sticks" was a commonplace where we say "books" to-day. Here then we have the book of Judah and the book of Joseph. There was to be writing on them. They were to be united, and following their union Israel was to be gathered.

We notice that the stick of Joseph was to be in the hands of Ephraim, which is quite easily accounted for, in its being in the hands of the Latter Day Saints, who are of Ephraimitish lineage.

I am not much of a hand to speculate on uncertain prophecies, because there is too much of that kind of juggling going on to-day. We have sufficient to demonstrate the truth of the Book of Mormon without drawing from Bible prophecy, if we choose; and if the Bible contains anything that can justly be explained as applicable to the coming forth of this wonderful work, it may be viewed as collateral proof rather than necessary, inasmuch as the truth of the book and its divine origin may be vindicated without it. This book has its comparative theology, its testimonial evidences,

its archæological evidences which are now in process of accumulation in this Western Hemisphere, and its Bible testimony also, if the Bible is express in regard to it.

We read in Isaiah 37 of a people, a "remnant," who were to escape from Jerusalem. In Jeremiah 48, we read of a people who were to flee from the land of Israel to some other land that is in a measure described; in Isaiah 16, that a certain people were to go "over the sea." We read in Isaiah 18 of a land beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. The densest civilization on this hemisphere was in Central America, which would be almost in direct line from the two places where Isaiah and Ethiopia both were. Zephaniah 3 refers to the Lord's suppliants (those who prayed) beyond the rivers of Ethiopia who were to bring him an offering (perhaps an answer to their prayers). They are "the daughter (seed) of my dispersed," said the Lord. Genesis 48 contains the blessing of Jacob on Joseph's two sons, and Genesis 49 contains the blessing of Jacob on his twelve sons. In blessing Joseph he said, the blessing that he then conferred upon Joseph prevailed above the blessings of his progenitors (which Abraham placed upon Isaac, and Isaac upon Jacob, which blessing was restricted to the little land they were then in) unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, which is indicative that Joseph's seed were to inherit in a geographical way more than was ever vouschafed to those from whom he descended. A glance at Isaiah 29, and we find that a people were to speak out of the ground—that the words of a sealed book were to be delivered to a learned man, and the book itself to an unlearned man—that the words of this real book were to be heard by the deaf and seen by the blind—that all this was to happen a little while prior to Lebanon (Palestine) becoming a fruitful field, insomuch that it would be esteemed as a forest. A transcript of the Book of Mormon characters was submitted to Professor Anthon, of New York, who fulfilled the unquoted portion of the text, and the book proper was committed to the unlearned Joseph Smith. The deaf heard the words, and the blind beheld them by the power of healing, being restored, and while we can not say much in a matter of fact way with reference to the restoration of Palestine, as yet, there are many things pointing that way, ominous of the Jews' return and the renewed fertility of the desolate land. I earnestly believe, mother, that we will live to see the pleasant land of prophecy blossom as a rose, and the Jews gathering back.

To return to my remarks with reference to some of the officers of the church and their leaders, again. The First Presidency, the twelve, the seventies, the elders, the priests, teachers, and deacons, as also the high priests, are formed into quorums. The number of members composing the first three quorums named is limited, that they can not increase beyond a certain number no matter what strength the membership may expand to. Other officers may be multiplied to an indefinite extent, proportionable to the number of members or the demand for work.

Before I left Kirtland I was permitted to attend the dedication

of the temple, in 1836, March 27, which structure had begun in 1833. It is a day I shall never forget. God, who had looked down in pity on the sacrifices, the offerings of his people, their ungrudging gifts, and unsparing energies, the prayers and tears of his prophet upon the walls in the night-time—all instrumental in lifting the proud spire of that holy building into the heavens—seemed to come out from his hiding-place to pay his acknowledgment to his beloved people. Believe me, mother, angels mingled with the congregation as we worshiped. The room was filled with the Holy Spirit, the gifts of the gospel were manifest in profusion, some prophesied, some spoke in tongues, some saw glorious visions. The dedicatory prayer offered by Joseph Smith was eloquent and inspiring and reminded one of the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of that magnificent and costly structure in his day, recorded in the book of Kings. The dedicatory prayer was a fireworks of oratory by the Paul of latter days. It was worth crossing the ocean to see what was seen and hear what was heard during these sessions.

To enhance the importance of the occasion, and as a necessary link in the chain of dispensations, in the evolution of divine achievements, a few days following the experiences described the Lord Jesus himself appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery standing on the breastwork of the pulpit. Moses, Elias, and Elijah also appeared, each declaring their dispensation their keys the power of their priesthood.

These temples are not cathedrals with burning tapers, solemn images, and frowning statues, weird niches and gloomy subways. They are places of worship, places to which all are admissable, places for performing the rights and ceremonies belonging to the holy priesthood. It is therein that the twelve apostles observe the ordinance of feet-washing of which we read in John 13. Christ commanded the apostles to observe that rite, and to admit the succession of apostles is to admit the perpetuity of the obligation.

We do not profess that everything we believe can be proved by the New Testament. We may not be able to prove the doctrine of temple building, of patriarchs, high priests, and priests in the church by the portion of the Christian scriptures that have been handed down; but we maintain, nevertheless, that this church is identical with the New Testament church in all these eccentricities, and if the New Testament is silent thereon, it is simply because the information has not been handed down; because those tenets do not happen to be treated in the books that have come to us, or because after they were committed to book form, which they undoubtedly were, the books have been lost or kept back by that great and abominable church, Mystery Babylon. Silence in Matthew does not negate what is contained in Mark. Silence in Mark does not negate what is contained in Luke. Silence in any book is not held as a negation of what is contained in any other book embracing the sacred volume. Silence, then, in the whole number of books in their collective form is no negation of what may be propounded in some other book that God might give, provided it

can not be proved that the former book is all sufficient and contains all that he ever intended to give. I affirm that it can not, that no proof can be adduced that the Bible contains all, or is all sufficient. Had we some of the missing books written by prophets and inspired men mentioned in the New Testament, it is conceivable how we might read therein of their temple service, of the patriarchate, etc. In the absence of proof that the New Testament contains all, it is as illogical to say that the patriarchate was not a constituent of the primitive church because it is not mentioned in the New Testament as it is to say that the millennium of Revelation 20 was not believed back there because we find it in no other book—that the Christ-thief interview of Luke 23 did not occur because it is peculiar only to that book—that men may wear long hair because it is only forbidden in 1 Corinthians 11, and Romans says something about it. It is therefore not a question of whether the Book of Mormon and the book of Doctrine and Covenants contain some things not contained in the New Testament; it is a question of whether their truth can be verified.

Our field of literature is expanding. The first periodical the church issued was, *The Evening and Morning Star,* which was started at Independence, in June, 1832. It was a little more than a year old when the brethren were forcibly expelled from the place, in which expulsion the printing-plant was destroyed by the mob. Then in September, 1833, it was decided by the brethren in Kirtland to publish *The Latter Day Saints' Messenger and Advocate.* The time is coming when our literature will be wafted to and fro in every country, in every tongue and clime, and when every one will have the blessed opportunity of hearing and reading the gospel in the language of their nativity. All will have an opportunity of hearing all the principles of Hebrews 6 declared; all will have an opportunity of becoming the beneficiaries of the gospel sacraments administered by heaven-sent men. The honest of heart of every nation will respond and come with songs of everlasting joy to Zion, to the mountain of the Lord's house, to be taught of his ways, to walk in his paths. The Jews will gather to Jerusalem, and the lost tribes which we believe are not in communication with the known world will come in memory before the Lord, their prophets will hear his voice, the ice will flow down at their presence, and on a miraculous highway that will be cast up in the midst of the great deep shall they come to Zion with songs of joy and gladness to be welcomed and coronated by latter-day Ephraim, for so has the Lord foretold in modern revelation. Michael, the ancient of days, shall set up his habitation in the regions of Zion, whose work will be the complement of the sanctification of the Saints and the preparation of them for Christ's coming, which, when achieved, and when the espoused virgin may be presented unblemishable, when Christ's wife hath made herself ready (Revelation 19), then shall the Son of Man come in the clouds of heaven, to whom the Ancient of Days will relinquish the kingdom (Daniel 7); Christ will then reign as King of kings and Lord of lords; the knowledge of the glory of God will

cover the land as the waters cover the sea; the islands and continents shall become one land; the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, the whole earth will again be of one language and one speech. (Zephaniah 3.)

You will find many things obviated in the Doctrine and Covenants, also the Book of Mormon, that have been bones of contention in the various contending churches for ages. Every new revelation allays some difficulty, disperses some darkness, dispels the mists of ambiguity. There are a series of courts provided by which every accused transgressor can get ample justice by an appeal from one to the other where both sides are stated and heard, and where the decision is rendered by God-fearing, impartial men. There is a means also of ascertaining who is right and who is wrong in doctrinal divergences, if such arise, which means consist in presenting the case before the Lord and receiving from him direct a revelation, declaring himself explicitly on the subject. Many of the revelations, as you will notice in your copy, contain expressions with reference to church government, ministerial duties, and so on. Prior to their reception we are sometimes divided as to what is correct, and as to what the expression of the Lord will be; but when he once declares himself we unitedly bow to his scepter and yield to his verdict. Those revelations are given through the proper channel, through the head of the church; that is, those that are universally applicable to the church, or that come as a law, as binding. Those revelations are submitted to an examination, and must pass the various quorums, and finally the whole assembly, and if accepted tnere, they are a law to the church. Joseph Smith has not only supplied a law by which he can be tried and cut off, if found in transgression, but he has also offered a means by which the genuineness or spuriousness of his revelations can be detected. We are safeguarded against deception. To admit that a revelation may be given is to admit that it must have some channel to come through. There was only one channel in Moses' day through which the decalogue and ceremonial code could come, though there may have been a thousand prophets in Israel who received revelations from God. Now it is not necessary for more than one to receive the same revelation that is directed to the whole body; but we can readily see how the same power that delivers the revelation may witness to all others of its truth to protect from deception. So Joseph Smith says: "I have received a revelation; the same power that gave it to me will witness to you of its truth, and if it does not you are not under obligation to receive it." Would an impostor who in seclusion is writing up fabrications to deceive, leave himself so open to detection? Or are we to believe, on the other hand, that the church, including myself, is composed of nothing but deceivers? The latter insinuation no intelligent enemy will make, I dare say, yet it is the legitimate deduction of the implication of deception in the first case. Either all are deceivers, or Mr. Smith is the recipient of immediate and direct revelations from God.

But, mother, the time has arrived to close. I would be only too

glad to see you all out here, but be not hasty as yet. It would be as well for you to receive the gospel there, first, if you can come in contact with our men, and save all the money you can in advance of the journey. The country is flourishing and is increasing territorially. Texas has thrown off the Mexican yoke; she became independent in 1836, and I do believe will yet be annexed to this nation.

Love, peace, and happiness to you and all. SOLON.

(To be concluded.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART VIII.

LAUGHED AT BUT UNDAUNTED; AN ESCAPE FROM FREEZING; A NARROW GRADE AND A GRIZZLY BEAR; ELDER CLAPP IS MARRIED.

I WENT back to Oregon and began active labor in the mission field. I had received a letter from Eastern Oregon, away over on the John Day River, with an earnest request for me to come over and help them. The letter was from a man by the name of John Buckingham. His home was about three hundred and fifty miles away, and my trip to his place and back affords another chapter in my strange life, and gives another evidence of the unseen hand that rules our destinies. The letter was from Prairie City, Grant County.

One Sunday just before I arranged to go to the John Day country I had an appointment on the Calaposa about thirty miles from Sweet Home. I had met a man some days before who wanted me to preach in a certain schoolhouse. I had never been there, but the man said he would make the appointment and he thought there would be a good turnout. It was about four miles from where I had stayed all night, and as there was no one to go with me, I went on foot and alone across the fields through the mud,—and muddy it was. I got there just in time, and the house was full to overflowing, mostly with young people. I undertook to find some one to sing and they began to snicker and wink at one another and acted as though they did not have any more than half sense. I was so disgusted that I was of a mind to walk right out and shake the dust (mud) from my feet, and let them go; but a better thought possessed me and I resolved that I would not be laughed down by a lot of Oregonians. Without song or prayer or any other preliminary I began to preach, and my congregation began to giggle; but directly the Holy Spirit came upon me in most wonderful power, and the word of God went crashing through their stony hearts. They were all greatly humbled, and at the close of the meeting they flocked around me and many with tears in their eyes begged me to pardon them for their rudeness. I shook hands with almost the entire crowd, and many of them invited me to go home with them. I thanked them and was just as pleasant with them as I knew how to be, but I was to speak eight miles from there that evening, so I bade them good-day and I went back the way I came and left no appoint-

ment. I supposed that would be the last I would ever see or hear of them.

I only mention this meeting as a prelude to my trip over to the John Day River across the Cascade Mountains. I went to Sweet Home Valley, and Bro. A. P. Morris fitted me out with a splendid outfit for the trip, and John Morris, his son, went with me,—John owned a part of the team.

With our shot-gun, fishing-tackle, etc., it was more like a pleasure-excursion than for gospel work. At least it was not the way I had been in the habit of traveling; but I think that ere we got back to our starting point it quite lost the character of a pleasure-trip. The going indeed was a pleasure, and the association with the Buckingham family was most pleasant. I found the family very affable, all readily accepting the gospel, and I baptized them, seven in number, and organized a branch, with John Buckingham president. The family subsequently moved to Lamoni, Iowa, where the old folks died, but their family still lives in Lamoni and are much respected. I recollect saying to Bro. John Morris once, while on our trip, "John, this is not sacrificing for the kingdom of God much, is it?" John was at the time eating fried trout and was enjoying them greatly. John thought that it was. He was in a good humor to stand it. Brook-trout are a luxury that people who never traveled in the mountains of the far West know but little about, and when one has his appetite whetted by the fresh, pure, mountain air, it adds greatly to the pleasure of eating them.

I preached at Canon City and John Day Town, and other places lower down the river, and baptized quite a number; but it was now getting time to turn back towards the Willamette, for when the snow begins to fall in the Cascades there is no more crossing till the next spring. The Buckingham family fitted us up fine for our trip; our team had fared well, and we started out in good shape. But when we had gotten about half of the way in what is called the Ochico country, we stopped at a little town called Brineville and fed the team. Here I suppose the horse must have eaten something poisonous, for we had gone perhaps but twenty miles and driving quite briskly, for we were intending to make Los Chutes ferry that night, when I noticed that Charley, our best horse, was sick, and I told Bro. Morris so, but he thought not. I was driving and I kept close watch of him, and finally I said, "Yes, the horse is sick," and I got out and began to unhitch him, and by the time I got him unhitched he was very sick. I began doctoring him, using all the remedies I had at hand. I bled him in the third ridge of the mouth, but all to no purpose. Bro. John got on to the other horse and rode about ten miles to the first house to get some baking-soda to give him, but when he got back poor Charley was dead, and there we were away out on the prairie six miles from water, and it was night, and we were in a bad fix. While Bro. John was gone after the soda I prayed almost continually for the Lord to spare the horse to us, for we had no time to lose. We must get across the Cascades soon or we would be caught and very likely perish in the mountains,

as many others had done. My pleading was in vain. It seemed that the Lord was far off, and when Charley fell over (he died on his feet), it sent a pang to my heart that I will never forget as long as I live. I felt that after all I had done to speed on the gospel plow, that I was now abandoned to grapple alone with misfortune. John did not take it half so hard as I did, although it was his own horse. We went to bed and Bro. John was soon in a deep sleep, but there was no sleep for me. The ground owls and coyotes serenaded us all night at intervals, but John knew it not.

About one or two o'clock in the morning a band of horses passed going east, and I knew by the sound of their feet that they had been driven a long way. I could neither see the horses nor men, but was satisfied that there were several men on horseback by the sound of their horses' feet, and I said to myself, "They will camp on Crooked River, which is six miles back, and that will be our chance to get a horse. I tried to wake up my slumbering partner, but after making several attempts I came to the conclusion that it was a little premature for the resurrection of the dead, so I let him sleep on. At the first streak of dawn in the eastern horizon I got up and started back. When I got to Crooked River sure enough there was the camp and the herd of horses. I found out that they belonged to a Mr. Davis, and he was taking them over into what was called the Bake-oven country for winter range. I told Davis my condition, and that I wanted a horse and had no money. He said he could easily sell all the horses he had on those terms. I told him no doubt of it. I had about twenty dollars worth of specimens or nuggets that Bro. Lewis Krucker had given me and I showed them to Mr. Davis, and he showed me a little rat of a mule that I would not have led to our camp for it, and I told him I would not take it as a gift. I told him I could pay him when we got to the Sweet Home country, and I wanted something that would be of some value after we got through. While I was parleying with Mr. Davis a man got up and began coming towards us, dressing himself as he came, and when within six or eight rods of me he said, "Mr. Davis, let that man have a horse—any horse he wants—and charge it to me. I'll stand good for it." That changed Mr. Davis's manner toward me at once. The man came up and extended his hand and said, "How do you do! You don't know me, but I know you. I heard you preach over on the Calaposa, and I know you are all right. I will risk a horse on you, anyhow." Then Mr. Davis began to show me horses, and tell me their prices, and I finally settled on a bay mare at sixty dollars. I went back to camp feeling much better. So much for my being laughed at when I preached on the Calaposa.

We got over the Cascades just in time. One day longer would have been one day too late, for it began snowing before we got out and by the time we got to the foot of the mountains we were in snow a foot deep, and we were the last wagon that crossed that fall. Mr. Davis having told us we could leave the money at the Toll Gate at the foot of the mountains with one Mr. Gilliland and take his receipt for it, we did so.

On my return I found a pressing demand to go over on the Coquille Coast where I had been on a former occasion which I had failed to mention. Though it was about three hundred miles from Sweet Home, I concluded to go. I went down into Los Angeles County, for by this time there was a railroad as far as Roseburg, where I preached in the academy, and a singular thing took place. I will give it for just what is it worth. I wish to say that I am neither superstitious nor cowardly, but on this occasion I felt, as they say down in Georgia, "Sort o' quair." I was up on the rostrum preaching to quite a large crowd. The rostrum reached clear across the end of the academy and there were two sets of steps leading up to the stand, one at each side of the building. While I was talking quite fluently a man from back near the door came through the congregation and walking up to me said, "I want to be baptized." I told him to wait till I was through and I would talk to him. He was a large, dark fellow, and he wore his hat all the time. He went back and took his place near the door, but for some reason I could not see him. Directly he emerged from the same place and I saw his coming again, and his eyes looked like the eyes of a demon. He came up the same way and said, "I wish to be baptized," and again I told him to go and take his seat and I would talk to him after I got through. He looked terrible, and as he left I felt an awful influence come over me, but I threw it off and kept on preaching. I noticed as soon as he got back to his place I could not see him any more, but I soon saw him again coming from the same place, and coming the same way up to me. He commanded me to baptize him at once, and I then rebuked him in the name of the Lord, and as he turned away a most terrible influence came over me, and indeed it filled the house, for everybody felt it. I soon wound up the meeting and the people came forward and asked me who the man was and told what an awful feeling came over them as he passed by them. No one had ever seen him before, and as Roseburg was a little hamlet and "all in a pile," it was strange no one should have seen him before. After the meeting the people looked all over for him, but he was never seen again. These people were not Saints, for there were no Saints in the town, but all saw the strange man and felt the influence of his power. I nave related the matter just as it occurred, only I have not language to describe the strange sensation that all seemed to feel. The man was dressed in black and wore a black hat which he kept on all the time.

Bro. Buell lived at Lookingglass, about ten miles west. I got a chance to ride out there on a wood wagon, and it was on my road to the coast. I waited a day or two for a wagon that I learned was going as far as there was a road, and I got permission to ride with them. There were just two men and a span of young mules hitched to an express wagon. It was a splendid new rig, but the mules were wild and hard to manage. The men were poor hands to handle wild stock, so I volunteered to drive, and we got along fine till we got to a high cut where there was a big huckleberry

patch, and there up jumped a grizzly bear. He was taking his lunch on huckleberries and we disturbed him. He raised up on his hind legs and our mules took fright, and one might as well have pulled on their traces as on the lines. They plunged over a precipice about two hundred feet down into the Coquille River. The two men jumped out in the beginning of the fray. I hung on until they were just going over and I sprang out, but had hung on so long that I only struck the edge of the bank. I struck on my left side and broke two ribs. It was with great difficulty that I managed to get onto the grade, and there I lay panting for breath, ano I almost despaired of ever gaining my feet again. The mules and the wagon were a total loss, and I do not know what became of the men.

When I jumped from the wagon I threw my little grip out. It was a very small one and I threw it too far. It fell in the road and by that means I came near losing it for good. I managed to get to a shanty of an old hunter, and I lay there till the next day, panting for breath. I got the man to go to the scene of the wreck for my grip, but he could not find it and I was again in trouble. I found it so uncomfortable at the hunter's that I resolved to try to get to a place where I had stopped when I was in that country before I started down the river. Walking very cautiously and holding my hand to my side to keep it from jolting my wounds I traveled for eight or ten miles, when it began raining very hard and I stopped at a little shanty where a man lived by the name of Shook. They were nice folks and everything in their little shanty was as clean as could be. They took me in and treated me very kindly, and well they did, for the folks that I had expected to stay with were moved away and Mr. Shook's was the last house for over ten miles. At Mr. Shook's I also found my little grip. A man on horseback had picked it up and left it there.

Next morning it was still raining and the good Mrs. Shook wanted me to stay all day, and in fact till it quit storming, but I thought I would press on and try to get through. So I started on in the rain and found all the little creeks had become torrents. The bottoms were covered with water and the trail was submerged more than half the time, which made it very difficult for me to get along in my condition, and when I got down on the north fork of the Coquille I found I had to wade or swim all the time. The river was so high that I could hardly tell where the original channel was, but it was getting late in the evening and I could not turn back, so I boldly waded in. I found it necessary to swim occasionally, so I hung my little grip on the limb of a tree and kept on swimming or wading till I was nearly exhausted from swimming with my clothes on and with broken ribs. There is no telling what a man can do until he is put to it and *has* to do it.

I came in sight of a house where an old gentleman lived, and there I would certainly have perished if the young folks at the house had not seen me and called to me to hold on and they would send a boat. A strong deep current swept around the point of the

hill that would have carried me to ruin if I had attempted to swim, but they stopped me just as I was going to enter the stream. I stayed with this family that night and talked with the old gentleman, who was an infidel, but a generous man, and he had a nice family that treated me very kindly. The next day I was quite sick. The boys conveyed me by boat to Bro. Giles, and there I lay for five weeks, some of the time at the point of death, and only by the kindly ministrations of Sr. Giles and the prayers of the Saints was I again raised up. Bro. Giles was so certain that I would die that he made arrangements to get a man to help bury me. He took the precaution so as to be in time, for neighbors were far between in that country; but for some reason best known to the Lord I am still on this side of the dark river.

After I got up again I went to work and baptized about fourteen in that neighborhood and organized the Coos County Branch, and before I left them they were in good working order. I met a man down on the river by the name of John Gordon and talked with him and he became very much interested, but I only had a very short time to talk with him. He said he would like to have me come up to his house. There was no road, but a very poor trail. It was about eight miles up in the mountains. I went up and that evening I caught seventy-five trout, and there talked with Gordon and his wife all night, and then took our breakfast of trout and went to the creek and baptized Gordon and his wife. I came back and concluded that my work was done in that place, for a season at least.

From there I went to Douglass County, where I found a good home at Bro. J. H. Lee's. I preached at Myrtle Creek and baptized quite a number, and went again to Sweet Home. I learned that the branch there had heard of my sickness and they had fasted and prayed for me and had kept in session all night until they got the evidence that I would see them again. So when I got back to Sweet Home, in fulfillment of the promise they had, they received me with demonstrations of great joy, and it melted my heart to great tenderness when they told me that even the little girls would get down and in blinding tears plead for Uncle Joe.

While in Sweet Home I was again wanted across the Cascades. Several of the boys (Saints) were going to take a herd of cattle, that is, several of them put their cattle together to drive, making something over a hundred head, and I believe they had three or four wagons. Bro. T. N. Fields took his family with him, and they wanted me to be their captain, as I was more used to traveling than any of them. I also drove a wagon, but had quite an easy time of it. Our first camp was a difficult one, on account of being so close to home. The cattle were, as they always are, hard to get started, and the first day we lost several head in the brush. We camped in the foothills and sent some of the boys back to hunt the cattle, while others were herding those we had, and I was looking out for the camp. I took a gun and walked back the road about a half mile, when along came the notorious Tom Heffnan, one of the worst criminals the world has ever known.

I had read a few days before of the arrest of Heffnan, and how while the captors were bringing him to Portland he slipped his hand-cuffs and got away from them. I knew Tom the moment I saw him, although I hadn't seen him for a long time. Before he turned out on the highway he worked for me and was what one would call a hard case, but a good worker. It was in the time of the war, and he left me and joined the Sholewater party which was made up in California and which undertook to go south and join the rebels. The party had broken up down in Arizona and had killed one another nearly all off. I saw seven of the survivors hung, and Heffnan should have been one of them, but he managed to get away. When Heffnan came back to California he was a terror. He has a record in California and Nevada that rivals the worst of the very worst.

I felt a little nervous on meeting him, but he did not offer me any indignity, and I am of the opinion that he did not recognize me at first. He told me that his name was Jim Hooker and that he was hunting work. He went on towards our camp while I went on in the other direction a few rods. Then thinking of the defenseless condition of our camp I walked briskly back. "Mr. Hooker" had camped close by. He had a big bay horse, a work horse that he probably had stolen, a big double-barreled gun, and two government navy revolvers. As soon as I got a chance I told the boys who he was, and warned them not to go about him, but when they should meet him to speak genteely to him, and to keep their eyes on him. I told them as much of his history as I could and how expert he was in the use of firearms, and all went well that night.

Heffnan started out in the morning before we did; yet we got quite a good start, for the boys had found the cattle. We made a good drive but saw no more of Tom that day. The next day we made Fish Lake, a noted stopping place because of the abundance of trout. Only two men were stopping here, but they had bad whisky and Heffnan was there and had taken the place. When I came up he threw off his guise and said, "Hello Joe, old boy, how are you?" and began to get so familiar that I began to get a little nervous; but we drove off to one side to camp and Tom came out and wanted us all to understand distinctly that his name was "Jim Hooker," and of course proved it by me. When we started on in the morning I put a Winchester rifle on my seat with the magazine full of cartridges, but fortunately had no use for it. Heffnan went on to Prunesville and was arrested, and while the sheriff with two other men were taking him to The Dalles he got away and took the sheriff's horse and arms and stepped out and that is the last I ever heard of the great bandit.

On the trip I baptized quite a number and organized a branch at Moose Creek. When I got through my work I went back to Oregon, or Western Oregon, by the way of The Dalles. I traveled two hundred miles with freight wagon, camping by the way. I was acquainted with the boys and they were very jovial, and the time passed off quite pleasantly till we got to The Dalles where

the boys were to load their wagons and turn back. There I took steamer and sailed down the Columbia and up the Willamette to Portland. I again went to Sweet Home and labored for a season and then returned to Southern California, where on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1878, I was married to Miss Serville Austin, having previously fitted up a home in San Bernardino City.

ADMONITION AND PROMISE.

THE INTERPRETATION OF A TONGUE GIVEN THROUGH APOSTLE J. W. WIGHT AT THE LATE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

ELDER J. W. WIGHT.

THUS saith the Spirit unto you, my people now assembled: There are many, many things done by you pleasing in my sight; many, many things done that are not pleasing in my sight, and for which my people need to be warned. Yea, verily, I say unto you, that inasmuch as my people will put away the pride of heart and the pride of life, turn from the vanities of the world, cease from the vanities incident to outward

adornment, and become more humble and faithful, I will pour out of my Spirit upon you, giving unto you wisdom and knowledge, enabling you to walk in humility and in faith. Yea, be warned; for the time has come that calamities shall come upon the earth; yea, in the voice of earthquake, of famine, of pestilence, of thunder, and of lightning, will calamities stalk abroad, and the time is near at hand when you must needs stand in holy places; and, standing so, my Spirit will keep you from harm and danger.

Yea, my people need to take warning and become more humble; and inasmuch as they will so do I will pour out of my Spirit upon them. The time is not far distant when, from the various parts of the earth, will I call my people together; and the Gentile nations need to be warned. For soon will I turn from them, lo, unto my people that have been my people in times past. From the Gentiles will I turn, and then my people, sanctified unto me through their father Abraham, will come from the four parts of the earth, center together, and be prepared to meet my Son when he shall come upon the earth. Yea, thus saith the Spirit unto you, in warning voice this morning. Amen.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.—PART II.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister.)

CHAPTER 2.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAD NO USE FOR RELIGION.

SEED-TIME and harvest came and went, the great earth swung close to the lordly sun, blushed, via peach and apple orchards, drew icily distant, and returned again with periodical enamorings, and there fell a day in June when McBernie's son, Donald, returned from college. He was quite the pride of the village, having stood high in his classes, having won out in an interstate oratorical contest, and furthermore, having at one time kicked a goal after having had two ribs broken in a scrimmage; still, furthermore, being a well known sprinter. Donald was not ignorant of these things.

Minnie, in the most casual way, observed him as he passed the Luther home. In the flitting of an eye she appraised him from head to foot and turned to more important matters. In that instant she gathered and arranged the following items: He is tall and broad-shouldered, but rather thin, looks like an athlete; he has a long, thin, Scotch-American face; he looks studious, a little too solemn; how odd, when his hat is lifted to you observe that his foretop, or whatever you call it, is gray; how odd for a young man! Comes from study, perhaps; carries himself well; needs a little humbling.

Sunday morning, McBernie interrupted his son in the midst of a yawn. "Well, lad, we'll go to church to-day."

"Oh, fatner, spare me!" replied Donald.

"It'll not hurt ye," chuckled the father. "I dare say you have spent half your time at college in the chapel, and you can't stopet too sudden."

The young man waved a lordly gesture. "You can keep up the religious exercises," he replied. "Science is good enough for me. I like to deal with men who know things; preachers and weather prophets don't appeal to my eagle-eyed intelligence."

"See here, lad," urged the father, growing serious; "I know well the spirit of the schools. Bide your time before passing on the eternal verities. You've read a book or two, but you don't know everything. What think ye of this?" He opened the Bible and took a slip of paper from between the leaves. "It's an extract from the writings of the scientist, Lord Kelvin. I keep it here as a sort of book-mark, next the words, 'In the beginning God created,' etc." He proceeded to read:

" 'Mathematics and dynamics fail us when we contemplate the earth, fitted for life but lifeless, and try to imagine the commencement of life upon it. This certainly did not take place by any action of chemistry, or electricity, or crystalline grouping of molecules under the influence of force, or by any possible kind of fortuitous concourse of atoms. We must pause, face to face, with the mystery and miracle of the creation of living creatures.'

"I have lived a long time," said the old man, "and have seen many things. I thinket he told the truth. We can't know of the verities unless the one on the other side the curtain tells us. He has done so.

"Anyway, it will not hurt you to go to the church. The minister, Mr. Luther, and his family, will stop in on the way, and I would like for you to meet them."

"Thanks, no preachers in mine. Go on, father, to church, and enjoy yourself. Be good enough for two generations. But don't pester me with preachers."

With another lordly gesture he vanished into the rear room, just in time to avoid the visitors. Nevertheless he yielded enough to vulgar curiosity to look out of a side window that commanded the approach to the house. He contemplated the preacher, with a little uptilt of his long nose. The wife evoked a more lenient

expression, one almost of pity; and as his eyes rested upon Minnie, a mild dawning of admiration appeared upon his features and grew encouragingly. For reasons known to herself, Minnie did not enter the house, but sat in company with little Viola upon the doorstep in the sweet June sun. Unknown to her, Donald's window commanded an excellent view of the front step.

In the parlor, the minister, his wife, and McBernie chatted in subdued tones. Presently the inner door opened and Donald strolled into the room.

"Father," he asked, in an aggrieved tone, "are you not going to introduce me to your visitors?"

The old man arose hastily, feeling vaguely at fault, and introduced his son to the company.

When the time came to make a start toward the church, Donald was one of the first to don a hat, and admonished his father to hasten or they would be late.

The two young people were not formally introduced; yet such things adjust themselves, and when Donald lifted his hat to Minnie at the door of the Luther home, whither he had escorted her after meeting, he said, "May I accompany you to the evening services?"

Minnie scrutinized him closely, and responded, "I don't know; someway I fancied that you would not be interested in preaching-services."

"Oh, I assure you that I have been—am—much interested in religious matters."

"Ah, I am glad. Your father said something about your not liking preachers, and sermons, and all that sort of thing."

"He did? Now father ought not to give me away in that way! I don't care much for preachers, as a rule, but your brother is different from the most of them. I am quite interested in what he said this morning. Indeed, I am very anxious to follow up some ideas that he presented. I think some one ought to take an interest in young men who are really inclined—toward religion—don't you think?"

"Well, if you put it that way," said Minnie, with a backward glance, as she entered the house, "I will be glad to have your company to-night."

Donald turned away just in time to catch a malevolent glance from Ephraim Wilson, who was at that moment passing.

CHAPTER 3.

THE PEBBLE DROPS IN THE WATER.

Sidney Luther strolled down Main Street, in company with McBernie, in a most excellent frame of mind. He was returning from a meeting of the leading members of his congregation, whither he had been summoned, and where he had received a most touching evidence of the esteem in which he was now held.

The congregation had decided that it was time to do something substantial for the minister who had done so much for them.

Accordingly a tract of land at the edge of town (enough to support a horse and cow, chickens, and pigs, as Mrs. Deacon Hardpack explained to her husband,) had been purchased, and a good-sized parsonage was even then in course of erection.

This had been kept entirely from the knowledge of the pastor, until Mr. E. E. Miller delivered himself of the presentation speech, with a frosty smile, almost, but not quite genial, as a concession to the occasion.

It seemed that the minister and his family would be more comfortably situated than they had been for years.

Luther had observed some excitement and bustle about an empty store building during the day, and as they passed it this evening, homeward-bound with good news laden, he became aware that a crowd had gathered therein, and that some one was preaching or lecturing. Not caring to enter, he and McBernie paused just outside the door and listened. They lingered to get the gist of the affair and to discover the identity of the speaker. This was what saluted their ears:

"The Latter Day Saints come to you with a divine message. Their position is either true or false. If true, you can not afford to ignore it.

"Solomon said, 'He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.' No man can afford to be ignorant when it is within his power to be informed correctly.

"To arrive at proper conclusions, men must understand both sides of a controversy. And yet it is evident to every student of history that the human family has reluctantly considered any proposition conflicting with its pet theories and preconceived ideas. Why should any man fear investigation if he is in the right? Why appeal to prejudice? Why resort to persecution? This, however, has always been the method of warfare against the truth.

"The power of public opinion in governing individual action has been one of the chief obstacles to the expansion of truth. No sooner has a new doctrine been presented than the cry is raised, 'Away with it.' Truth must come in contact with the traditions of men. Truth has won and will continue to win its way into the hearts of honest, God-fearing people. But how difficult it is to reach a man steeled against further investigation, and who is intrenched behind the walls of prejudice with which the bigot ever surrounds himself!

"The press and pulpit are largely responsible for the general misconception as to the position of the Latter Day Saints. All kinds of evil reports and malicious slanders have been circulated against them. Orthodox ministers have ever been ready to prejudice the minds of the masses, without opportunity being afforded us to present our defense. We welcome the growing tendency to give us fair play, and feel confident that the name of 'Latter Day Saint' will soon be respected the world over.

"Some people do not care to know *who* the Latter Day Saints are, or *what* they believe. Do you? The moment the term 'Lat-

ter Day Saint' is mentioned, many exclaim, 'Oh, the Mormons! we want nothing to do with them!'

"The true Latter Day Saints are not 'Mormons.' This was a nickname given them by their enemies. When the defection as to church government and morals was made by Brigham Young in 1844, the name followed his adherents and they did not repudiate it. To-day it is used as a synonym for polygamy and all the evils perpetrated in Utah in the name of religion.

"There are two distinct, separate churches bearing this name: one is known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called 'Mormons,' with headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah; the other is the *Reorganized* Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, with headquarters at Lamoni, Iowa.

"It may be asked, 'Why bear this name?'

"First. The term *saint* is a God-given name, applied to his children in different ages of the world.

"Second. According to Bible prophecy we are now living in the 'latter days'; hence, it saints, we are 'Latter Day Saints.'

"Third. The term *Christian* was a name of derision applied to the early disciples at Antioch, 43 A. D. Will the advocates for the name *Christian* tell us what they were called prior to this? The Bible says they were called *saints*.

"Fourth. Christ said, 'I will build *my* church.' If the church is *his*, it must bear his name. The angel said to Joseph, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus'; and Paul speaks of 'Our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom *the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*' His church or family on earth to-day, would therefore be the 'Church of Jesus Christ,' composed of 'Latter Day Saints.'

"Fifth. All Protestants concede that the original church was disorganized, hence the necessity for a restoration.

"Owing to the usurpation of church power by Brigham Young, still another reorganization was necessary, hence our church is very properly called the 'Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.' It is said that when you stand before the bar of God you will not be asked, 'Are you a Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Christian, or Adventist?' If you are a *saint* you will be acceptable, and you can not be a saint unless you belong to the 'church of Jesus Christ,' which is composed of *saints*.

"Are you a church member? If not, are you desirous of becoming one? If so, carefully consider the origin of each church before you venture to ally yourself with any. Accept only that which bears the stamp of divine approval.

"In the year 1820, Joseph Smith attended a union revival meeting; and his religious nature responded to the fervent appeal for service, while thinking and studying the Bible in an endeavor to solve the question as to which of the churches was right, he read:

" 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'—James 1: 5.

It seems that God, by his Holy Spirit, witnessed to this humble

seeker the truth of the above promise. Repairing to the seclusion of a near-by forest, he poured out his soul to God in earnest supplication for divine light. His prayer was answered, and he was told not to unite with the churches, as their creeds were not acceptable to God and that they taught 'for doctrines the commandments of men,' 'having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.'

"Only eighty years have passed since this angelic message was given, and nearly every church in Christendom is already unwittingly a witness to the truthfulness of that statement. What with creed revision and an adaptation of church rule and worship, in an attempt to suit the opinions of this advanced age, there is scarcely a church which has not changed front.

"The adherents of these institutions must take one of two positions. If they contend that Joseph Smith was wrong and their creeds then correct, then they are in error now. If they affirm that their creed is now correct, then the statement made by the angel to Joseph Smith is sustained.

"That a revision of creed has been necessary evidences the human origin of these churches. God's work never admits of reform or revision. Men and their institutions can very properly be reformed, but God and his work never. When the church so far departs from the divine schedule as to admit of reform, authority is withdrawn and darkness reigns. A recommitment of divine power and a restoration of gospel truth and the blessings which attended the same in the early church is the only way out of the 'wilderness.'

"September, 1823, Joseph Smith had another vision, outlining the work to be done.

"April 6, 1830, the church was duly organized and immediately God began to confirm the believers 'with signs following.'

"You ask what we mean by restoration of the gospel and of the church? We reply that after the departure of Christ a great apostasy occurred. This was clearly in fulfillment of prophecy, for Christ had said:

" 'And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'—Matthew 11: 12.

"Paul said: 'For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.'—Acts 20: 29, 30.

"Also: 'Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first.'—2 Thessalonians 2: 3.

"Again: 'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables.'—2 Timothy 4: 3, 4.

"In Revelation 12: 1-6, John gives a graphic description of this apostasy. After showing how the church would be disorganized

or 'go into the wilderness,' he portrays the restoration of the gospel in these words: 'And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come.'—Revelation 14: 6, 7.

"This angel did fly in the midst of heaven and delivered the keys, power, and authority of the everlasting gospel to Joseph Smith. This gospel we present to you, asking only that you give it thorough investigation; and should you find that it is in harmony with the church established by Jesus Christ, we invite you to become one with us."

The minister and his companion were not permitted to hear more. They were interrupted by the sudden exit of a fat, red-faced man, who was encouraged, propelled, we may say, by an equally adipose lady, who followed in his wake. The man was Norman Barker, the genial drayman; the motive power, his wife, who seemed agitated. When the door was closed and she had recovered her breath, she loosened the floodgates of speech upon her unhappy spouse, and upon the minister and McBernie, who accompanied them down the street. "The idea," she exclaimed, "of those Mormons coming here to preach old Joe Smith—talk about him having revelations—and running other churches down! You'll not catch me in there again. I stood it just as long as I could and then I came out."

"Aw," protested her husband, in a voice that was intended to be subdued and conciliating, "they wa'n't nothin' so *very* bad about what they said, so far's I could see."

"Well there *was*, so far as I can see—it was *all* bad, and more to follow. They just give people the good things to start on, and then when they are blinded and deceived they bring out the bad, *plenty* of it."

"Haw, haw, haw!" rumbled the husband, his big chest shaking. "You say't was *all* bad, and that they gave us the *good* to-night and we'll git the bad later on. You're like th' lawyer that was defendin' the old woman that borrowed the kettle. He said he proposed to prove three things: First, the defendant never borrowed the kettle; second, she returned it in good condition; *and* third, it was cracked when she borrowed it.—Haw, haw, haw!"

"Well, I don't care," persisted the lady, "I think Bro. Luther ought to go around to-morrow and visit every member of his congregation and tell them not to go to hear these people. Reverend Sly used to do that, when we lived in Marion and such kind of people came there. It's a pastor's duty to warn the flock."

Sidney Luther ventured no remark.

The lady persisted, "Don't you think you ought to go around to-morrow, early, and see all the members of your congregation and sound the warnin' voice? These elders are going to preach here right along, and scatter tracts from house to house, and the good Lord knows what in all."

Sidney Luther looked at her in a peculiar way, and said slowly, "I have no objections to any of my flock going to hear them. If

I were to go and warn people in the way you suggest, it would look as though one of two things were true—either that I feared to have my teachings contrasted with the teachings of these elders, or else that I did not think that my people had judgment enough to know truth from error. Such a course would be contemptible."

Thus he justified Donald McBernie's opinion that he was different from some ministers.

As the minister opened his gate, a four-page tract fell to the ground. He picked it up and entered the house. As he threw it on the table, the striking heading of the tract attracted Minnie's attention, and she possessed herself of it.

"Do You Know?" she cried, with a flourish. "Listen, while I read this document, this impertinent document that wants to know if I know! Listen! Attention all! I will now read:

"Do you know that Christ named the Apostle Paul as a 'chosen vessel' to bear the gospel unto the 'Gentiles'? We are among the 'Gentiles' here named. We may look for him to have something of *especial* interest to *us*, and we are not disappointed. For us he has epitomized the principles of the gospel of Christ in a single sentence: 'Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, and of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment.'—Hebrews 6: 1-3. Here are six gospel principles that take one from the birth of faith clear through to the dawn of the Judgment Day.

"Do you know that the 'epitome of faith' of the Latter Day Saints reads as follows, touching gospel ordinances: 'We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in God and the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost; fifth, We believe in the Resurrection of the Body, that the dead in Christ shall rise first, and the rest of the dead shall not live again until the thousand years are expired; sixth, We believe in the doctrine of Eternal Judgment, which provides that men shall be judged, rewarded, or punished according to the degree of good, or evil, they shall have done.'

"Do you know that this statement of faith parallels the one made by Paul?

"Do you know that no other published statement of faith and that no other creed has ever paralleled that statement since the days of the apostles?

"Do you know that men quarrel about the gifts and legacies willed them by their fathers and forget some of the gifts that Christ gave them? We are told: 'He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. . . . And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers.'—Ephesians 4: 8-13. These were a perpetual gift, or until 'we all come in the unity of the faith.' The will is still in force, because we have not reached that time. Have we preserved the legacy? or are we satisfied with pastors and evangelists only?

"Do you know that this means that Christ organized his church in a certain specific way? 'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.'—1 Corinthians 12: 28.

"Do you know that God organized his church in that way, and set those officers and blessings therein, and that man had no right to take them out?

"Do you know that the Latter Day Saints' Church is organized after this plan and has in it all the officers and blessings named in the New Testament Scriptures?

"Do you know that you will find it difficult to find any other church that is so organized, or that even believes in these things?

"Do you know that God never appointed any man to draw a line through the ages prior to the second coming of Christ and to say, Revelation ends here! Prophecy ends here! Miracles end here! Spiritual manifestations end here! and so on?

"Do you know that on the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was promised to all whom God should call, till the end of time? (See Acts 2: 38, 39.)

"Do you know that the evidences of the Holy Spirit are as follows: 'The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues.'—1 Corinthians 12: 7-11.

"Do you know that several of these nine gifts are rarely believed in, seldom preached, and almost never witnessed in the popular churches?

"Do you know that the Latter Day Saints' Church believes in them all, experiences them at times, and is living for a more abundant outpouring of them?

"Do you know, in a word, that we parallel Bible teaching along every line?

"Do you know that *you* ought to stand with the church that stands with the Bible?"

Lightness and raillery vanished from her tone before she had finished reading. Some of these pointed paragraphs cut through indifference like a rapier.

Two elders walking homeward from the evening service struck up a hymn. By a coincident (perhaps) they were at the moment passing Sidney Luther's home, and their words sounded clear and musical:

"For the pebble has dropped in the water,
And the waves circle round with the shock."

(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni. Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE SONG OF THE TRICYCLE.

I'm an iron horse, that's my claim,
  Though Ronald calls me a burro, the idea!
And others have a different name,—
  Tricycle, velocipede, machine, that's me;

And sometimes Ronald calls me an automobile,
  Or a street-car, or a ship, maybe,
Just 'cording to the way he happens to feel,
  Or after something he happens to see.

But I'm an iron horse, that's my claim,
  And though I never have much to eat,
I'm always ready to go, just the same,
  Clattering and prancing along the street.

I'm getting old,—no need to tell,
  And Ronald's only five,—he's my master,
There ain't no boy I like so well,
  And none that make me go any faster.

I'm an iron horse, that's my claim,
  Sometimes out in the rain, sometimes in the sun.
And all Ronald's friends ride me,—the same
  Explains why my work is never done.

There's Harold, and Wallace, and Gene,
  Arthur, Wayne, Duane, and Frances, you see,
Altogether more or less than sixteen,
  And always, at best, only one of me.

I'm an iron horse, I still maintain,
  And try, as a tricycle should, to do right;
But sometimes my wheels will squeak and complain,
  On a hot afternoon, along about night.

But let me tell you what happened to-day:
  Ronald's papa found me out in the rain,
Lost by my master in some of his play,
  And like to never get back again.

Now some might think me only a toy;
  But he said, "You poor, patient old thing,
I love you on account of the boy,
  What's fit for him is fit for a king!"

So he up and trundled me home,
And now I'm ready for whatever may come.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

From a speech by President Joseph Smith at the late General Conference.

The work which is before us is opening, in my judgment, grandly. I think that the records will show the last year to have been an active period among the ministry, and I trust that the conference year that is now ushering in will show a decided increase of activity. I believe there is a better spirit at work among the ministry as a whole in the different fields in which they are at work. I believe there is a better feeling of unity among the ministry. As we have become better acquainted with each other, we have naturally wrought out of our calculations or our mental scope suspicion and distrust to a large degree—I am glad of it. The farther we progress along this line, the better we can serve our calls, and you all must know none better than those that are in the fields abroad; that the cause—that is to say, that the regard the people may have for the cause—is largely the result of the attitude of the appearance and conduct of those who represent the cause, and while it is true forty of our ministers may make a good record and pass the judgment and criticism among those with whom they labor without being strangely found in fault, yet one mischievous man, or one careless representative, or one that loses his standing with the Spirit, either teaches falsely, or more especially if he conducts himself immorally and subject to reproach can do more harm in the community where he dwells than the forty that have attracted no such notice, but have faithfully performed their duty, and there is no task so hard for the minister in the field as to follow a mischievous representative; there is no

task that burdens him so much as that. He can stand poverty, he can go without his meals, he can be disregarded by them that are without, he may sleep upon the schoolhouse benches, or he may ask for something to eat and to drink, and take that as a legitimate part of the service, if it is meted out to him; but he has

PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

a right to expect that those who represent the church like he does shall represent it honestly, uprightly, and if they do not do it, he is burdened, and burdened grievously. Now, we all recognize that it follows as a foregone conclusion, then, that every man must do as I have pledged myself to do; conduct himself in such a way in his teaching and in his deportment as not to be subjected to reproach and condemnation by the code of good morals.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, secretary, 630 South Crysler Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. E. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE GENERAL MEETING AT INDEPENDENCE.

DURING the time of the General Conference, the Daughters of Zion held two business-meetings, one informal meeting for the purpose of discussing the work of the society, and an evening meeting at which the children's home furnished the theme. On this evening a large congregation filled the upper auditorium of the church and listened to two excellent papers upon the project of building the children's home, and the manner of conducting it. Special music was rendered and helped to make the evening an enjoyable one. It had been hoped that we might have a general discussion as to how the home should be conducted, but the evening had been well spent and it was deemed not wise to prolong the meeting to include this feature of the program. The papers read will be published later.

The members of the Advisory Board elected for the coming year are Mrs. B. C. Smith, Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. E. Etzenhouser, and Mrs. S. R. Burgess. Mrs. M. E. Hulmes was reëlected treasurer. Mrs. M. Walker was made an honorary member of the Advisory Board.

The publication of leaflets was ordered continued, also one series of Sr. Walker's leaflets to be published in book form.

By action of Advisory Board, with whom it rests to choose its own officers, who thus become the officers of the society, Mrs. B. C. Smith was chosen to continue as president, Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, and Mrs. F. M. Smith was elected secretary.

The committees appointed by the board were continued the same as last year, Mrs. Vida E. Smith and Mrs. H. A. Stebbins literature committee, with Mrs. S. R. Burgess and Mrs. E. Etzenhouser as helpers. Mrs. M. E. Hulmes and Miss Dora Young, committee on distribution of leaflets, and Mrs. Amy Wells, Mrs. S. R. Burgess, and Mrs. Minnie B. Nicholson, committee on ways and means. The latter committee reported that during the past year they had made no special effort to raise money, because of advice from the Bishopric not to push the work of the children's home until the sani-

tarium was completed. A resolution was passed by the board requesting the Bishopric to suggest what work the Daughters of Zion should be preparing to do for the children's home.

By the action of the General Conference of 1907, the Daughters of Zion were authorized to appoint a committee to confer with the Bishopric concerning the establishing of the children's home. At the last business-session of the Daughters of Zion, the Advisory Board was appointed as this committee, and by motion Mrs. Amy Wells and Mrs. M. Walker were added to the committee.

A meeting with this committee was called by the Bishopric on the evening of April 11. All were present, with the exception of Sr. Walker. Each one present was called upon to express his views as to the character of the home, its location, the manner of conducting it, etc. A sentiment in favor of the cottage system seemed to prevail, and that the probable course to be followed would be to start with one commodious building for the central home, and then add smaller cottages as necessity demanded, each home to be presided over by a care-taker, or "mother," as we should indeed desire that she might be. The Bishop gave assurance that the home would be started as soon as the sanitarium was completed, which he expected to be within from sixty to ninety days.

On motion this joint committee reported to the conference that it was ready to receive propositions from the Independence Stake and the Lamoni Stake for the location of the home.

Below are given the reports of our president and secretary.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

In our report to this association, we wish to state in as concise a manner as possible the condition of the work and such of its needs as we are able to suggest. The only way we have of judging of its condition is through the letters we receive, and judging from them we think we can safely say that we are gaining ground; for we have carried on a larger correspondence this year than during either of the two previous years that we have had the work in hand, and there have been more inquiries as to organizing locals than heretofore. It remains for the secretary to tell us how many of them have developed into locals.

Although no especial effort has been made during the past year to push the work of the children's home, because our Bishop counseled otherwise, yet we have received quite a number of donations and numerous letters inquiring about the making of bedding, etc., so that we feel sure that the children's home has a warm place in the hearts of our people, and when it is established, which the Bishop assures us will be soon (perhaps it will be begun in the next sixty or ninety days after the conference), there will be many ready to help it along. We think this convention should take some action as to what shall be our attitude toward the home in the future. Heretofore the Advisory Board has taken the responsibility of all action, and we know that it was their purpose, not only to help build a home, but also to help support it after completion. But we think the incoming board would feel stronger if they were carrying

out the wishes of the convention, rather than to ask the convention to support their propositions.

We have not yet thought best to have our constitution and by-laws printed in the revised form, but have been revising the old ones as we needed them. During the latter part of the year, our finances have been in such condition that we might have had them printed, but thought best to wait until after this convention, lest we might see a need for further changes.

We are at a loss what to suggest about our leaflets. The subscription list has run down so that we mail only a little over four hundred each month. Consequently they are accumulating pretty fast, notwithstanding we sent out some thousands to the various reunions last fall. We hope the convention will take up this matter and give it careful consideration. The locals that have been using them will be loath to give them up, I think; also the surplus furnishes leaflets for distribution at the reunions, and if we could interest some of the sisters where the different reunions are held to send for them and see that they are distributed we might use more of them. I have no more of the complete set of Our Boys, though I have on hand quite a few of some numbers of the series.

It has been suggested to me by some parties, that we ought to vary the subjects of our readings more, and furnish more along the line of household economics and less of child-training. As to ourselves we do not feel very much disposed to criticise, but think if we were all as faithful to apply what has been submitted we would be very much helped, indeed we feel that this society is very greatly indebted to its reading committee and editor for their work. We have been thinking that this society should take steps to preserve the last two series of readings prepared by Sr. Walker. If we wish ever to have a literature of our own we must take care of it when we have the opportunity.

We have tried to look after the interests of the society to the best of our ability, but we find it very difficult to do the work as it should be done, with the board so scattered. We trust that in the coming year, conditions may be more favorable for the growth and development of the work. MRS. B. C. SMITH, President.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Daughters of Zion in Convention Assembled, Greeting: As your secretary for the past year we beg leave to submit the following report: During the year three new schools have been organized, viz, Sharon, Pennsylvania, Madison, Wisconsin, and Fall River, Massachusetts. Sharon and Madison have not sent in lists of members. Fall River has a membership of seventeen.

Early in January we mailed twenty-four blank reports to the secretaries of the various locals and up to date have received only ten. Locals reporting, Bevier, Missouri, Lamoni, Iowa, Necedah, Wisconsin, Traverse City, Michigan, San Jose, California, Prowers, Colorado, Nebraska City, Nebraska, Second Kansas City, Missouri, Independence, Missouri, and Denver, Colorado. Five reports show a gain in membership, viz, Lamoni four, Necedah one, Bevier three,

Second Kansas City one, Independence fourteen, and Denver seven, making a total gain of thirty.

The growth of the society does not consist in the increase in numbers as much as it does in the interest shown in the work being accomplished. Where our work was at one time looked on with distrust it is now received with commendation.

By resolutions of the board the work of the general officers was largely done by committees, hence the secretary has done very little except caring for the records and a little assistance rendered the literature committee at one reunion. We have corresponded with all inquiring parties and done such other service as pertains to this office.

From the remarks in the reports we glean that all are encouraged to go on and are making an effort to increase their membership. The interest is increasing and they are growing spiritually. While looking over the reports the suggestion was brought to my mind that it might promote the growth of the societies if we could have frequent reports from the locals of the work they are doing, the fine thoughts that are brought out in their meetings, the measures they are taking to increase interest and membership, and many other points of value that might come up. These reports could be sent to the editor of one of the departments of the society, for publication, and all would be benefited by them. It would be a means of drawing the workers more closely together.

That the work of this society is a much needed work we have but to look around us. Sometimes we are led to wonder why it is parents seem so very indifferent to this work when so many are willing to make sacrifices to help carry the gospel to the world. It seems all should make an effort to fit themselves to do their work so well that there would be no need for conversions within the fold, but all would be so well brought up that we would indeed be a light to the world, strong and brilliant.

This is the Lord's work and will continue to grow and prosper until it becomes a strong arm in fighting the battle with sin.

Yours for the work,

MACEDONIA, Iowa, April 1, 1908. MRS. T. A. HOUGAS.

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

COURTESY AND POLITENESS.

COURTESY belongs to the soul; politeness to the flesh. There may be politeness without courtesy, but never courtesy without politeness.

Courtesy thinks of others; politeness of itself. They may be compared to a building, courtesy being the strong and sure foundation, the enduring framework; politeness the veneer put on to please the casual observer.

Politeness is skin-deep; courtesy is bred in the bone. Politeness thinks of the passing hour; courtesy thinks of all time. Courtesy is in-born; politeness is acquired. Courtesy may be found in the rough miner or the hardy sailor; politeness in the ball-room. Politeness believes in honor, but courtesy is the soul of honor. Politeness of the two horns of a dilemma chooses the less troublesome to itself; courtesy that which will cause the less discomfort to others. In a race where Time is the judge, Politeness will win easily; but give Eternity the legal cap and gown and Courtesy distances her rival by long odds.

Courtesy is an attribute of the soul; politeness of the brain. True courtesy is never an imitator, while politeness is often counterfeit. Courtesy considers the feelings of others; politeness the rules of etiquette. Courtesy is character; politeness is reputation. Courtesy is the diamond; politeness is the polish given it by the skilled lapidary.

Train your child to be polite only, you are training him for this world only. Train him to be courteous, you are training him for the world to come. Courtesy is cautious; politeness is cunning. Courtesy is a pearl of great price; politeness the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Courtesy "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, suffereth long, and is kind." Politeness fights a duel, if in France, behind the nearest clump of trees with sword or pistol; if in America, behind its neighbor's back with that deadlier weapon, the human tongue. Send them to the stake, and Politeness will fawn on its oppressor, if thereby it may obtain release; Courtesy dies a martyr.

Courtesy is the house founded upon a rock; politeness on the shifting sand. Politeness is art; courtesy is nature. Politeness is the temple, magnificent and costly, beautiful as a dream, and as evanescent, built by human hands, which crumbleth to decay; courtesy, true courtesy, is the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. "SISTER BERTA."

A SERMON IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(For Recitation.)

De hebbens done open! de Lord come down!
(Glory!)
He brung his chillun er hebbenly crown!
(Oh, yes!)
An' whar does yer reckon is he let it res'?
On folks wid money an' de loudes' dress?
What ac' lak de debbil an' preach lak saint?
No, Sirree, Bob! you betcher he ain't!

Is he borned his Son in de fedder-baid?
(Oh, no!)
Jus' cow-fodder res' little Jesus' haid!
(In-deed!)
But dey ain't no fodder an' dey ain't no feed
Hide de light f'um shinin' till de wise men seed:
Dey come er-runnin', an' dey shout an' pray!—
Dat light it shinin' ter dis livin' day!

Christ die in dawkness: but he riz in light!
(Hallelujah!)
Is he die fur on'y de rich an' white?
(Oh, no!)
He die fur de rich, an' he die fur de po';
He die fur de high, an' he die fur de low;
He 'scuse de pagin, an' he 'scuse de Jew;
He 'low: "O Lord! dey ain't know what dey do!"

Now, bredren—*an'* sistren, it "up ter us,"
(Listen!)
Widout no quar'lin' an' widout no fuss,
(Hyar *me!*)
Ter *prove* dat Jesus is die for *we*,
By 'scusin' de meanes' "white trash" dat be!
An' 'lowin'—lak him—"Dey so monst'us slow!
What dey *doin'*, Lord! dey ain't rightly *know*."

—Rosalie M. Jonas, in *McClure's*.

LIBRARIAN'S DEPARTMENT.

To All Lovers of Good Books: Have you a library in your branch or Sunday-school? If not, why not? We are directed to study all good books (Doctrine and Covenants 85:35, 90). Also, no matter what the circumstances may be, there is room for some kind of a local library. We should have one place in the branch where at least all of the church publications can be found. We are not all able to buy all of the church books, but all of us, acting together, should be able to procure at least one complete file for the branch. We should also have some good books for the children, a district or circulating library, for some schools in each district do not have access to a public library, and even if we have access to a public library, we need direction and help in the selection of the best books. It is not proposed to insist upon any iron-clad plan to which all must conform, except that each branch, each district or stake, should select a library board, as set forth in the inclosed leaflet,

and this board should consider all of the circumstances and then do the very best possible for the library interests in their charge.

The first step is the selection of this board; this we would urgently request you to attend to as soon as possible. Then, if a local board, notify the district board of your organization. If there is no district board, or you are not in an organized district, advise the secretary of the commission, E. H. Fisher, direct, and you should then secure report blanks and start to work, reporting regularly as set forth in the inclosed leaflet. The district or stake boards will please report organization promptly to the secretary of the commission and also report promptly to him all needed items.

The catalogue or list of books for the use of our library workers is being printed in the *Sunday School Exponent*, beginning with the June number. As soon as the list is completed it will doubtless be printed in pamphlet form, of which publication due notice will be given in all the papers. Report blanks may be secured at the Herald Office (Herald Publishing House), Lamoni, Iowa, for ten cents per dozen.

Additional rules to be pasted in books may be secured at the Herald Office; additional copies of the inclosed leaflet may also be secured at the Herald Office for ten cents a dozen. If any additional information is desired, or if any part of this letter or leaflet is not sufficiently clear, any member of the Commission will be pleased to give you further help, or you may address the secretary, E. H. Fisher, 100 Sycamore Street, Winter Hill Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

Sincerely yours,

F. M. SMITH, Chairman.
E. A. BLAKESLEE, Treasurer.
E. H. FISHER, Secretary.
H. HALE SMITH, Librarian.
S. A. BURGESS.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri, May 1, 1908.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

FOUR LESSONS ON BOOK OF MORMON GEOGRAPHY.

IV.—The Land of Zarahemla.

1. The land of Zarahemla, of all the Book of Mormon lands, was by far the most important. About two thirds of the Book of Mormon was produced in this territory. It was here that the people rose to the highest civilization, developed and enjoyed the most perfect government, and enjoyed the greatest religious awakening. At Bountiful, in the northern part, the Savior made his appearing, and established the church.

2. The land was a triangular country occupying the northwestern part of South America. It was bounded on the north and east by the Caribbean Sea, called the Sea East, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, called the West Sea, and on the south and east by the Eastern Cordillera and the Cordillera Merida; this mountain boundary was called the narrow strip of wilderness and the south wilderness.

3. Construct a map of Zarahemla by drawing a line from a point

one hundred miles north of the Gulf of San Miguel, east six hundred and fifty miles, draw a second line from the same point south six hundred miles, and a third from the south end of the west line to the east end of the north line, inclosing a territory of about forty million square miles, and including roughly the whole of the land.

4. The land is mountainous in the central and southern portions, with low level coast region on the north and east. It is traversed the whole length from south to north by the Western and Central Cordillera. The land is divided into four natural divisions,—the western slope, the western valley, the valley of Sidon, and the eastern coast plains.

5. The three principal rivers the first the Magdalena, called by the Nephites the River Sidon, which drains the Sidon Valley emptying northward into the Carribean Sea; second, the Cauca River, which drains the western valley, emptying into the Magdalena; third, the Atrato River, on the western slope, flowing north into the Gulf of Darien.

6. There is only one lake of importance, Lake Maracaibo, and it is a landlocked arm of salt water on the north coast, which in all probabilities was formed by the sinking of the land at the crucifixion of the Savior.

7. The land was first occupied by the colony of Mulek, and bears the name of its last ruler. It was occupied by the confederate nation of Nephites and people of Zarahemla B. C. 200.

8. Under Nephite rule it was divided into the following provinces: Manti and Minnon in the south, Zarahemla and Melek in the center, and Sidom, Noah, Lehi, Morianton, and Bountiful in the north (all of these being called the Land of Jershon); and Siron, Antionum, Moroni, Nephihah, and Aaron on the east coast.

9. We notice some of the most important places:

a. Manti, at the head of the Sidon in the south.

b. Zarahemla, the capital city in the center of the land.

c. Ammonihah, scene of Alma's and Amulek's preaching in the west valley.

d. Moroni, a great city on the east coast.

e. Nephihah, the scene of great military strategy on the east coast.

f. Lehi, on the north coast.

g. Bountiful, the scene of the Savior's appearing, in the north.

10. Find on the map the following places mentioned: the hills, Riplah Aminhu, and Onidah, and the valley of Gideon.

QUESTIONS.

What land was the most important of the Book of Mormon lands? Why? Describe the land of Zarahemla. Where was it located? Approximately how large was it? Give the natural divisions of the land. Name and describe the principal rivers. What lake is found in the territory now? What is the probable origin of it? Who occupied the land? Name the provinces into which it was

divided under Nephite rule. Name the most important cities. What other places are mentioned?

LESSON V. REVIEW OF THE LESSONS ON GEOGRAPHY.

The lands of the book of Moroni:
- What lands were known to the writers of the Book of Mormon?
- State the general divisions of the lands.
- Name the great centers of civilization.

The land Northward:
- Give the names and general outlines of the land Northward.
- By whom was the land occupied and when?
- Mention the principal places in the land.

The land of Nephi:
- Describe and locate the land of Nephi.
- By whom was the land occupied?
- Mention the principal lakes, rivers, and cities.

The land of Zarahemla:
- Locate and bound the land of Zarahemla. What of its importance?
- Give the natural divisions and the waters of each.
- Mention the provinces, principal cities, and places.

A MILE WITH ME.

O, who will walk a mile with me
  Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out, loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
  Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
  Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out on the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
  Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
  And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—Henry Van Dyke.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

"I must say I am surprised at our minister," said the deacon. "He says all Christians should pattern after the bee as a model of industry." "What's the matter with that?" asked the wife. "Why, the bee works Sunday just the same as any other day."

REPORTS TO THE GENERAL CONVENTION; CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

PART OF THE REPORT OF THE TREASURER, R. B. TROWBRIDGE.

To the Religians in Convention Assembled: As the year 1907-08 draws to a close and it again becomes our duty to report to you, we do so with some feelings of satisfaction and with some few causes for regret.

Personally, the year just passed has been by far the most trying year we have ever experienced, and we do not believe this fact applies to us individually alone. We have tried not to be asleep to conditions, and while we do not wish to be a "calamity howler" surely we believe the trying times are upon us.

Financially, as a society, we show a gain during the year of something like three hundred dollars over last year in general revenues—derived from the publishing of the *Quarterly*—and at the same time our expenses have been much larger. On the other hand the translation fund collection shows a decided loss. This is partly due, we believe, to the fact that owing to so many calls for funds from various sources on the church (and hence Religio) membership, we have not had the heart to crowd this matter as we might otherwise have done. The collections for this fund were sufficient, however, so that in order to make up our eight hundred dollar appropriation it has been necessary to draw from the general fund to the amount of thirteen dollars and twelve cents. The entire eight hundred dollars is now in the hands of Bishop E. L. Kelley, and there are several amounts yet out belonging to the translation fund collection which will more than reimburse the general fund.

PART OF THE REPORT OF HOME CLASS SUPERINTENDENT, SR. ALTHA R. DEAM.

We are pleased to report that considerable progress has been made this year and the outlook is very encouraging.

After last convention we sent a personal letter to all missionaries of the church, asking their coöperation in inducing the Saints to study the Inspired Scriptures. We met with a splendid response. Very few that did not give us the courtesy of an answer, and some of that few did good work for us, as the reports show.

In June of 1907 there were but twelve superintendents in the sixty-one districts and locals outside of districts. Since then there have been forty-one appointed, with promise of others as soon as material is found.

The old membership list contained five hundred and twenty-six names, and in sending for the reports we found that fifty-four had been transferred to locals, one hundred and eighty-six were unknown, and the rest were enrolled in districts, except two who reported to the general superintendent.

Some locals have been organized through the efforts of the home department and many of our members have joined locals, but still we have a gain of over four hundred. Since the yearly report was printed we have received further reports from seventy-nine mem-

bers making a total of nine hundred and nine, showing a gain of four hundred and forty-one this year, with six districts not reporting, whom we know have home class members.

Could we enroll all the names of those who have joined through the home class work, our gain would exceed the net gain of all the locals and home classes in last year's report.

Lamoni Stake shows the greatest gain, having one hundred and twenty-nine; W. E. Shakespeare, superintendent. Independence Stake comes next with eighty-two; Eva M. Bailey, superintendent. Some of the credit should be given to W. A. Bushnell, the stake president, as he stands among district presidents, at the head of the encouragement bureau to the home department throughout the Religio.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Knox, Indiana.—The Religio here, although small, has lost nothing in interest or attendance since its organization; and we think it has been doing some good work in the way of interesting others in this great latter-day work, as well as improving our little church. We have now installed seven large electric bulbs of thirty-two candle power, all paid for, and mostly by the Religians' efforts. Our number is small, and most of us are unable to give much, so we felt we must earn what we gave. At one of our meetings each one that could, pledged as much as we felt we could earn. After the money was earned a social-meeting was held at the home of Sr. Collins, vice-president of the Religio, and each one gave an account of his experience earning the amount pledged.

INEZ GARDNER.

AT THE CROSS ROAD.

Faith stopped at the cross road, she met Doubt there.
Said Doubt, You tread a lost road that leads nowhere.
See yon misty cloud upon the mountain peak?
How soon it doth enshroud the way you seek!
Come and walk with me and you will never fall;
I step where I can see or not at all.

Said Faith, You walk by sight; God leads me alway.
You may not step aright; He never leads astray.
I will not doubt or fear, though cloudy be my day,
For as I draw near the clouds all melt away.

E. A. S.

JUL 10 1908

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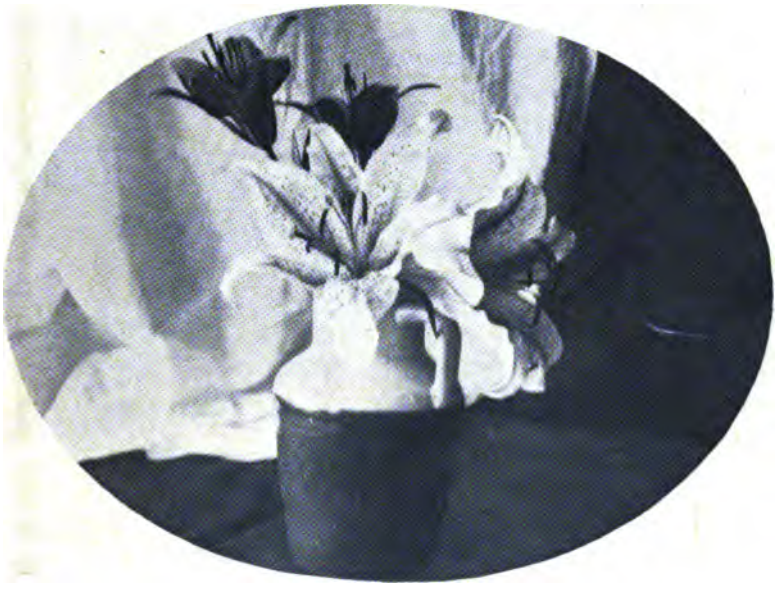
Autumn Leaves



"Youth and the lily,
bright, brave, and
open-hearted."

JULY, 1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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TYING THE VINES.

Beneath the smiling, tranquil sky,
Blue, ethereal, far, and still.
Where great white clouds go sailing by,
Trailing their shadows o'er the hill;
The brown thrush sings her varied song,
The blackbird's throat all golden shines;
With willow twigs, slender and strong,
Firmly I bind the jointed vines.

Gracefully grows the fruitful vine;
Yellow the willows are, as gold;
Up and under with skillful twine
I bind them to the trellis old.
The velvet buds, crimson and green,
Are swelling on the umber stem;
Winds from the west ofttimes blow keen;
Tie we the vines to shelter them.

So with the Christian, humble vine,
The law must hold him on each hand;
Only to strengthen, not confine,
Bearing fruit in the gospel band.
He must be pruned like unto thee,
All that is evil cleared away;
Outgrowths of sin most sad to see,
Killing the fruit ere vintage day.

Binding may seem the gospel band,
Sharply the knife his fault correct,
Heavy the Master's blessing hand;
These must be the fruit to perfect.
Then when the trial has gone past,
Laden with fruit the Saint shall be;
The vineyard's Master come at last,
Well pleased the clustering joy to see.

—David H. Smith.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 JULY, 1908 NUMBER 7

CARRIE A. THOMAS, AUTHOR OF THE WELL LOVED HYMN, "IN THE LIGHT."

BY CHARLES F. CHURCH.

MY SISTER, Carrie A. Thomas, was the oldest daughter of Horace and Sally E. Church, being born at Mantua, Ohio, September 7, 1839. Her childhood was without particular event except that in the winter of 1844 and 1845 our mother's half brother, Justus Morse, came to visit at father's, and he being a Latter Day Saint and a high priest in the church, the winter was spent in discussing the claims of Joseph Smith and of the Book of Mormon. Father was early in life a Seventh-day Baptist, and mother a Presbyterian, both of the strictest sort, and it was only after this winter's argument closely contested, and the reading of the Book of Mormon through five times, and fighting every step of the way, that father gave up and accepted the truth of the latter-day gospel as taught by the church.

After thus becoming acquainted with the church and its Book of Mormon, my sister took a great love for the reading of the book, and read it through no less than four times while a girl at home. She was a lover of the book and the story it told of God's love to his people on this continent, which was in close harmony with the teachings of the New Testament Scriptures to his people on the old continent. In the old family Book of Mormon are still to be seen the marks she made on the inside of the back cover to the book as each time she completed the reading of the book. This was the particular incident of her childhood, and which continued to young womanhood; for she imbibed the sacred teachings in her youthful heart. The love of God and his truth became the dominating trait in her character. Her supreme delight was the study of the Book of Mormon, with which she became very familiar. Its precious teachings were so indelibly impressed on her memory that she never lacked a testimony from it when needed. As she grew in years she did not cover her light under a bushel; but in word and by precept did she try to impress the precious promises of the gospel upon others, and to labor to lead them to the "true light of God."

Her childhood was mainly spent in Ohio, but in 1849 and 1850, on a trip with the family to Rhode Island, she became acquainted with her cousin, Charles N. Brown, and the correspondence that ensued later made him acquainted with the gospel plan to that extent that he obeyed its teachings in time, and in his later minis-

terial work wrought well, and many sheaves were brought into the fold, and many still live to love his memory.

My sister being the eldest of the family that lived, and our mother of very delicate health much of the time, early in her life it became necessary for her to take an active part, and with her loving disposition she soon became a prominent factor in the good and well-being of the family. Her tender care of her younger sister and brothers was more the part of a tender mother than simply a sister, and she seemed more to us as the former than the latter. With all her diligence in the duties of her father's home she found time to acquire a comfortable schooling in all the common branches of that day, and also others not so included at that time, namely, astronomy, algebra, geometry, etc., and she took pleasure in the study of the wonders in the heavens, as well as the wonderful formations of the earth on which we dwell, or to delve into the depths of the higher mathematical problems. This diligence placed her in early young womanhood in a position to act as a school-teacher, and she was successful and able to conduct schools of that time where others failed to manage or control, much to her own credit and the good of the schools.

SR. CARRIE A. THOMAS.

"Let us peacefully dwell with our brethren,
Being neighborly, upright, and kind,
Ever putting our faults before us.
And those of our neighbor behind."

In those early days schools were not graded as they are to-day, neither did they have many helps and school accessories as do the schools of our time. The average school of those times was composed of children running from the tender years of the primary department all the way up to young men and women, oftentimes twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, who would spend the winters in school, making a mixed attendance many times harder to manage and difficult to teach, all being in the same room and all under one teacher; and when oftentimes schools of this kind where one or more teachers had been very unofficially dismissed by the scholars in a hilarious manner, she was called on to take it, and in so doing was able to bring order out of chaos and success out of failure.

Early in life a love for art asserted itself, and she loved to place on paper with her pencil the imaginations of her soul, many of which were true to nature and a pleasure to her many friends. In the production of one of these occurred an incident long remembered by her, as it taught a lesson she never forgot.

On this occasion my sister had been requested to mend a torn place on the knee of her father's pantaloons before he went out for

the labors of the day. The day was the usual one of duties and cares, and with it all she found time to place on paper the beauties of nature as it all appeared in her mind's eye, while in the open of the forest scene she had drawn, she drew a man, "the crowning work of God's creation." She had wrought well, her mother and the children were tenderly cared for, the household duties nicely done, and this drawing accomplished with the rest, and when father arrived at the close of the day she made haste to show him the bit of art she had found time to produce. The appreciative parent could but admire the diligence and faithfulness of his youthful daughter in the performance of her duties and the seeming talent which was

Drawn by Carrie A. Thomas.

THE FOREST PATH.

While the father admired the drawing he was thinking how to impress on her a les son that he desired her never to forget.

developing, and as he admired the drawing while she showed it to him, perchance he was thinking how to impress upon her a lesson he desired her never to forget, for he looked upon the drawing very closely, as if something were lacking, whereupon he observed, "And have you drawn a hole in the knee of his pants?"

This mild rebuke was enough for her. She had neglected this little duty and used the time with her pencil at a favorite pastime. But she made haste to prepare the pantaloons her father had asked her in the morning to mend. However, the lesson remained with her through life, as evidenced by her actions and an occasional recital to us children of the incident. The drawing was neatly framed and presented to father and adorned the walls of the sitting-room the remainder of his life.

Just prior to the removal of the family from Ohio a visit was received from mother's cousin, Millicent Bissell Thomas, and her son, Orlin B. Thomas, then a boy of some eleven summers, while Carlie was one year his junior. This was their first meeting, but they did not meet again till some ten years later and both families were located in Illinois, whereupon they again met and the young couple spent many happy hours, weeks, and months together; and the months lengthened into years. Both were lovers of music and drawing, consequently each was interested in that which was uppermost in the mind of the other. Both were likewise diligent in their studies, preparing for the schoolroom as teachers, and later both entered upon the duties of their choice, and the studies and experiences of each were of interest to both, so the time passed busily on. But this was not all. Both were likewise of religious parentage, but my sister had learned the true message of the everlasting gospel, and with all else that occupied their minds they found time to discuss these topics fully, and both became conversant with that which was very dear to her heart and that of her parents. She with clear and well-grounded reasonings from the Scriptures not only removed all barriers between the lovers on religious matters, but both became one in the love of the true and everlasting gospel, and subsequently after having removed to Michigan, the two hearts were joined in one on April 14, 1864, and immediately their efforts were combined to make them a home in the new portion of the State in Allegan County, later called Hilliard's Station.

Having yet no knowledge of the Reorganization, together with father, mother, younger sister (whose husband also learned the true and everlasting gospel of the "girl he married,") they formed a little band of home worshipers on each Lord's day; there were also two surviving lads, four older ones having been in childhood snatched away by the ruthless hand of death, as also the youngest sister, a prattling child. They settled on the little home farm (forty acres) in the woods of the Wolverine State in seclusion from both the Christian and unchristian world, and in their little assembly sang the songs of Zion, sought the true and living God, and in that earnest, fervent prayer, secured to themselves the choicest blessings of a loving Father's hand.

To the happy union of the couple who are most prominent in our story was given on the 18th of April, 1865, a chubby boy to gladden their home, and in the words of the husband and father still living, "No stately walls ever domiciled a happier trio than did that neatly hewn log-cabin."

Early in 1867 some one of this little band of "Saints," lacking only the baptism constituting the new birth, saw in the Detroit *Tribune* a brief account of a people at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, calling themselves Latter Day Saints, under the leadership of Joseph Smith, son of the martyred "Mormon prophet," and that they did not believe nor practice polygamy. The father of her whose life we briefly sketch immediately wrote to the leader of the little band at Plano, saying, "Send an elder; here are six of us

waiting baptism." Responding, Bro. E. C. Briggs on the 13th of February, 1867, rapped at the door of the cozy little frame dwelling of "Father Church." Father Church immediately sent one of those little "brothers" over to break the news to her whose heart was too full for utterance. She fairly flew the beaten path of but a few rods and rushed in so completely overcome with joy that she dropped into a chair and burst into tears, not even waiting for the introduction and hearty handshake that followed.

On Saturday evening Bro. Briggs was introduced to three ministers of various denominations who were holding a protracted meeting in the schoolhouse, as also to many of the neighbors. None asked his church name. He bore a touching testimony, and was invited to preach next morning, after which the large crowd followed a mile to the water where the six were baptized.

That evening in the little frame house a divine call and ordination and vote placed the father of our heroine in charge of the little flock. The wheels were set in motion, the work rolled on till the little band numbered thirteen, one of whom prophesied, "It shall yet number six times six and more," which was subsequently fulfilled to the number of forty-two. A sisters' aid society was organized, of which our sister was chosen president. The productions of her pen appeared in the church papers and were always entertaining and instructive, and oftentimes her writing was in poetry, which she loved to write. At times when writing a letter to a friend she would send them a poem which was cherished as a keepsake for many years. The Saints' Harp contains two of her productions, No. 1076 and No. 1078, "Mournful the time, and dark the day of Zion's desolation," and " 'Tis a glorious thing to be in the light, in the light." These are familiar to the readers of the *Autumn Leaves*, so I need not to give them in full except what was the fourth and next to the last verse of the latter, it having been omitted when published in the Harp, but sung and appreciated much by those who knew it.

"But we first the law obey
  In the light, in the light,
As they did in Peter's day,
  In the light of God.
Then the Holy Ghost is given,
  Blessed light, blessed light,
'Tis the only light of heaven,
  'Tis the light of God."

The only event closely associated with these words are that they were composed only twelve hours previous to the birth of her twins, and that the presence of the Spirit, so discernible in the writing of the hymn, was with her the whole day through, and to such a degree that she needed no professional attendance, her mother waiting on her. Needed strength and quick recovery was manifestly a blessing from the Lord, and the bright little girls, born March 16, 1868, very soon added much to the already happy home.

In the little branch the meetings were held alternately with the two clusters of Saints, a distance of six miles intervening. When

the weather and conditions of the roads did not permit the sisters making the trip with ox-team and wagon, the brethren walked, seldom missing a meeting, in which, as a rule, every one present took part. Ofttimes did our sister put the twin babes to bed in the clothes-basket for the trip. Never a meeting passed in which her voice was not heard in song, prayer, and testimony. On one occasion, expressing her desire and determination to endure to the end, she said, "If I perish, I shall perish striving." When she sat down Bro. Asa Cochran arose and said, "In the name of the Lord thou shalt not perish, but shalt have everlasting life." Any who knew her through life, can easily believe the prophecy a true one.

In the spring of 1873 she and family migrated to Illinois, where they spent the summer, resuming the journey to Iowa in October, "Zion" being the watchword, spending the winter in a little old inland village (New Buda), there being no house to be had in the "colony" under the auspices of the "Order of Enoch," until in the following spring, when a small house was secured on a farm of eighty acres, just across from which there was erected a temporary church building in the summer of 1875. Previous to that time the meetings were held alternately in a schoolhouse in the northeast part of the settlement, and another in the southwest part where they moved. Here was organized the first Sunday-school of the Lamoni Branch in which our sister taught a large class of young ladies, her husband being the superintendent. In the church across from her home she taught the class so long as her health would permit, continuing also to contribute to the church publications.

On July 7, 1876, another little stranger came to complete her family of two boys and two girls. No pains did that fond mother spare to bring her precious children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The morning and evening prayers were never forgotten in that home. She had watched over them with a vigilance to be surpassed by no mother; but the time came when she could no longer direct their steps, or shield them from the allurements of the world.

The father in the meantime had been ordained an elder, and was not only laboring diligently for the good of his fellow men to bring them to a knowledge of the truth, but with his now feeble wife they did not lose sight of the soul's salvation of their own little family, and they were all inducted into the fold by their own choice, after having been thoroughly instructed in the ways of eternal life.

During the last few years of our sister's life, given above, her health had rapidly failed, and in the month of June, 1883, she took a ride to town, a distance of only two miles, and becoming very tired she stopped at her parents' for a rest and till she might feel better; but she rapidly grew worse, never going home, and lingered till October 13, 1883, when she passed from this earth-life. The following lines composed by her some years previous will suffice to portray the love of our Master which dwelt within her, and her desire that her family should live that they might have eternal

life. May a lesson be gleaned therefrom that will be of use to each reader of the AUTUMN LEAVES:

"'Let us shake off the coals from our garments,'
As the beautiful poet has said;
Let us strive with our might to be perfect,
Like our Savior, 'the great living head.'
Let us see to it now, while the day lasts,
That we each take this matter in hand;
For 'tis one of the greatest importance,
And which we ourselves must command.

"Let us see to it well that our households
In excellent order are set;
For grievous afflictions might follow
Should we this great duty forget.
And then 'tis so pleasant to witness
An orderly household of Saints,
Where all are united and happy,
No jarrings, no strifes, no complaints.

"Let us carefully train up our children,
And teach them the only true way;
And prayerfully, faithfully watch them,
That their feet go not astray.
Let us teach them the faith of the ancients,
While childhood yet dawns o'er each head,
Like those sons of the children of Ammon,
They'll not doubt what their mothers have said.

"Let us peacefully dwell with our brethren,
Being neighborly, upright, and kind,
Ever putting our faults before us,
And all those of our brother behind.
And here is true charity needed,
The bond of perfection in life,
To help us to bear all things in patience,
And save from contention and strife.

"Let us seek for the poor and the needy,
And as much as we can give them aid;
Let us bring our tithes to the storehouse,
That the dreaded devourer be stayed.
Let us break off from all our light speeches,
Let us cease from much laughter and pride,
Let us make all our garments in plainness,
And in every commandment abide.

"Let us watch unto prayer, and be sober,
With a spirit both quiet and meek;
Let us strive for the gifts of the gospel,
And for 'wisdom' especially seek.
Let us study the dear Book of Mormon,
The Scriptures and Covenants too,
Storing up their pure precepts as treasures,
That we may be faithful and true.

"'Let us shake off the coals of our garments,'
'Tis good exhortation indeed,
That we to each sacred commandment,
Should daily and hourly give heed;
For the Son will soon come in his glory,
With the great marriage supper prepared,
Then those who have lived for his honor
Will each have the promised reward."

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. 6.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

EVENTS IN NAUVOO; THE TRAGEDY AT CARTHAGE.

NAUVOO, Illinois, July, 1844.

To New York City.

DEAR MOTHER:

WITH mingled feelings of joy and sadness I resume my pen once more to keep you posted on the drift of events pertaining to this peculiar people. Joy, because I know this work is of God and I am his child; sadness because I must this time, oh mother, convey to you the news that our prophet is slain. He and his brother Hyrum were both murdered at Carthage, twenty miles from here, on the 27th ultimo.

This city of twenty thousand, the headquarters of the church, is bathed in tears of anguish for the loss that an unparalleled treachery has caused us to sustain. Details I will give you further on. It can not be said of Joseph Smith, as of the father of Sir Walter Scott, that he "passed from the cradle to the grave without making an enemy or losing a friend."

You have chosen wisely, I wish first to observe, in remaining in New York City for a time. I am glad that father and so many of the family have employment there and that your voyage from Liverpool was attended with so little sickness. More than all I

am glad that you were all baptized by our missionaries ere you left there. Many were the petitions that ascended from my heart to the throne of grace that you might enjoy protection in crossing the deep. And many were the prayers that I offered earlier still that God would enable you all to see the light and give you evidences thereof to the satisfying of your minds. It is gratifying to know that you have received such powerful and convincing testimonies, that they have been so generally distributed among the family. And can it be possible that Bertha is enjoying the gift of prophecy! The manifestations that come to you in your family capacity must be very comforting. You can now see the wisdom in the constraint of the Spirit which prevented you from continuing your journey here at the time of your landing. All is confusion here now, and it is to all appearances, only a matter of time, and that not very long, till this people will have to seek a new location, for the Gentiles are again up in arms and they are again menacing the city. You did well to receive the Spirit's guidance and remain where you are, and you will do equally as well to remain till this people have a reason to believe itself permanently settled, or till the came Spirit bids you move on.

It is quite likely that I will be in New York City before you move again. All of our family are grown up save those born since I left home. Some of them also are married and their companions are in the church with them. What a transformation! No wonder you "cease not to thank God" when you see them not only in the church, but that they are clustering around you in New York, that they were so confiding in you and in the church as to abandon their interests and old affinities to retain your company and be in the gathering. Never mind! the gathering is sure. God will have a people, and he will bring about his purposes, and there is none that can stay his hand. Sure as eternity rolls by, he will establish his people in Jackson County; he will have a temple reared there where he will mature the things that persecution has thus far prevented.

It has been from New York State to Kirtland, from Kirtland to Independence, from Independence to Far West, from Far West here. Where next! Will these people yet be driven into the Pacific Ocean? Where shall we go? What shall we do? Once we thought of refuge in Kirtland, we found it not. Again we thought of safety in the then fairy west on the borders of the Lamanites. We found it not. Then indirectly we sought a location at another point in the same state of Missouri, to which we repaired indirectly from Independence and directly from Kirtland where we had hoped to dwell till the hurricane of antagonism had passed by whence we might gradually repossess our lands in Jackson County, but we were driven away and hither came we. My eyes water when I recall the scenes of distress my inoffensive brethren have been subject to by this succession of outrages. I recall the words of O. H. Browning, an eloquent lawyer, who said in defending Joseph Smith when an attempt was made to replace him into the hands of the Missourians: "Great God! have I not seen it? Yes, my

eyes have seen the blood-stained traces of innocent women and children in the drear winter who walked hundreds of miles barefooted to seek a refuge from their savage pursuers. . . . If there were no other to enlist in his defense, gladly would I stand alone, and proudly would I spend my last breath in defense of an oppressed American citizen."

We do not attempt to conceal that the persecutions of the Saints is due in a measure to internal sin. Not that they violated the civil law, not that they imposed on their neighbors, or infringed on their rights; but between them and God they allowed themselves to lag into sins of omission and some of commission. For this cause God did not soften the hearts of their enemies as he would have done had his people remained dutiful before him. Before the promise can be fulfilled to them, they must acquire the refinement, if it takes violent persecution to bring it. God has determined upon a people, an ideal people on the land of his designation, and if he can not refine them in one way, he will in another; but they must have the refinement.

It is quite observable that the Lord is working with latter-day Israel as he did with former-day Israel—with Israel literal. When they entered the land they were promised prosperity upon obedience. They were not there long ere they were in league with the Gibeonites and in various forms of sin and wickedness. Consequently their enemies came upon them, and laid them under tribute. When they became humbled again and in lowliness and contrition called upon Jehovah he raised up an Ehud, an Otnniel, or a Gideon, to deliver them. It was when they kept the statutes of the Lord that all went smooth. It was when they yielded to the temptation of the Devil that their enemies had power over them. In a revelation given in 1833 the Lord said: "Zion shall escape if she observe to do all things whatsoever I have commanded her, but if she observe not to do whatsoever I have commanded her, I will visit her according to all her works, with sore affliction, with pestilence, with plague, with sword, with vengeance, with devouring fire; nevertheless, let it be read this once in their ears, that I, the Lord, have accepted of their offering; and if she sin no more, none of these things shall come upon her." After Zion had failed to carry out the injunctions of this divine message, and had been most inhumanely expelled from their homes, the Lord comes to them again before the year expires, in the month of December, and says, "I, the Lord, have suffered the affliction to come upon them wherewith they have been afflicted, in consequence of their transgressions," etc.

In our perusal of the Book of Mormon we see the inflexible strictness of the Lord's conditions under which the land was to be inherited both by the Jaredites and the Nephites. Transgression cut the former off, and deprived the latter of their national existence. It darkened the skins of the Lamanites, and divided them up into tribes of indolence and abomination. God, in ancient times not only gave his people power to defeat their enemies in battle when they kept his sayings, but he also disinclined their enemies

to battle with them, as one of the manifestations of his providence, at times.

It was Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball who left here the fall of 1839 for England, and under whose ministrations some of you were subsequently baptized. Is it not wonderful the success those men met with, the thousands that were converted in the space of a few months? England has so many talented men that have been promoted to the priesthood that it can be self-providing from now on, save a man of the Twelve to be sent there with the oversight.

Brigham, as late president of the European Mission, and president of the Quorum of Twelve, is a very able man. I see in him the proportions of leadership, and a fondness to lead. He is shrewd and aggressive and with his lion-like voice he will be a tower of strength to the church if he remains faithful. He has thrown himself open to suspicion at diffenent times by certain adroit advantages he has taken; for which in one case he incurred the censure of the Prophet who allowed that "if Brigham ever gets the lead of the church, he will lead it to hell."

In the month following the departure of said brethren for their European mission, Joseph Smith and others left Nauvoo for Washington to secure redress from the president, Van Buren, for our losses in Missouri. The brethren personally called on the president, imploring that they be compensated by the Government for the wrongful dispossession of our lands and the waste of our properties, but all to no purpose. He said: "Gentlemen, your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you."

This act in going to Washington was the final step the brethren were required to take before earthly tribunals which the Lord had specified in a revelation subsequent to the Missouri outrages. They were to lay their case before the judge, the governor, and the president, provided the inattention of the first two would warrant their reaching the president. Such was the case. Then in the event of not being heard by the president, they were to lay the case before God himself, who said he would come out from his hiding-place and vex the nation. It is reasonable to believe that the last step has been taken, and now we can await the interposition of the Infinite Judge himself. How will he interfere? One respect in which we have a reason to look for his interposition is by his sending a war upon this nation. In 1832 Joseph received a revelation in which the Lord most clearly and tersely makes known that a war shall soon embroil this nation, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina; that slaves are to be marshaled against their masters; that the Indians are to rise up in anger and make an incursion against the Gentiles. Another revelation makes reference to a war within this land; and it is said on good authority that when Joseph was in Carthage where he went to deliver himself up to the pledged protection of the governor, that he there predicted a war in this manner: Some of his enemies came and looked upon his person out of curiosity. He inquired of them: "Is there anything in my appearance that would lead you to believe

that I am the desperate character my enemies represent me to be?"

"No," they replied, "but we don't know what is in your heart."

"Well," returned Joseph, "I know what is in your hearts, and I can see you thirst for my blood, and I prophesy that not many years hence you shall have an opportunity to face the cannon's mouth from a source you know not of."

We can therefore depend, dear mother, that there are breakers ahead, and that not far; for we would believe that it would be in the lifetime of those he was addressing. May it so be that we will be gathered by that time in Zion, in some of her stakes, or holy places that we may neither be partakers of, nor in direct contact with the struggle when it does come.

Nauvoo is now the largest city in the State. The first house put up here by the Saints was in June, 1839. As I said formerly, they came to Quincy, and from Quincy here. Joseph escaped the hands of the mob in Missouri and joined the brethren at Quincy after about six months' imprisonment, since which time, save by intervals, he has been in the society of the Saints.

The city has been rapidly modernizing, has a legion organized according to the laws of the State, has its mayor and municipal officers, has its meeting-places, stores, and various business establishments, and it has its beautiful temple on the summit of the most prominent place in the city, which makes it visible for many, many miles around. It is not, by any means, in a finished condition, and it is questionable whether its completion will not be intercepted by the forced evacuation of the place. It is made of gray limestone, dressed, and with its thirty hewn suns on as many pilasters it has a very impressive appearance. The font which rests on twelve oxen has been dedicated. What a pity if we were to be impeded from executing such an undertaking, and one so enormously expensive. And on the other hand, what a wonder and what a contrast with our past history if we were permitted to execute it to completion and remain here to enjoy it. Scarcely have I seen a more beautiful location for a city. The soil is fertile and the water privileges are favorable. Round a gentle curve rolls the majestic Father of Waters, affording, if intersection were resorted to, a great power for milling utilities.

The church now numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand. It is exceedingly regretful that at this stage of its advancement it should suffer such an interruption as it is now called upon to endure. It has been so progressive from the start. Think of it! Fourteen years saw its organization, the reception of over one hundred revelations for its guidance, the translation of the Bible, and we only need to go a few years farther back to include the Book of Mormon. The translation of the Bible is still in manuscript form, but will be published in time.

My theory of the purport of the translation is that it reproduces in the English of to-day the substance of what writers wrote in the original tongues in the day and time in which they lived. Coming to us in the channel through which it has, it is believable that error *may* have crept into King James' Version of the Bible.

Some of the changes that have been made, some of the variations in rendering are found in our version, which we all ascribe as the work of divine inspiration, are as follows: In Exodus 12 where it is said, "God plagued the people because they made the calf that Aaron made," ours says, "God plagued the people because they *worshiped* the calf that Aaron made." Where the authorized version says that if a thing dieth of itself, you shall not eat it, but sell it to the stranger within thy gates that he may eat of it, our translation says, "sell it *not* to the stranger within thy gates," etc. Where the authorized version in the book of Samuel says that, "The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord entered into him," the Inspired Translation by Joseph Smith makes this perfectly congruous by saying, "an evil spirit from Satan entered into him." Numerous are the corrections that are made after the foregoing examples found in both testaments; but not wishing to weary you with anything that I may have commented on in the past, I pass on.

I wish to say, as a strong presumptive evidence of the truth of this work, that our position is inflexibly what it was in 1830. Fourteen years have not caused us to go back on the Book of Mormon, or on any other feature of this work promulgated in its rise. The Book of Mormon, which was an object of ridicule for some time, and is yet, because of its bold pretensions respecting the former civilization on this continent, is now being confirmed by some very important discoveries that are reflecting great light on the attainments, developments, and possessions of the aboriginal inhabitants here. For example, the discovery of a set of plates called the Kinderhook Plates, is positive declaration that the ancients had a knowledge of engraving on metallic plates, something for some time held in doubt, if not derision. As one of the latest accessions of the church I might refer momentarily to vicarious baptism, a rite which was practiced in the river at the foot of Main Street here prior to the prophet's death. You have read in 1 Corinthians 15: 29, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead." Our people claim conformity existent between the text and the practice alluded to; that the text is an indication that there was in vogue in Paul's day the same identical performance. It is a link between the living and the dead, and permits those who died unbaptized (who had not the opportunity in this life) to partake of that opportunity in the life beyond.

The consistency of this rite, which produces so much astonishment in the Rome-blinded masses of religionists, can not be denied unless we affirm that those dying without the gospel will be damned for their ignorance, or saved without the gospel. If it ascribes partiality to God for us to assume that he would damn millions of mankind for not obeying something they did not have the opportunity to obey, it ascribes to him no inconsiderable partiality to assume that he will save them on account of their ignorance. We shrink from the idea of God saving with the same salvation the human family who receive the gospel, and those who never heard it. We shrink from the idea of God consigning to endless torment

those of his creatures who reject the gospel, and then saving others of their fellow creatures unto whom the gospel was not sent; when had it been sent to them, it would, in the nature of things, have been likewise rejected.

The gospel is the power of God unto salvation; nothing else is. No man can be saved but by Christ, as the New Testament universally testifies. Therefore, if the gospel saves them not in this life, it must be in the life to come, if salvation be received. And as the gospel is composite, is made of various constituents, for example, baptism, repentance, etc., it follows that there must be a means of obeying those obligations in the life to come, hence we introduce baptism for the dead.

Have you noticed, mother, the passages in 1 Peter 3 and 4, where we are told that Christ preached the gospel to the dead, to the spirits in prison, to those who had lived in the days of Noah, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh (who are not dead), but live according to God in the spirit (in the spirit world)?

It was but a short time previous to the murder of the modern seer that while eluding his enemies he wrote to the church on the same subject. His letters, two in number, embrace some items of revelation, and will eventually in an epistolary way find place among the standard documents for the government of the church, I fully believe. If I may pluck but one flower from the beatitude of his second epistle, I shall be satisfied. It reads: "Let the earth break forth in singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prisons; for the prisoners shall go free. Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your eternal King. And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord, and ye solid rocks weep for joy. And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy." Such is the sublimity of the sentiments of him who has died for his religion. The calumnies of vile apostates have figured in hastening the death of Joseph. The lies and slanders of the notorious John C. Bennett, who was severed from the church here for his adulterous conduct, have contributed to stir up and to increase outside indignation. More recently the Laws and Fosters fell away because they found themselves powerless to run things to suit themselves. Out they came with a paper called the *Expositor*, but there was only one edition published. It was filled with personalities and attacks directed at the leaders of the church. The city council promptly met, decided that it was a nuisance, and forthwith ordered its destruction. Said orders were summarily executed, and the plant was demolished. Joseph was then charged with riot. Being apprehensive of the consequences, fatal to himself, of going over to Carthage to encounter legal proceedings, he for some time observed a life of solitude. Whereupon the governor of the State pledged to him his protection from mob violence if he would deliver himself up for arraignment and due

The Old Jail at Carthage, Where Joseph and Hyrum Smith Were Assassinated.

inquiry into the charges preferred against him. He complied. He went, but with prophetic eye he descried the consequences. He said, "I am going as a lamb to the slaughter, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood." He bade his family and many others good-bye for the last time. Looking back on the city as he rode away, he gave utterance to these prophetic words: "This is the most beautiful place, and the best people under the heavens. Farewell, Nauvoo, farewell!"

No sooner did the appearances of his release become manifest, than he was taken into custody under a secondary charge of treason. And while awaiting the investigation of his case, in the which he was to be defended by the O. H. Browning who formerly evinced so much energy and sincerity on his behalf, he was murdered with his brother Hyrum.

The bodies were returned to Nauvoo on the following day. They were united in life, and kept side by side in death. The father of the martyrs, as I believe you are aware, died after he came to this city, and his patriarchal office descended to his son Hyrum. The mother of the martyrs, Sr. Lucy Smith, is still living, and was present to behold the mangled bodies of her sons. I saw her the other day as I rounded their corner. She stood near the east gate, and I could readily discern the evidences on her countenance of sorrow and trouble. Yet when I spoke to her she answered me with her usual cheerfulness, regarding me with a smile.

Extending her hand she said, "Solon, how are you?"

"Very well, Grandma," I answered.

"How are you surviving the shock?" I inquired.

"I feel worn and fatigued," she rejoined, "but never have I felt nearer to God, and it seems that he has made to Emma and me alike a special bestowment of his Spirit that we might subsist under the burden. My confidence in God is not shaken, nor is my courage abated.

"At first I could hardly understand why the infant church should be deprived of its prophet and leader. When I entered the room to behold the bodies of my sons after they were laid out, and when I looked upon them amidst the weeping of mothers, and the sobs of heart-broken children, I exclaimed to the Lord in the anguish of my soul, My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken this family? A voice answered, 'I have taken them unto me that they might have rest.' It seems strange that they should be taken away in such an unnatural way; but we must not repine, for God is able to take care of his work, and besides we know that latter-day martyrs are no better than former-day martyrs, and as the former-day dispensation could not come and go without its myriads of martyrs, it is reasonable to expect that if this is a dispensation of the same gospel that it would be marked with like consequences."

"What step do you think will be taken, Grandma," I inquired, "providing for the leadership of the church till young Joseph is of age or attains to sufficient development to take his father's place?"

"I can not tell you, my brother," she returned, "the work must go on, and there must be some recognized instrumentality through

which revelation may be given for our government. General revelations are of less frequency as the age of the church increases; every revelation adds to the perfection of its doctrine or organization, but such a thing as a subsistence of the church without any divine direction of the import of those constituting our Doctrine and Covenants till Joseph should become sufficiently matured to assume the prerogatives of his father, is indeed unthinkable. In that case it is a matter, not of successorship, but of guardianship. First, should there be a guardianship, and should that function be vested in one man? It is possible that all will be amicably adjusted in the course of a few weeks when the quorums have time to assemble. One thing, the understanding among the Saints is seemingly uniform as to successorship—that little Joseph will, when he becomes old enough, fill his father's position. Were you present, Solon, at that grand session when Joseph led little Joseph on the stand and designated him as the future prophet and leader of the church?"

"Yes, Grandma, I was, and as soon as the news of his death troubled my ear, my mind reverted to that occasion. I have also heard of his blessing of the lad while in jail, and also in the city here more recently, for the presidential vacancy foreseen by the father. We know how David was selected and anointed before he was coronated, which latter event took place following the decease of Saul, which prospective blessing is obviously for the security of the commonwealth against intruders and usurpers."

May peace abide with you and all our family. Be not uneasy about me or the welfare of Zion. God is able to perpetuate his work. All will end well. Pray for me and I will advise you as I shall feel directed, but I will not come till I see what the present disorder and discontent will entail.

Your loving

SOLON.

(To be continued.)

OPEN YOUR LAMPS.

VIDA E. SMITH.

OPEN your lamps! Open them wide! Just the cry of a little boy in the shadowy twilight season, so restful to the older children of the world, so full of discomfort to little ones.

The love of sunshine and light is natural to the children. The deepness of earth's shadow is unfathomed, unknown; even the gray of rainy days tries and perplexes. They ask not, "Why the sunshine? I wish the light was gone." Rather they cry, "Why the rain? How long will be the dark?" Appreciation of such things must be taught. I see in memory a little child with uplifted hands crying in loving welcome, "O, my sunshine, I am so glad you have come back." And often when tempted to abandon some duty, I hear my little man-friend shouting, "Open your lamp! Open it wide!"

A way is so blessed when here and there flashes the light, but blessed above all else the light that shines from the eternal fountain of truth. If it shines more and more unto the perfect day, we shall not fear the days to come. Sorrow loses its power as the light that shone from the open tomb of Christ falls upon it. Doubts flee as flies the fear born of night when the day comes.

We should walk in the light, and, so walking, forget not that we are children of the light and open wide our lamps, for every man has his influence either for light or for darkness.

We are reminded from the reading of a time when Jesus said, "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you, for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." O, that darkness, have we not known it? The mind of the child turns to the heaviness of earth's shadow and the gloom of unlighted walls, but life brings to all a foretaste of a darkness darker than the darkest night, deeper than the deepest gloom cast by wall or roof. We have walked beside one whose mind was darkened and have felt the unfathomable mystery of its effect. And again the light that never was on land or sea shines upon us from one who is walking in the light. Communion with a soul whose mind is illumined with the light of humility, love, and, consequently, understanding, is a joy supreme.

We know the security of walking in the light; and who has not felt that doubt and hesitancy in moving forward in the dark, the perplexity and anxiety that keep us feeling slowly, painfully our uncertain way? The tiniest ray of light gives us hope that we may be led to a path flooded with His presence who is the light of the world.

Walking with a beloved friend who stood in great fear of losing her eyesight, I felt my heart grow heavy with her coming loss. I found a deep sympathy for others sometimes reacts upon self. In the west the sunset clouds were piled in gorgeous splendor. I was feasting on the rich scene, and pity for the dear, dark eyes of my companion filled my heart. She dared not meet the gleaming fire of that western sky but for a little, fleeting moment. "Look!" she cried; "have you seen at any time such delicacy of coloring, such harmonious blending of pale, dainty shades?" I looked, her eager, delighted face compelling me, to the common road flowers by our path, and, looking, marveled that I had not seen them sooner.

Daily I drew my skirts away from the pink and purple that caught the lowered eye, that eye condemned, of a soul above my pity in its grandeur. Here was the thought: affliction brings to the soul exalted an infinite light for the minutest details of its surroundings. It is not always in the glowing, radiant light of prosperity that we see the clearest. A knowledge of limitations, a little straining of the bands brings out the nearness of the line, the hardness of the muscle. Our eyes are brought from the sunset hills to the beauties by our dusty path.

The light on those soft piled clouds has set the flame in the lowliest bloom. Like Job, our heart will follow our eyes. My friend had her lamp open wide, but affliction kept it near her feet for a little season, and her happy soul let the rays flow outward to the beauties there. Truly, she believed not only that the light was there, but she believed also in that light.

Will the dark and cloudy day be forgotten? Will the touch of a soul in the darkness of spirit cease to cause a shudder? Are we touching soul to soul with children of life, leaving the clam and chill of darkness or the warmth and glow of light? With eyes set fast on the sunset hills where shineth our light, on the wayside flower and dusty way, open the lamps; open them wide.

A WORD UNWISELY SPOKEN.

BY J. E. VANDERWOOD.

There's something, friends, we all should know,
  A motto strange but true;
Which every soul in life should prize,
  Yet learned by very few:
And this the motto, friends, would be,
  A word unwisely spoken
Hath filled a many a soul with grief
  And many a heart hath broken.
It pierces like a dagger's point
  And virtue doth appall,
It sprinkles into nature's cup
  The wormwood and the gall.

And as upon the morning's wings
  It rapidly doth travel;
It takes along its kindred force,
  Destruction to unravel.
In place of light it darkness brings,
  For peace it sendeth sorrow,
And further to complete its work
  Some evil thought doth borrow.
And thus to-day it soweth seeds
  Of judgments, pain, and sorrow
That he who soweth them must reap
  In the harvest of to-morrow.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART IX.

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD; HEAVY TRIALS AND RICH BLESSINGS.

MY LITTLE HOME was plainly but neatly fitted up with everything new, and here I might have been happy and contented had it not been for the pressure that was always bearing upon me to get out and preach. I preached in different parts of California until our first child was born, and then I was almost compelled to pull out for the Oregon mission. My wife was young and unused to being alone, so I took her and babe with me. I procured a nice team and spring wagon and started out on a twelve-hundred-mile trip, camping by the way. We disposed of our little effects as best we could, of course at a great sacrifice, but there was no sacrifice that I

was not prepared to make in those times for the sake of the church. We got as far as Bakersfield, in Kern County, where my oldest sister lived, and as the weather was intensely hot we laid over ten days. Bakersfield is a very sickly place and I was there long enough to contract malaria, and I took chills and fever which caused me much suffering. The mercury stood at from one hundred to one hundred and sixteen degrees in the shade every day while there, and the dust was intolerable.

When we pulled out from Bakersfield to resume our journey for the north it seemed a desperate undertaking. Our road lay over a hot, sandy plain, and the sun was beating down on us with all of his strength; but we started, and the second day out we encountered a regular sand-storm, and one of the very worst I ever witnessed. Those that have never seen a sand-storm can form no conception of what it is. In five days hard driving we arrived at Uncle John Nightengale's, fifteen miles east of Stockton, and five hundred miles from where we first started, and here we had to lay over again for a week or more, for I was too sick to travel; but we started on while I was having chills every day. My wife became greatly discouraged, for she had not been ground in the missionary mill as I had. I recollect one day just after we left Sacramento City that we stopped under a big live-oak-tree. My fever was so high that I was delirious, and my wife was crying most bitterly. Although I was flighty I realized what trouble she was in, and just as soon as it was possible for me to get up I did so and tried to appear much better than I was for her sake. I hitched up and drove on till near night and stopped at a little farm-house to get feed for my horses. The occupants were a young married couple, and they made us welcome to bed and board, and fed our horses well and would not take a cent for it.

The next day we drove through the city of Marysville and I got a very little mutton chop, and that was the first bite of anything that we relished since we had left Bakersfield. That night we got to a place called Live Oak. It was after dark and the landlord of the place was drunk. I asked him to sell me some hay and he told me to go and help myself. I undertook to do so, but being a stranger I ran against a barbed wire and put my left eye out. My eye was not good before, though I could see a little out of it, but the barbed wire finished it. My wife took a napkin and bound it up so as to stop the flow of blood and then we undertook to fix for the night. We made our bed down on the ground, but did not stretch our tent, for under the large trees it promised to be quite comfortable; but scarcely did we get our weary bones in shape for rest until we found ourselves covered with ants, and we had to get up and shake our bedding and move. I think we made about three or four moves during the night, and of course got but little rest.

From this place three hard days' drive brought us into the foothills of the Sacramento Mountains, and we began to feel like eating. We also began to get scarce of something to eat, and we began to wonder how we were going to get through, for many

weary miles lay ahead of us, and on account of my sickness and so much delay our expenses had been more than we had counted on. Up high on the Sacramento River we stopped at a little station to buy hay for the horses, for they must be fed whether we were or not. I had just about money enough to pay for the hay, and while the man was pitching the hay down from the mow he lost his glasses and could not see to weigh the hay. I had a pair of glasses in my pocket but I hardly ever used glasses then. I handed them to him and said, "Here, try mine." He put them on and they suited him so well that he wanted to buy them and offered me two dollars for them, and I sold out at once. That helped us a little, but we yet had toll-roads and ferries to cross, and we were far from feeling secure. We crossed the Pitt River just above where it empties into the Sacramento, and I gave the ferryman my big revolver for taking me across. Of course I let him have it at only a fraction of its value.

I traveled for a few miles right along the bank of the McLeod River, and to those that never traveled along a coast stream when the salmon were running, let me say that the water was literally swarming with salmon. You could not have thrown a stone in the river without hitting a fish. We thought at first that we would like to have a fish, but we finally got up to the falls where there was a large camp of Indians drying fish for winter. They had hundreds of cords of them stacked up or corded up, and they had tens of thousands of them on scaffolds drying and smoking, and the stench of the place satisfied all our longings for fish. I am sure that in one pile there was over five hundred bushels of dried salmon eggs, and I just want to say that is no "fish story" either.

We had not left the fishing far behind when we met an Indian carrying a deer, so we bought a piece of venison and relished that finely. When I got to the toll-road I let the toll-keeper have my double-barreled gun; so now we were defenseless and almost penniless and a long way off from the place we were trying to get to. I got no change back from gun or revolver. My wife began to get very despondent again, and I confess that things looked very gloomy to me, but I tried to exhibit no doubts and fears to my wife, for I saw that she had all that she could bear. She was new in the work and not inured to hardships and privations of this kind. We got as far as Scissors at the foot of Mount Shasta, and there we fed our last grain to the horses and ate our last bite of food, with the exception of a little tea, and we were more than two hundred miles from our destination. As we started out that morning it was gloomy indeed. I shall long remember what a burden there was upon our hearts as we pulled out from camp. I tried to cheer my wife as best I could by telling funny stories and whistling and singing, and telling her of the many times I had been delivered in the very nick of time, that man's extremity was only God's opportunity, but really my heart's burden was almost too much for mortal to bear.

We drove seven or eight miles and came to a big sack of barley

lying in the road. I picked it up and put it into the wagon. I do not know how the barley got there, but I took it as a gift of Providence and thanked the Lord for it, for my horses couldn't go without food, and there was no grass. We drove on till noon and stopped at a little creek and fed our team and made our last drawing of tea and that with cracker-dust from our grub-box was our dinner. When I started from there it was with feelings that may be felt but not uttered, still I tried to keep up my spirits. I said to my wife, "I will leave a long piece of this road behind me before night." There was no house for many miles, but my horses were as fleet as antelopes and were flying across the little Shasta Valley at a lively rate when I came to the road that turned off to Yreka, and I took that road, although it was eight miles off the way, and arriving there I went to the post-office and got a letter. The first thing I saw on tearing it open was a twenty-dollar bill.

I must acknowledge that I had just a little hope or expectation of getting aid, for I knew that J. H. Lee knew that I was on the road, and I knew that he was one of the Lord's noblest and best, and withal very thoughtful. The letter was from him. He had written it at a venture, and on the back was written, "Return after ten days." This noble man, J. H. Lee, now lives in Independence, Missouri. Whatever may have prompted Bro. Lee to send the money, to me it was a gift of Providence, and it made the remaining two hundred miles of our journey joyous instead of burdensome. I went and bought some nice fresh bread, butter, cheese, a beefsteak, some onions, drove down on the creek about a half mile, and as the old miner says, "O, what eatin'!" Yes, both we and the team were now well provided for and we were within four days of the good brother that had sent the money.

We arrived at Bro. Lee's in good shape and were kindly welcomed by his most excellent family. I soon began to fix up a home for myself, and by the aid of Bro. Lee and Bro. John Hall I soon had quite a comfortable little cottage.

This Bro. John Hall was a man of considerable means that I had baptized about two years previously. I only spent one winter in my cozy little home until I again yielded to the persuasions of the Saints, and the advice of my superiors in office, and pulled out into the missionary field. I took wife and babe and with my trusted team and carriage I again made my home on the road. Our first point was to my old stamping-ground, Sweet Home, where I went to work and met with a degree of success both in bringing new members into the church and encouraging and strengthening those that were in.

While at Bro. A. P. Morris' a man came up from Seio hunting for a debate. His name was R. B. Sharrell and he was an Adventist. He wanted to hold the debate in the Seio and no other place would do; said he wanted to get the people of Seio to see how he could demolish Mormonism, and then he would get an opening and build up a good work in that place. I agreed to accommodate the gentleman; we signed an agreement to debate certain questions, and the debate was to last six days. We met according to agree-

ment and the brother started in with a great deal of pomposity and showed great confidence in his ability; but the first thing he knew he was in such a tangle that he could not extricate himself, and the third day at noon he completely failed and refused to debate the question any further, although everybody wanted to hear the thing through.

After the debate I went down into the Red Hills, near Salem, where I had previously built up a work, and we made our home mostly with a family by the name of Barzee. While there I preached at night and during the day visited around some and worked a little. Bro. Barzee's son-in-law was a harness-maker, and I worked a little in the shop. One job that I did was to make my beautiful team a nice pair of halters. I got the very best of web and took great pains in making them. They were beauties.

There came again a pressing demand for me to cross the Cascade Mountains, and this time I thought best to go by the way of Portland and put our horses and carriage on the packet and go as far as The Dalles and then take the road, for it would save us driving over the mountains. It was only two hundred miles from The Dalles to the John Day where we wanted to go. When we landed at The Dalles and took our rig off and began to fix again for camping we had several things to buy and everything was very high. The first thing we knew, or at least the second day, we found ourselves again confronted with the wolf of hunger. We had nothing for our team and only a very little flour for ourselves, and not a bite of anything else. Just at night we came to a little field or garden, and I saw a patch of barley where they had been cutting some to feed with. Of course we were again despondent and had already forgotten all that the Lord had done for us. Wife was crying and I felt a heavy weight about my heart, but did not complain, at least vocally. I said to my wife, "I am going in there and try to sell my new halters and get some feed for the horses and some vegetables." She did not think I could do it. She was so despondent that she could see no bright side to life at that time; but I went in and found an old man whom I soon discovered to be the only denizen of the place, and I asked him if he would like to buy the halters.

He took them, looked at them and asked, "What are they worth?"

I told him they were worth ten dollars, but I would take half that for them. I told him I made them myself and every stitch was sound.

The old man said, "What do you want to sell them for?"

I said, "Because we are broke and want to get something to eat and something for our horses."

"O, ——," said the old man, "I don't want your halters. Just help yourself to anything you see here in the garden."

He went and cut barley and threw over the fence for my team as much again as they could eat, gave us potatoes, onions, meat, and I don't know what all. We were again happy, and we were within two days of our destination.

In the morning the old man came out to our camp and said,

"Look here, stranger, you can't travel through this country without a little money. You will not find any more Price Stephens on this road." And he gave me two dollars. Yes, here again were all of our doubts and fears dissipated, but O, the frailty of man! How easy to forget the blessings of God when we meet with a little adversity! We took the two dollars and left with grateful remembrance of the old infidel bachelor, Price Stephens. In two days we were at Sr. Shelly's on the John Day River, and were again among Saints and were well cared for. I immediately unfurled the banner and went to work and met with good success and built up a work near Mount Vernon. After which I went thirty miles up the river to where the Buckingham family lived, of whom I have spoken, and located with them for the winter, preaching in Lexeg, Canon City, John Day Town, and other places as the way opened.

(To be continued.)

THE MINISTER'S HIGH CALLING.

He held the lamp of truth that day
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high, to bring in sight
That picture fair—"The World's Great Light"
That, gazing up—the lamp between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink, when sick and faint,
They drank—the pitcher thus between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
And then with louder note and bold,
To raze the walls of Satan's hold!
The trumpet coming thus between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant—come!
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp"—
The weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in those pierced ones—naught between.

—Selected.

Editor's Corner

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THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

CHAPTER 4.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister. McBernie's son, Donald, returns from college. He meets the minister's sister and acquires a taste for religion. Luther encounters the elders of the Reorganization.)

"THE WAVES CIRCLE ROUND WITH THE SHOCK."

DONALD M'BERNIE was leaning over the front gate of the Luther home; he was holding converse with Minnie Luther, as Ephraim Wilson sourly observed as he passed by. Ephraim noticed that the gate had acquired an habitual "sag." The little "Do you know?" tract was the ostensible topic of conversation, so advertised by occasional reference to its pages. But we refer the reader to that innocent document; what is there in it, that even a careful rereading can discover, that should cause Minnie's cheeks to rival the June roses at her side?

Presently, in the wake of Ephraim Wilson, came Mr. E. E. Miller. The June roses blanched a little at his coming. To his inquiry for her brother, Minnie informed him that Sidney Luther had gone to the post-office. Was there anything that she could do? No. Mr. Miller understood from Sr. Barker that Luther positively refused to warn his communicants against the Latter Day Saint elders, and so, he, himself, Mr. E. E. Miller, was even then setting forth on that errand, which fact she might convey to Mr. Luther. The little frosty smile, which was used to express either almost pleasure or quite displeasure, flickered across Mr. E. E. Miller's countenance and curled the thin, smooth, upper lip.

In the wake of Mr. E. E. Miller came Luther, and from the opposite direction came a stranger. The stranger bowed to Mr. E. E. Miller, but obtained no recognition. Donald knew him as the elder who had preached in the old store-building. Donald retired hastily, Minnie laughing at his precipitation; he had become quite at ease with one preacher, but would not yet risk being present at a conjunction of two of them.

Ten minutes later, Elder Phineas Pratt and Reverend Sidney Luther were seated in the parlor (study and living-room) of the latter, engaged in earnest debate.

"I understand something of your position," said Luther; "but this book that you offer me, this Book of Mormon, why should I spend time to read it? I know that we are commanded to prove all things and hold fast the good, but there are many things claiming attention these days. They must present some *prima facie* evidence that they are worth attention, before we are in duty bound to take them up. Now, what have you to offer, on the start, to indicate that this book is what it claims to be? merely the unsupported word of Joseph Smith?"

"I congratulate you that you don't say 'Old Joe Smith,' " laughed the elder.

"Oh, I know that he was a young man when he died. Anyway, I wouldn't speak of him in that way, any more than I would speak of old Jack Wesley or old Alex Campbell. I believe in extending courtesy to *all* men. As a Christian I can do no less."

"I wish there were other ministers with your manners; but to your question. As you already understand, the Book of Mormon is a history of people who lived in North and South America, prior to modern history. A record of their history was inscribed on plates and buried before their civilization became extinct. By direction of God, Joseph Smith found the plates and translated the record. You are not left with his testimony alone. Others saw the plates and the angel. There were three, especially, who bore a strong testimony. They wrote it out and signed it, and it is found following the title-page and preface of every copy of the Book of Mormon. Let me read it to you. Notice it carefully:

" 'Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety, that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord

Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

" 'OLIVER COWDERY.
" 'DAVID WHITMER.
" 'MARTIN HARRIS.'

"There were eight others who saw the plates and signed the following testimony, found with the other:

" 'Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands: and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety, that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

" 'CHRISTIAN WHITMER.
" 'JACOB WHITMER.
" 'PETER WHITMER, JUN.
" 'JOHN WHITMER.
" 'HIRAM PAGE.
" 'JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.
" 'HYRUM SMITH.
" 'SAMUEL H. SMITH.'

"Now notice," continued the elder, "those men and women were well known in their community. They were farmers, teachers, storekeepers—just good, ordinary, American citizens. Joseph Smith was a poor, obscure, rather illiterate lad. What influence had he to bring to bear on those people to induce them to bear such a testimony? Nor had he a dollar to hire them to do so. The three witnesses first named repeated their testimony at intervals, even to the very hour of death, as we have documentary evidence to prove, notwithstanding slanderous stories to the contrary.

"These testimonies are in the nature of legal evidence, and ought to suffice as *prima facie* evidence sufficient to enlist your attention. Obviously, the plates could not be sent into all the world, to show to every investigator, more than could the cross on which Christ was crucified. But in the mouth of two or more reputable witnesses every word shall be established. So these men were permitted to see the plates and the angel, and we have their testimony.

"You can now read the book, see if its teachings are biblical and moral. You will also find that since the day of Joseph Smith explorers have visited South and Central America, and parts of North America then unknown, and have found the ruins of the very cities that the book describes. And more than that——"

"Hold on," cried Luther; "you need not argue this question with me at this time. I will take the book and read it, for myself, with an unprejudiced mind, and see for myself what it is."

"Good; that is all we ask of any man! Few will do that, though. You are quite different from some ministers."

Elder Pratt arose to take his leave.

"Wait a moment," said Luther; "I like to weigh everything on its merits. I have a congregation that I have been trying to teach to weigh things on their merits, comparing them with the teachings found in the Bible. Would you care to preach in my church some Sunday morning?"

Elder Pratt nearly gasped for breath. "I wouldn't like anything better," he declared, "but we are quite unused to such proposals. Aren't you afraid that it will make trouble for you? We're not exactly popular in Mentone."

"Why, surely no one would object to that! If you have any truth, my people ought to know it. If you are impostors, they will be better informed after hearing you, and will know how to meet you in the future."

After the elder had departed, Sidney Luther remarked to his wife, "The man seems so surprised at what is simply courteous and fair, that it don't speak well for the treatment that other ministers have accorded him. The idea that a minister was willing to give him the bare chance to state what he believed seemed to take his breath away."

CHAPTER 5.

SIX SESSIONS OF THE CONCLAVE.

McBernie had formed the habit of dropping in at the Luther home, to spend evenings that were not otherwise occupied. The hours were spent in discussion of Bible topics, and the old Scotchman formed a shrewd and pleasant addition to the little group of thinkers. It was his delight to bring forth some hard nut from his store of seventy years of gathering; and, after the others had hammered it a while, he would proceed to crack it with his, "Now, let me give you a thought"; his genial, kindly old face aglow with pleasure.

Donald had dropped in, inconspicuously, soon after his arrival. At first he steered wide of the discussions, but soon Minnie noticed how he leaned forward in his chair, keenly watching the tide of thought ebb and flow.

Elder Pratt was one of the company on the evening of which we write. His meetings had been in progress some time. The elder with whom he traveled had been called away temporarily, and Elder Pratt was conducting the services alone. Intense prejudice had developed against his work. Sidney Luther had come in for

a share of it, because of the fact that he attended the meetings when he chose to do so. In reality, he was quietly but thoroughly examining the elder's message, with a determination to strike it hard, if he found it false. So it had become his habit to invite the elder home, after the evening meeting, to spend a few moments in conversation,—to form one of the "conclave." The sessions were necessarily short, because of the lateness of the hour, yet no time was wasted.

It was Sunday evening. Coming from his own services, via the store-building where Elder Pratt held forth, Luther had brought the elder with him. They found Mrs. Luther, McBernie, Donald, and Minnie seated around the study-table.

"Now," began Sidney Luther, "I want to ask you about those doctrines that you term the first principles. Where do you get the idea of first principles?"

"We get it from the opening verses of the sixth chapter of Hebrews. I will read:

" 'Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment.'

"You will notice," continued Elder Pratt, "that the six doctrines here named are called the 'principles of the doctrine of Christ,' the 'foundation.' It is a good enough statement of faith for us, and we take it just as it stands; no human creed can equal it.

"But how about the opening remark, '*leaving* the principles?' " queried Luther.

"We do not understand that it can *possibly* mean to *abandon* those doctrines," replied Elder Pratt. "Surely you would not advise any one to leave faith, in that sense? The people here addressed had repented and been baptized. They were not to backslide, and in another year be converted and baptized again, as some do to-day. The cry was for them to 'go on,' one translation says, '*not* leaving the principles.' The doctrines here named were and are essentially a part of the gospel, and must remain so. Every one of them is sustained by numerous scriptural references."

"I notice," said Luther, "that there are six of these doctrines named: faith, repentance, baptisms, the laying on of hands, the resurrection, and eternal judgment. I propose that we take them up one at a time and examine them. I wish to get your point of view on each of them. We may as well get right down to your fundamental doctrines."

"Very well," said Elder Pratt; "we will take faith. What do you wish to know about faith?"

"Well, first," replied Luther; "how much importance do you attach to the principle of faith?"

"Just this much, 'Without faith it is impossible to please him' (Hebrews 11:6). One who has no faith in God will not and can not coöperate with God."

"Very well, in what do you have faith?"

"Why, in God; in his Son Jesus Christ, conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary; and in the plan of salvation that Christ came to teach."

"I see; but the term *God* may be vague. Some people dignify nature with that name, others law, others a sort of an exalted man."

"Well, we believe in a personal God; an unchangeable God, who is perfect in all his attributes and always has been so. We do not believe in the God that is described by one of your most venerable and popular creeds as being 'without body, parts, or passion,'—described by one theologian as having his 'center everywhere and his circumference nowhere.' In the first chapter of Genesis we read that God created man in his 'own image.' We are also told that Christ was made in the express image of the Father. These passages mean what they say or they do not mean anything."

"Do you regard faith as a gift?" queried Luther; "or is it something that we must exercise of ourselves?"

"That's what I want to know," whispered Donald to Minnie. "Must a man have faith whether he can or not, and be—er—beg your pardon—condemned if he don't?"

"Faith may be a gift, yes," replied the elder; "it is so named in one place. Yet the individual may cultivate it himself. The gospel requirements are reasonable. They appeal to man's intelligence. No one can deny that an obedience to them will make men happier and better. As one studies them and obeys them he receives an assurance from God that strengthens his faith. The promise is definitely made, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' (John 7: 17.) Do not lose sight of that promise. God requires no man to have a faith that is not based on evidence. The trouble is that people often refuse to consider the only means by which this evidence can be received."

Presently, after questions and answers had passed back and forth for an hour, the group fell silent, and Elder Pratt prepared to go. A parting word he left, however:

"The preacher always has an 'in conclusion,'" he remarked; "and in conclusion let me say that great blessings followed faith in days gone by. I believe that just as great blessings will follow as great faith now. Christ himself said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe' (Mark 16: 17). Men were healed and blessed in various ways, when they had sufficient faith, and when in their individual cases the thing sought was not contrary to God's will; why should not the same be true to-day?"

"Of repentance from dead works."

"What surprises me," remarked Elder Pratt, when the "conclave" was assembled Monday evening, "is that you do not begin with an attack on the character of Joseph Smith; we are so accustomed to that, as a starter, that I hardly know how to proceed without it."

"I may get to that later on," answered Luther. "I think that one

way to judge of his character is to learn what he taught. If I find that taught which is false or degrading, I will attack him quick enough; if I find only good, I shall be slow to believe the stories I have heard against him. I remember one time reading a history by Bancroft, who is considered a reliable historian, and I recall that he said that most of the books written about the man were sensational and unreliable, written to get gain; I have been rather cautious about believing all that I have read since then."

"Yes, I think some of those writers have some things to repent of. They are like some popular lecturers who call him a money-digger, and all in the world they are after in lecturing against him is money. I would rather get my money by digging than by slandering a dead man. But let us get to our subject. The doctrine of repentance is generally accepted by all church members, and is considered a good 'orthodox' doctrine, so perhaps we have little to discuss that will be new to you."

"Perhaps not; but let us get your point of view."

"Well, so far as I am concerned, I should define repentance as being a godly sorrow, so defined by Paul in 2 Corinthians 7: 9, 10. I should say that it is such a sorrow as one feels who begins to have faith in God, sees the need of living a good, wholesome life, and consequently keenly regrets past follies and mistakes. You see it comes along naturally, in its order."

"Yes, but what evidence can one give of repentance?"

"I should say," replied the elder, "that restitution would be one evidence. In Luke 19: 8, we read concerning Zaccheus, that if he took anything from another, unjustly, he made it a point to return fourfold. That was a pretty liberal evidence of repentance. His godly sorrow amounted to something. He was not like some, who are said to repent, when they have been found in the wrong; they are sorry—that they got caught."

"I had such a neighbor once," said McBernie; "he repented in my corn-crib."

"Repentance," the elder went on, after the conclave had ceased to smile, "may be said to include both ceasing to do evil and learning to do good. If it does not include both, mere professions of sorrow or of faith do not amount to much. You may have noticed that though we value the principle of faith, we take no stock in the answer sometimes given to repentant sinners, who want to know what they shall do, and are told, 'Simply believe, that is all.' There is a great deal outlined in the Scriptures for us to *do;* and, if we really have faith, we will go on and do whatever is commanded. Jesus said, 'He that hath my commandments, and *keepeth* them, he it is that loveth me.' " (John 14: 21.)

(To be continued.)

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, secretary, 630 South Crysler Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. E. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

ALTHOUGH five months have passed since the death of the beloved editor of *American Motherhood*, we still desire to pay tribute to her memory and to give to our readers a sketch of her life, for which our space has not heretofore been available.

Many of our readers are regular subscribers to *American Motherhood*, and through the rich counsel gleaned from its pages had come to regard Doctor Wood-Allen as a very dear friend, the preeminent helper of childhood, motherhood, and the home. Many times the editor of this department has felt that if all mothers were readers of *American Motherhood*, such humble efforts as her own might well be discontinued, but on the other hand the ready helpfulness of the life now closed was an inspiration for each to work to the extent of her ability in the great cause for humanity to which she devoted her life.

The Daughters of Zion have been greatly indebted to Doctor Wood-Allen for many excellent readings for their monthly meetings, that, with her permission, were taken from her magazine, most frequently from her own writings. As we have read these words of wisdom, and have felt how just and pure they were, how full of gospel truth, we have lifted thankful hearts to the Giver of all good for the light that is spreading in the world, and for the noble souls through whom he can work to influence the lives of many people.

The department of "Parents problems" in *American Motherhood* is conducted by the editor. In one of the letters to Doctor Wood-Allen, in this department a mother wrote:

"We are so prone to accept these good writings and profit by their teachings and forget the writer. I have often longed to see you, and have wondered if you really were a woman in any way like unto us poor mortals who burden you with the problems of life. You meet each case with such ease and intelligence that we feel sometimes that you are almost supernatural."

In answer to this letter Doctor Wood-Allen gave the following sketch of her life:

"No, dear sister, there is nothing supernatural about me. I am only a plain, every-day sort of woman who in God's providence has passed through most of the experiences that come to womankind and so can sympathize with those who are having similar experiences. One, too, who has been educated by life itself for the various changes that have come.

"It is a wonderful thing to look back upon life and realize that it has been a gradual progress upon a continuous path, and each step has prepared for the next one; that one experience omitted would have made a chasm over which one, possibly, could not have stepped. I once heard a man say that he was thankful for everything, even his sins. I thought it a very strong expression then, but now I understand it, for through sinning he had been made acquainted with the temptations of other men, through conquering temptation he had learned how to help others in like straits.

"If I had been born in a great city, in a home of affluence where every wish had been supplied, every opportunity freely given, I should not be able to understand the lives of the hard-working women in lonely places, nor to sympathize with the longing for advantages and opportunities which fill the hearts of young men and women, struggling to meet life bravely and conquer fate.

"But I was born in an Ohio village, then called Tadmor, perhaps because it literally was 'in the wilderness.' The village consisted of two cabins, one of logs and one of slabs. The latter my father built with a roof sloping only from front to back. He called it a 'lean-to,' and in his heart it was a prophecy of a larger cabin to which it should be attached. In this primitive home I learned the economies of life. We were thirty miles from a store, so we were obliged to have foresight in regard to our purchases. We couldn't run around the corner for a spool of thread. There were no sewing-machines, so I learned to take every stitch in the garments, and proud indeed were we of the fine tucking and hemming of our underwear and the even stitching set in shirt-bosoms, cuffs, and collars. We could not buy ready-made garments; in fact, new dresses were an event, and I early learned to rip up, to wash, dye, press, turn, cut out, and remake, and so

'Make auld clothes look
Amaist as weel as new.'

I did not learn to spin, but I saw my grandmother at the wheel and wore the products of her skill in beautiful 'linsey-woolsy' dresses.

"But I did learn how to knit, and many a pair of long stockings and fancy mittens did I fashion while I pored over The Children of the Abby or some other book that chanced to be among the relics brought from New York State when my great-grandparents emigrated to Michigan; and I pride myself on being able to knit and read and rock the cradle all at the same time.

"I learned home-nursing, for we were fifteen miles from a doctor

and could not call one up by 'phone to tell us if something was wrong because the baby went to sleep in his bath.

"My mother was an advocate of the therapeutic use of water, and I began my medical studies under her treatment for minor ailments, and through the reading of the *Water Cure Journal.* She also taught me the beauty of a figure uncompressed by corsets, and the value of simple fare. It would have been difficult to have had anything but simple fare in that frontier life, but she taught me how to make simple fare both dainty and appetizing. There were no canned goods, no delicatessen stores to supply any lack in the larder, but corn bread could be baked a beautiful brown in a skillet, and stewed pumpkin made the best of sauce to eat with it.

"With scant material at hand, I watched my mother prepare tempting meals when company came unexpectedly. As I was for ten years an only child, I had no playmates, and so I learned to work with my mother. I washed dishes with the pan set on a chair to accommodate my height, and stood on a stool by the stove to turn the pancakes.

"The material instinct in me did not awaken as early as in most girls. I had one doll in my childhood, a big rag doll with raveled yarn hair, and features rather crudely outlined with ink upon her flat cotton countenance. I gave her a high-sounding name, Aristine Sabina, and she gave me many an hour of pleasant occupation, not in cuddling and caressing, but in doctoring her through her many fatal illnesses, and conducting the last services above her remains before I laid her away in a wooden box in a hole in the ground to await another fatal sickness.

"When I was ten years old the maternal nature in me was awakened by the advent of a baby brother, the delicate baby of a semi-invalid mother. He became my sole care. School was abandoned, and night and day I cared for him. For three years I was his devoted attendant. Indeed my claim upon him was so recognized by all the family that I was referred to as the source of discipline as well as of care. 'If you're not good I'll tell Mary,' was as potent as if my name had been 'father' instead of sister.

"Mine was a circumscribed life in childhood. Like Frances Willard in her youth, I might have asked, 'Will I ever go anywhere, or see anybody?'

"I could not by any possibility catch a glimpse of a future for which this restricted life could fit me. But I can see it now. When you write me of the pressure of household cares, the anxiety about your children because of limited knowledge, I can sympathize with you. I have bent over the cradle of a dying child, ignorant as any young mother of you all, powerless to do anything but to bemoan my loss. I have watched for months beside a sick infant, using my small increase of knowledge to hold him back from the gates of death, scarcely daring to breathe or remove my eyes from him by night or day. I know what it is to fall asleep from sheer exhaustion with the cry of the baby sounding in my ears, to awaken full of self-reproach that nature should have overpowered even for a moment. I know what it is with limited means to plan for my

small household, using my early acquired skill in 'making over,' and buying so seldom that new garments were not expected.

"All this has been a providential education for the editorship of *American Motherhood.* But it would not be enough had I not known other phases of life, other and contrasting experiences.

"As Paul says, 'I know how to lack and how to abound.' I have learned to be content with little, and to enjoy abundance. I am never happier than when at home, yet it has been my good fortune to pursue my studies in foreign lands. I am home with the common people, and I have had the privilege of meeting many of earth's so-called great people. I have longed almost in despair for advantages of study. I began my college education on the products of my own youthful hands in one of Ohio's pioneer colleges and I have been permitted to study in some of the world's great universities.

"Through my own invalidism I was led to study more deeply into the cause of disease and the best means of cure, until I finally developed from a desultory reader of health literature into a regular student of medicine, receiving my M. D. degree after I was the mother of two children.

"So you see, my friend, there is nothing supernatural about me, nothing that does not fall to the common lot. I have been divinely guided, and, I believe, fitted for the work I am now doing, but such guidance is no special favor granted to me. You all have it, though you may not recognize it. I did not for many years. I did not foresee the great company of readers of *American Motherhood* to whom I should one day speak as a counselor. If I had, I think I should have been frightened, and have said, 'The responsibility is too great for me.' Even now, when I have for years been filling the position of editor, I am often overwhelmed by a sense of the great responsibility and my own littleness. I say to myself, 'O, if I should not say the right word, should not give the wisest counsel!'

"In such moment, when my heart sinks before the magnitude of the position, I am encouraged and comforted by the remembrance of a little experience that came to me in my early days upon the public platform as a lecturer for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. I was despondent, discouraged. I was not a speaker by nature; I shrank from publicity; I longed to be permitted to stay quietly at home. I doubted my own ability. I feared I was making a mistake. One night I was entertained in the home of a good white-ribbon sister. In the morning, feeling greatly depressed, I saw the scripture roll upon the wall, and as I glanced at the date I saw it was my birthday. With some curiosity I read the verse for the day, John 15: 16: 'Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth much fruit and that your fruit should remain.'

"I felt that this was my ordination for a special work. Just what, I did not then see. Perhaps I do not even yet see fully. But I have not dared to refuse to go where the Divine Hand opened the way.

"I have sought nothing; therefore what comes I can believe to be my very own."

Her words were true and in our hearts she still lives. For love of her, tears have started in eyes that never looked into her own, and a great sense of loss has been felt that the work she had planned could not have been completed. But regret is checked when our thoughts turn to the work of the loving Father who is over all, and the song of faith assures us, "God will remember the world."

In an October editorial we are given a glimpse of Doctor Wood-Allen's content in the autumn of life, content to be almost through with earth-life while yet giving the full service that will merit the opportunity for more perfect development in the wondrous life to come.

The baby she refers to is her grandson, whom she called the "editorial instructor."

"Spring thrills with the joy of expectation, autumn is calm with the content of realization.

"The baby and myself may well symbolize autumn and spring. To him life is opening, to me it is closing. Upon his little shoulders rests the burden of all coming years. From mine, one by one, the years have slipped leaving me with lessened burdens.

"I am glad that he has come into this world so full of opportunity, of chance to do, to grow, to be; I am none the less glad that I am so much nearer the wondrous life of the other world, where growing will be less hindered, where doing will be more satisfactory, where being will be more worthy.

"Although I see the autumn days for me at hand, I yet feel that life was never fuller of opportunity. I never felt myself more fitted for service; for the years as they have slipped past have brought me an experience that enables me to walk in closer sympathy with my fellows, and therefore to offer them a surer hand of aid, a more understanding counsel."

The extract that follows is from the tribute in *American Motherhood* by the publishers:

"On January 21 the mothers and children of the world suffered a distinct loss. On that day there passed from this life a woman who has studied, thought, created, and unselfishly labored for the advancement of the mother and child as few women have ever done—Doctor Mary Wood-Allen, founder and editor of *American Motherhood.*

"Throughout the past year Doctor Wood-Allen has suffered from poor health. Near the close of winter a year ago she had a long illness that kept her in bed many weeks. She did not recover well from this sickness and on August 1 her physician ordered her to a retired place in the country for a complete rest. The months of August and September were spent in this way, all work and nearly all correspondence being barred. Upon her return home Doctor Wood-Allen seemed very much improved and wrote her publishers, 'I feel prepared to do the best year's work of my life.' Unhappily for the world at large this was not to be, and it seems

all the greater loss because a large part of next year's work was to be given to the writing of new books on new subjects, which would have embodied the richest and most mature part of Doctor Wood-Allen's life-work. But very soon after reaching home she was taken critically ill and from this time on never entirely recovered. Late in the fall an operation was performed that for a time gave promise of improvement. At the close of the year she was taken to a sanitarium in Washington, District of Columbia, where she slowly lost ground until she peacefully received the final messenger. . . .

"Throughout all her busy life Doctor Wood-Allen found time and inclination for literary work. Several times frail health stood in her way and yet in spite of all obstacles she accomplished a volume of work, and that too, of a very fine quality, which most women would regard as an impossible achievement. Twelve years ago she started this magazine as a private work to aid the causes that appealed to her heart and to her foresight. Through many vicissitudes and struggles she carried this work with an unwavering faith that alone was its salvation at critical times in the early years. She lived to see it become everywhere acknowledged as the leader in its line and firmly established as one of the standard magazines of the day. Besides all the magazine work she kept steadily at the preparation of her best books, of which the following nine are the best known:

"Teaching Truth—Almost a Man—Almost a Woman—Caring for the Baby—Child Confidence Rewarded—Ideal Married Life—Marvels of our Bodily Dwelling—What a Young Girl Ought to Know—What a Young Woman Ought to Know.

"Like so many others of the world's notable workers, Doctor Wood-Allen accomplished a broad and lasting good for the race because she had a clear purpose and adhered to it with every ounce of strength and will-power that she possessed. In these days of complex life and multiplicity of effort she still was able to see a new field and a new method of human activity that led far beyond the old borders. It was pioneer work and she took up the task with an enthusiasm and courage that were both well tried during the first years. Disapproval and lack of appreciation were common experiences, but this cheerful worker was not to be downcast or denied, and to-day the recognition of this field of human development is as wide as the world. The strong common sense of Doctor Wood-Allen was one of the main causes of her success. This good sense was united with a practical mind that understood the needs of mothers everywhere and enabled her to do effective and far-reaching work. If others misunderstood she was patient. If others disagreed she was patient. If some ridiculed she was still patient. With all those who were indifferent, unconvinced, ignorant, and slow to learn, she was patient with the gentleness of a great faith, and with it all was a magnificent perseverance that in the end won the crown of accomplishment. . . .

"There has gone from our lives a woman—simple, gentle, kindly; a perfectly approachable heart and ever-ready hand. With rare

insight for our needs and a clear brain to guide she stood at the hilltop, beckoning us all to climb, until a swift-winged courier called her to the greater life. When a little child goes stumbling again and again in its first walks to a parent's knee and receives a welcome instead of a warning; when the child of six comes home from the rough world in tears, and receives sympathy and patient instruction instead of scolding; when the opening flowers of young manhood and young womanhood are helped and nurtured in the critical years by a friendly arm at the shoulder and thoughtful counsel at the right places; when this is true in all nations and all homes,—then, and then only, will the world measure the heritage left by this splendid woman."

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE OBJECT OF THE RELIGIO.

THE primary and fundamental object of the Religio is without question of divine origin, and has in contemplation the salvation of humanity, by virtue of a better understanding and comprehension of the contents and mission of the Book of Mormon.

First, as relating to the book, that the people sometimes known as the remnant or seed of Ephraim, as embraced in the true church of latter days, may become familiar with it in all its bearing, and the question of its authorship and genuineness be established beyond the realm of doubt.

Second, that the book may be carried into the camp of literal Israel as a verified and authenticated work—a polished and ready instrument for the establishing of the cause and kingdom of Christ the Messiah among them, and from them to the uttermost bounds of humanity, inasmuch as it is written, "In thee [Abraham] and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

It is evident that to accomplish the first named object, the youth of succeeding generations must be reached, and their heart-interest solicited. It is also quite evident that the second or final object named can not be reached until the first is accomplished.

The book itself is not constructed, written, or compiled in a manner that naturally appeals to the young of the present day as a literary production of engaging interest, being comparatively destitute of the embellishment of witticism, romance, or the poetic rhetoric of the age; and as a consequence, in the great majority of cases, might be unhandled upon the shelf until the dates of ages might be written upon the covers thereof, while the gems of truth within remain unhidden and unknown.

It is also apparent that the facilities for acquiring anything like a thorough knowledge of the book as relating to its contents and the part it shall occupy as a factor in the destinies of the future, through the medium of preaching, is extremely limited; inasmuch as in the very nature of the case, the most that can be done from the pulpit, as a rule, is simply the announcement of such a work, and the presenting of evidence in favor of its divinity, with only a slight allusion to its natural value, and even then, oftentimes, only as it has a special bearing upon some mooted question.

Hence, the moving of the Spirit of the divine Father, whose omnipresent eye is upon the great work, upon the hearts of the sincere workers of the body to arrange and provide for the segregation and utilization of the social element in the young of the church, focusing as it were the literary inherencies with the social infusion and energy, in the concentration of effort, enhanced and illuminated by the peculiar afflatus of fraternal instincts and spiritual allignment.

In contemplation of all this, we have the name adopted: "Zion's Religio-Literary Society."

That is to say, the gathering of Zion's children in fraternal relation, for literary purposes, with a religious purpose of special moment in view.

It would seem from the early experience of the movement that the human conception did not fully grasp the divine as to the intent and design. The human did perceive a demand for social improvement, and being alive to present needs, supplied an organization with varied features thought to cover every contingent necessity.

The study of the Book of Mormon, along with other things, was introduced in a sort of experimental way as a means to an end. As time elapsed an opposing sentiment was manifested and prevailed, upon the ground of its prohibitive character as relating to the young people not of the church that might be otherwise interested in the society.

The study of the book was then abandoned, as a prime feature, and other experiments were made, and substitutes adopted. But a gradual diminishing of interest all along the line was soon clearly perceptible, which soon became a matter of serious concern among the promoters of the institution. For a while there were grave misgivings as to the final destiny of the movement, and even an early death was among the possibilities of the future.

After serious and prayerful consideration, it would seem that the mind of the Lord was obtained, or at least concurred in, and a return to the study of the Nephite record was determined upon, —this time, not merely as a side issue, or a means for promoting the social idea, but as the grand central feature around which all other issues must cluster as aids and adornments.

There is no doubt but that the secret and key to the situation had been discovered; for no sooner had the society entered upon the plan of its late adoption, when new and quickening influences began to course through the channels of activity, and soon the

whole superstructure, inspired by a consciousness above hope found itself upon a foundation hitherto unenjoyed.

Thus, through the experiences and vicissitudes of life, the Religio, like the human race generally in all its varied parts and phases, learns the great lesson of existence, the origin and object of its creation. H. J. DAVISON.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

Judge—You are accused of having beaten this person cruelly.

The Accused—Well, I had to beat him to make him do his work. He is an idiot.

Judge (severely)—You should remember that an idiot is a man like you or me.—From the French.

"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a member of Congress!"

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—Philadelphia *Press.*

The Judge—"Well, sir, have you anything to say?"

The Lawyer—"No, sir. But if your honor were a mind-reader, you would fine me for contempt of court."—Exchange.

"I'm sorry," said the justice, "but there's no evidence against you, and I'll have to turn you loose, with just a fine for contempt of court."

"But—I haven't said a word."

"I know it, my friends; but I'll be blest if you didn't look it!" —Atlanta *Constitution.*

DUTIES OF A SECRETARY.

The subject as given us is bare of all flourishes, unattractive in appearance, and brings us down to the practical duties of a secretary. However, in considering this subject, not only since it was assigned us but through several years of experience in the secretary's work, we have come to several conclusions, which we hope may be of assistance to fellow secretaries.

First, a report must be kept by the secretary of every meeting of the society of which he is a member. We understand that these reports should include all of the interesting and important items and compose the secretary's journal. These reports are much less monotonous if made briefly and concisely. It is well to record who assisted in the service by offering prayer or having

some part on the program, but this should be told briefly. We refer only to the secretary's journal, which if kept in a business-like way will not occupy too much of his time nor fill many books with useless matter. In this journal the record of all business-sessions should be kept.

Second, there is no doubt that much may be made of the secretary's record. He may spend too much time on it and he can easily spend too little time. Each secretary has his individual method of keeping this record. We believe that a record of the attendance of the officers and teachers should be kept, also the collection as contributed by classes. The secretary should keep a record of each member, giving date of his becoming a member, opposite the place of his enrollment. Also if a member's name be be taken from the roll, the date and cause of it being taken therefrom should be placed opposite the member's name.

It should be the pride of every secretary to have a clean and accurate journal and record. Aside from these there should be classbooks to be taken care of by a member from each class, who has been appointed secretary of that class. This relieves the secretary of much work and gives him more time for the extra work that comes with every session. This class secretary may keep account of all irregular attendants, and report to the lookout committee, and this committee may request him to assist them in reclaiming the indifferent or irregular. This suggests to us the work of the lookout committee. There is so much to be done along this line that we can only suggest that this is one of the reasons why a secretary should spend as little time as possible upon the statistical work and yet keep it specific and accurate.

There are always so many demands being made upon the lookout committee at each separate session of the society, that, as chairman, the secretary must be somewhat free to oversee, as few committees are so much alive to their opportunities and duties that the chairman need not be ever ready to lead out.

Besides what we have already mentioned, there is the official duty of a secretary, such as reading communications, and weekly reports.

And what of the duties of the secretary toward the president of the society? Do you not think it is an advantage to him to have the secretary so occupied with the proceedings of the session that he may anticipate his needs and be ready with an answer to a question or some reference that may be needed? A secretary must be alert and wide awake to do this, and he should feel repaid by the satisfaction of knowing he has been of great assistance.

There is much that a live secretary may do for the Religio, but we must not overlook what the Religio may do for the secretary. We think that a secretary should be a true Religian, and to do this he can not afford to allow his work as secretary to employ his time and mind to such an extent that he does not receive the benefit to be had from the Religio lesson study.

A secretary who does not study his lesson does not keep in touch with the work of the Religio in that department, hence is

alienating himself from one of the results to be obtained and losing a valuable opportunity for development. A secretary who has studied his lesson, can, while going about his duties, catch questions now and then from the different classes, which will bring the lesson to his mind, and he may know what each class is studying or discussing, thereby deriving satisfaction from the thought that while his work occupies much of his time, he is interested and in touch with each class in its lesson study. He is also receiving the development and benefits of being a member of the Religio.

MRS. J. A. GARDNER.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.

BY ELIZABETH M. PATTERSON.

Two mothers peacefully lie at rest;
  Calmly, sweetly are they sleeping,
Each with a little one close to her breast,
  Given them for their keeping.

When suddenly, in the dark of night,
  The one awakes with much affright,
To find that by her side,
  Her little one has died.

Then stealthily does she go—
  Hush! No sound must she make;
No, she will never know,
  If her little one I take.

Softly, softly, creeping on so light,
  Making never a sound;—
Verily a thief in the night,
  Ready on her prey to bound.

Gently taking from the mother's side
  The little innocent one,
Deftly she places the one that had died,
  Her own dear little son.

Then hurriedly she moves away,
  Before the mother wakens—
For now 'tis the break of day,
  She must not know her child was taken.

But ah, 'tis hard indeed,
  A mother's love to blind,
She can not be deceived,—
  Thus did she the deception find.

Straightway did she assert her rights
  But the other one denied:—
Then, said they, "To settle this strife,
  Let great King Solomon decide."

Then to the king did they go,
  And asked him to tell,—
Yes, he would surely know,—
  His wisdom they knew full well.

Solemnly the king stood by,
  Listening to their tale of woe,

And gazing with shrewd scrutiny,
  Some evidence to know.

Who really had the right
  To this little one?—
Each pleading with her might,
  'Twas her own dear son.

Then up spake this wise king,
  To the servant at his side,
"Haste you my sword to bring,
  I will the child divide.

"To each will I give a part,
  'Tis the best that can be done,
To calm each mother's heart,
  For both claim the little one."

The mother shrieks with a voice so wild
  "Nay, nay, O king, do not slay
I beseech thee! Spare my child!
  O, give it her I pray!"

The other calmly standing by,
  Said: "Neither be it mine nor thine,
O king, thy rule apply.
  Thy law will be mine."

"Now," saith the king with a voice so strong,
  "Can I most clearly see
To which this child doth belong;
  Good woman, it belongs to thee."

The great king was directed that day
  By him who reigns above.
For God knows a mother's way;
  He knows a mother's love.

Taken from 1 Kings 3: 16-28.

CULTIVATION OF CHARACTER.

Character is something in one's own personality that marks him as an individual; or, as Webster puts it, The peculiar qualities impressed by nature or habit on a person, which distinguishes him from others. There is nothing as noble as a grand character. A noble character is godlike, and it is the privilege of all, and particularly of the young, to cultivate those qualities whose influence for good will be felt as a power among those with whom they associate. Consideration for others and forgetfulness of self are among the traits that go to make a noble character,—a tender, loving, self-denying nature, with a ready sympathy for the sorrows of others, willing to sacrifice its own wishes for the good of others. This is true character, and there is no ambition worth the name without it. True character is not complete without divine ambition. Character must stand behind and back up everything. An honest character will scorn a lie as the basest of all hypocrites. True, fearless honesty of character is a precious possession far above the price of gold. He is a millionaire who has it; a pauper he who has it not, though he own a kingdom.

It has been said, "The characters of great men are the dowry of a nation." Such characters as Washington and Lincoln stand out clear and distinct, and grow brighter with the ages, and will never die, but will live for ever in the history of this country's fame.

It is not given to all to be great national heroes; but it is our privilege to cultivate the qualities that make a noble character. God has left the impress of his character on all his works. It is seen in the grandeur and beauty of all things round about us. We can not look on nature without getting a glimpse of the character of God. We see its beauty in the flowers, forests, and flowing rivers. We see its force in majestic grandeur, in the rumbling thunder and vivid lightnings; its gentleness and love in the protection and care over the weakest of his creation. We are lost in the contemplation of the character of God; but in this sweet contemplation we are brought in contact with the unseen and are led to aspire to be like him; for love is the grand secret of the character of God. When we rid ourselves of selfishness and become pure in heart, then only can we climb to that pinnacle of greatness. Youth is the time to cultivate noble qualities. The young mind is like a tender plant, susceptible to the training influences of good or evil. Young Saint, you are only an atom in the great universe of God's eternal purpose. Be true to this noble purpose, and the Almighty God himself will stand beside you, and will lead you to the mountain-top of victory.

Our thoughts are a mold for our actions; and our words are an index to our characters. And as the stream can not rise higher than its source, so we can not rise higher than our thoughts. Beautiful thoughts inspire noble deeds. History is full of grand heroic deeds inspired to action by noble thoughts. If we allow evil thoughts to control our actions, then we are lost to that which is beautiful and good. Jesus Christ is the bright guiding-star of our example, whose beautiful character stands without a rival for its purity and gentleness. And this high standard we may reach by cultivating the beautiful qualities of humility and love.

(SR.) A. MCKENZIE.

NORMAL LESSON ON THE BOOK OF MORMON. PART IV.

FOUR LESSONS ON BOOK OF MORMON INSTITUTIONS AND WORSHIP.

1. Religion and places of worship.

1. Very little is known of the religion of the Jaredites, only that they worshiped the true God, and were visited and ministered to by many prophets. They prospered during the times of their faithfulness, and were punished for their apostasy, which was the cause of their final extermination. (Ether 1:1, 5; 3:9, 10; 6:8.)

2. The religion of the Nephites, like that of their ancestors, the Israelites, consisted of the worship of the true God according to the law of Moses, which they strictly observed until the coming of Christ, with some possible modifications in the ritual of worship,

such as the circumstances of location would compel. (2 Nephi 11:7; Omni 1:3, 5; Mosiah 1:5; Alma 14:3; 16:1, 13; Helaman 5:1, 8; Nephi 1:5.)

3. There being none of the tribe of Levi in the colony to bear the ministry of the public service, of the sons of Lehi of the tribe of Manasseh, were consecrated men to act in the priesthood, to offer the sacrifices and administer the law and its ordinances. (2 Nephi 4:5; Jacob 1:4; Mosiah 4:1; 11:2.)

4. The higher priesthood was conferred by the Lord upon Alma I about 121 B. C., who organized the church in the land of Mormon, which shortly afterwards removed to Zarahemla. This high priesthood continued in the family of Alma, and a high priest of his descent presided over the church until the time of Christ's appearing. Mosiah 11:2; 13:6.)

5. After his resurrection and ascension the Savior appeared to the Nephites, and declared the law of Moses fulfilled in him, instructed them in righteousness, and chose from their number twelve disciples whom he ordained to preach the gospel and administer the ordinances thereof, and established his church. The church prospered for more than two centuries, but division arose, the church declined, and by the end of the fourth century was apostate. (Nephi 4:8; 5:1; 7:1; 9:2; Nephi the Son 1:7; Mormon 2:4.)

6. At different times men arose teaching false doctrines and leading away some from the true worship of God. The most serious defection was caused by the teachings of one Nehor, whose doctrines remained the prevailing religion in some provinces for many years. (Alma 1:1-5; 13:2; 14:10.)

7. Though various forms of idolatry were indulged in at different times by both the Nephites and Lamanites, as also the Jaredites, nothing in detail is to be obtained concerning them. (Enos 1:5; Mosiah 6:3; 11:19; Alma 1:6; 12:4; 16:12; Ether 3:10.)

8. When the Nephites located in the Land of Nephi they built in the city of Nephi a temple, after the order of the temple at Jerusalem built by Solomon. The manner of its construction was the same, but not so richly adorned with gold. It probably contained the holy place and holy of holies, in a court or sacred inclosure. (2 Nephi 4:3.)

9. When the Nephites occupied Zarahemla they built another temple in that city, a temple is mentioned also in the City Bountiful and other cities probably on the same order as the others. (Mosiah 1:5, 6; Alma 11:6; 14:17; Helaman 2:4.)

10. The idea of the synagogue or "meeting" was also brought with them from Palestine, where the germ of the synagogue was in process of development. No definite idea of their development of this institution is given, but synagogues are mentioned frequently, both among the Nephites and Lamanites, as places of worship. There is mention at different times of a place of worship called the sanctuary, probably a temporary place of worship in new communities. (Alma 11:6; 13:5; 14:7; Helaman 2:4.)

QUESTIONS.

What is known of the worship of the Jaredites? Of what did the religion of the Nephites consist? How was this law observed? What is said of possible changes? Who took the place of the Levites among the people? What priesthood was later conferred? Unto whom was this priesthood given? How long did this order of things continue? When did Jesus appear to the Nephites? What was his mission among them? What did he establish among them? How long did this institution prevail? What particular form of departure is mentioned? What is said of idolatry? What institution of worship was built at Nephi? What was it like? What is said of other temples? How was the synagogue originated among the Nephites? What other place of worship is mentioned?

A MAN'S OWN WORK.

Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side, all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea.—Emerson.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Providence, Rhode Island.—Our society continues with excellent interest. Owing to the generally large attendance, five regular classes have been formed.

Our presidents are ambitious young men, devoting much time to the Religio work. Along social lines their suggestions are received with much enthusiasm. The efforts put forth to entertain our members, interest the nonmembers, and devise schemes to swell our treasury fund are varied and pleasing.

Like all similar affairs, much time and labor was spent in preparing for our last social function, the "handkerchief bazaar." This bazaar was held in the hall we occupied when giving our "flower-pot" social.

Sometime prior to the bazaar the presidents gave out printed "greetings," the sentiment of which was the solicitation of one or more handkerchiefs to be given to the sender of the "greeting." To the one who received the largest number of handkerchiefs was to be presented a hand painted vase. We did an immense lot of soliciting for the desired handkerchiefs. Of course we would not even infer that our Bro. Ed. Fox was much of a beggar, but some way he has the faculty of carrying off the rewards or souvenirs. We are grateful to Bro. Fox for exercising in our behalf his capabilities in that line. He received two hundred and eighty handkerchiefs for our bazaar.

The bazaar was well attended, and the proceeds were eighty-

five dollars, an encouraging sum with which to begin our new organ fund. Forty-five dollars was received from handkerchief sales, and ten dollars at the candy booth. The balance was received from sales of tickets, soap, cake, and ice-cream. An entertainment was given at which time Bro. Fox was called to the platform to receive the promised souvenir. With appropriate remarks a large box was handed him in which was a painted tiny three-inch vase. Bro. Ed. smiled, the audience laughed. With further remarks he was presented the real article, a beautiful, large vase which he accepted with thanks, and somewhat *sotto voce,* we understood him, "Where are the young ladies?" Alas for us, if Bro. Ed. joins in the future contests!

All are interested in raising funds to purchase a new organ for our chapel, and are working to that end. Will tell of our bank system next time. EDITH PERRY ROBERTS.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—We are still progressing and trying to help the work along as best we can. All members seem to be trying to do their part, especially in the programs. We have had some excellent programs of late and some good papers. Sunday, May 31, being the fifth Sunday in the month, we had our service at the Hospital Annex, which was in charge of the social committee, and they provided a splendid program which seemed to be enjoyed by the inmates there. It was a lovely, bright, sunshiny day, and it seemed as though the sunshine which we were trying to scatter was doing as much good to those afflicted inmates as the bright sunshine does for the beautiful flowers and trees which God has given for our benefit and pleasure. They seem to enjoy our singing and the different speakers that take part, and look forward for the fifth Sunday. Elder Arthur Koehler, of Kansas City, was with us and took part in the program in which he always seems willing to do what he can.

May the work go onward and prosper, and each one strive to do his part, is my earnest prayer. ELIZABETH BALDWIN.

[The Necedah items were overlooked last month, by mistake. —ED.]

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We try to take new courage as spring advances, but we miss those who have left us. Our vice-president changed her name from Luella Worby to Mrs. Orin Wilson, and then went to Illinois to live. Our secretary, Perla Moore, decided to go to Graceland in company with Sr. Freda Fisher; then Sr. Jennie Wildermuth left us for another place of residence, so we feel lonely, but try to keep the work moving on with what is left of our ranks. We have gained a great deal from the lessons in the last year, and our Bishop's agent has been present a few times and explained some points to us. We need a junior quarterly.

CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Owing to the repairs which were being made down-stairs, we have had to hold meetings in the upper

auditorium, and not having our piano up-stairs, musical numbers have been less, which naturally detracts from the programs.

Recently, however, we met in the basement and celebrated with a rally program. Musical numbers, readings, and a debate, entitled, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," were the pleasant features, after which an ice-cream social arranged by the social committee was enjoyed. The proceeds of the social were used for the church repairs, cleaning, electric lights, etc.

We gained one new member since last report.

One of our loved ones, Sr. Anna Shaw, has left us for realms above. She was one who endeared herself to all who knew her.

We have had some interesting papers of late on government, religion, places of interest, etc., of different countries, taking one country each night.

Our last "Indefinite" was edited by S. A. Burgess and his class. It was instructive and interesting.

Your sister in Christ,
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

New South Wales District.—It seems a long time since we wrote to your pages, but we have kept moving "onward and upward," and now we feel we can give you something of interest.

We have just held our annual convention which was very interesting. Reports from the different societies showed that they were still interested in this great work. Two new societies have been organized during the year, while two others have been in recess.

During the past year much literature has been distributed by the different societies. We have had a very energetic district librarian who has kept us well supplied with literature.

The study of the Book of Mormon, in conjunction with the Bible and Doctrine and Covenants, is very instructive and interesting, and we trust that many more may be added to our number and receive the same blessings from the study that we, as Religians, do.

Ever praying that our work may go "onward and upward,"
LILY BARMORE, District Secretary.

"Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith."—Doctrine and Covenants

AUGUST, 1908

For the Youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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THE LATTER-DAY WORK.

BY J. S. KNAUSS.

How dear to our hearts is this last dispensation,
  When Jesus restored to his children below
The gospel of love and abundant salvation,
  And caused through their lives sweetest blessings to flow.
No greater regard for the souls of the lowly
  Might ever be shown by our heavenly King
Than this gospel of truth,—pure, sublime, and holy,—
  Which surely to Zion our footsteps will bring.

But day after day we must pray for assistance,
  And through our whole lives true obedience show,
For sin and temptation must be met with resistance
  As in faith and good works we courageously grow.
Our time of probation is ever uncertain;
  No merit can we at the judgment-seat claim,
Unless all our acts in the shade of earth's curtain
  Be approved by the Master as done in his name.

And so let us ever be true to conviction,
  And faithful to Him who has died for our sin:
The rewarding of right is never a fiction
  Nor scourging of those who transgressors have been.
Let us show by the spirit of love which we cherish
  A zeal which is steadfast,—that never grows faint,—
And be always unwilling that any should perish
  While our name is recorded as Latter Day Saint.

BISMARCK, North Dakota.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 AUGUST, 1908 NUMBER 8

INSPIRED DREAMS AND VISIONS OF MODERN TIMES.

(Second Series.)

I. A VISION AND DREAM RELATED BY S. A. BURGESS.

TEN YEARS prior to the vision and dream here related, I was baptized by Elder R. Etzenhouser (March, 1890). If one may pass judgment on oneself, I am not visionary, but rather inclined to question, still desiring to find the truth. Being hard of hearing for years, I have found recourse in much reading outside of school work. At the time of the following occurrence, I had just finished my A. B. course in the university, in which course I had taken all mathematics offered, and averaged close to one hundred per cent, and in logic had secured the even one hundred per cent. This is not by way of personal laudation but to explain what follows.

But while seeking the wisdom of this world, and delighting many times in its beauties, along with that course of instruction had run another. Five years after joining the church it was made known to me by a voice that a time of preparation had come. From then till now, there has followed a course of instruction in things unseen. Much of it is strange, of much of it the significance is not yet apparent, nor the reason, nor necessity. But always in those earlier years, it was the Father teaching a child to swim; the Father's hand was always there. Were it not for the instant help, together with the assurance, "My son, you must try again, after a rest," I should have doubted some of those earlier lessons.

Prior to September 21, 1900, John Hitchcock had been sick for a short time, but he and all of us were hopeful and expecting his early recovery. [He had been prominent in both church and Religio work.—ED.] On the morning of September 21, on the way to market, we had called, and my father had offered my services, which were declined. But he did not feel right about it, and remarked that we would call again after Religio in the evening, and try to have me stay all night. So through the day he (J. C. H.) was in my mind occasionally, and also this line, "Oh, remember we're but dust." Still I had no idea but that he would soon be well.

At Religio in the evening, while the program was being rendered, he was presented so forcefully to my mind, that in my anxiety it seemed the meeting was over and I was with him. The request that I watch with him through the night had been granted, visitors had left, and finally Sr. Hitchcock and Bro. and Sr. J. E. Dawson

withdrew, and I was left alone with him. (Through all this, the meeting was visible to my natural eyes, but my mind was on the vision.) An hour passed. Then a being exceedingly fair and white and beautiful appeared on the opposite side of the bed. I realized at once that an angel had come for John. But I prayed and pleaded for him, that he might be spared, as the branch and district, to say nothing of the general Religio, needed him. At last my prayers were granted and the being or angel left. But shortly he appeared again, and again I prayed, oh, how I did pray! Again he left. But shortly another, far more glorious, appeared; his feet did not touch the floor; his head was near the ceiling; he was fair and white and shining beyond words to express. Then I knew it was in vain. I no longer prayed that he be spared, but that, "if one must be taken, let me be the one. I am but a boy and would not be seriously missed, while the work needs him. If one must be taken, let me be the one."

The prayer was granted, and I was taken. The hours passed rapidly; morning came; Sr. Etta Hitchcock, and Bro. and Sr. Dawson came in, and rushed to the bed. John was decidedly better; all bad symptoms had disappeared. They were delighted. Then they turned to me. Asleep! Bro. Dawson advanced, took me roughly by the shoulder, "Here, wake up! You're a dandy watcher, you are.—Why! he is dead!" Then I heard the voice of John Hitchcock, "No, Sammy; it can not be. Your work is not done."

There the vision ended. Soon the meeting was out, and we went at once to call. We found all in an uproar; I was hurried after the elders at once. But when we returned, it was too late. Yet not altogether so. The Spirit of God was there in great power. Many felt it is possible this man should be raised even from the dead. Elder Noah N. Cooke so expressed himself, but then added shortly, "No, it can not be." It seemed he had become unconscious about the time the vision had occurred, and sank into a stupor, from which he never recovered. I felt restrained from praying for him. But that night I prayed, that if it was indeed the will of God that he should go, that I might see him once more as an evidence.

That night, in a dream, the journey was taken up where the vision had left it. I saw the angel, fair and loving in expression, and also John. We passed rapidly through space, without apparent effort, and soon reached a river, the division between those who are living and those who have gone before. This was also passed without effort. Here a host met us. Oh, how they did sing! Their ordinary speech was sweeter far and more musical than the finest music we have ever heard here. How they did rejoice to see him and welcome him home! So it was all the way, rejoicing and greetings, till we came to a great white room. There was a great white throne. And One sat thereon. It is not possible to express in words the glory, whiteness, or fairness of the room and throne, let alone the One who sat thereon. He, too, received John with apparent joy, and directed that he pass on through a certain door, and soon he was lost from view.

Then he who sat on the throne turned and with all the love imaginable and a kindliness we would express, if we could, said, "Samuel, this is as far as you can go and remain in the flesh. Your place is on the earth. Return, therefore, and prepare for the work that I desire you to do."

Since then he has blessed me in study and in quiet. Many things have been made plain. Nothing of reason has had to be laid aside, but the best intelligence I have been able to bring to the examination and work has been more than satisfied.

It is a matter of surprise and wonder that he should so condescend, and should be so patient in the teaching of these lessons ofttimes hard. Nor do we claim any preference, since we know that he loves and is as ready to help any and all of his children; that his love extends to the whole world.

As to the work he may require at our hands, that seems a matter for us not to worry about, and only ask, Are we doing what we can now, of work and preparation for whatever he may require? We need not worry about the big things, he can and will attend to them, if we do the little things that lie at our hands. Sufficiently great is it to be his doorkeeper, if that is where he wants us.

I realize there is very much yet to learn, in fact I have only started, but hope to be faithful to whatever charge he may intrust to my hands.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

THE GLORIOUS HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. W. BLAIR.

I BEG OF YOU, in the name of Jesus Christ, to be reconciled to God through Jesus. I beseech you to embrace the gospel, and to live it faithfully. And you that have made the profession of Jesus Christ, I exhort you in his name not to let this great salvation slip. What would be your condition in eternity,—and eternity knows no end, to look back upon life here, its opportunities and privileges, and think upon the invitations extended to you to love God and keep his commandments that you might attain unto all this blessedness and joy, and yet find yourselves without them, and yourselves short of them,—to find that you have for ever let them slip!

This life is where we are being educated and developed, where we are being chastened and tried, where we learn in regard to the government of God and the dispensations of the Most High. This is a state of humiliation, and holy writ declares that for this resurrection of the dead man was created: "He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God." Christ Jesus is the pattern and the pledge of the resurrection of the dead; he ministered in his resurrected body in the midst of his disciples, went out and in among them for forty days, and finally took them out upon Bethany and there, when he was giving them his parting words, his last counsels while

with them here personally on earth, a cloud of light and glory came down out of heaven and the glorious chariot bore him away into the heavens!

I am not surprised that the apostles were filled with wonder and astonishment at the blessed vision, seeing Jesus pass up into the heavens above. They had been with him through all his wonderful ministry; they had seen his power; they had partaken of his love; they had seen the marvelous display of God's wisdom in him as no mortal had ever exhibited before; they had seen him in his resurrected condition after he had suffered the ignominy of

ELDER W. W. BLAIR.

Elder W. W. Blair was born October 11, 1828. He died April 18, 1896, after a life of hard and effectual gospel labor. He was ordained an apostle October 7, 1858. He labored in that calling until 1873, at which time he was called to occupy as first counselor to President Joseph Smith, which position he occupied until his death.

the cross; they had been with him forty days and forty nights receiving words of knowledge and wisdom from him, and now when he passed into the heavens, it is no wonder they gazed in astonishment.

Two angels stood by them in shining raiment and said to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this

same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Blessed thought, always the hope of God's people in every age of the world, that Jesus will come in glory! When he comes he will be crowned, and will take the empire of the world and reign King of kings, and Lord of lords. He ascended into heaven bodily, with the same body he took from the grasp of death, the same that laid three days in Joseph's new tomb. There is the pattern, and it applies directly to us. It is a testimony of the fact that the resurrection of the dead shall be literal, real, and tangible; that we as separate entities and conscious persons will be thus brought into being again, just as much so as we are conscious beings to-day.

October 16, 1892.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—NO. 7.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

SCENES FOLLOWING THE ASSASSINATION; APOSTASY IN EVIDENCE; THE REORGANIZATION FORESHADOWED.

NAUVOO, Illinois, February, 1846.

DEAREST MOTHER:

YOUR cheering correspondence was received yesterday. Be assured it is encouraging to know that the publicity given to the news of the prophet's death does not abate the momentum of Daniel's little stone in New York City. The information of the congeniality of your surroundings breathes peace into the soul, and I am especially rejoiced that your fidelity is unswervingly steadfast, and that you remain as stable as a mountain rock, unmoved by the surging and frothing billows of a relentless persecution. A few weeks more, dear mother, will bring me happily to your side. I fancy that there will be some mutuality about the satisfaction that I already experience from the nearness of our meeting.

In the month of September last the authorities of the church made a treaty with the mob to evacuate Nauvoo, and this February the Saints are beginning to move westward, crossing the Mississippi. For my part I have decided to come home till at least a permanent settlement is formed somewhere. It is only a matter of a few more days until these busy streets will be silent, till these houses now full of warm-hearted Saints will be empty, till these mills and industries will be quiet as the tomb, till this whole beautiful place will fall a prey like ancient Babylon to the dangers and vultures of wickedness and malignity.

Many things have happened that will be of interest to you when we meet to have a mouth to mouth and heart to heart talk. May I confidentially express to you my fear that the church has by its remissness inherited the condemnation spoken of in one of the latest revelations. Certain duties were assigned to her, which, said the Lord, if she did not fulfill after a sufficient length of time she was

to be "rejected as a church." Not rejected as individuals, but as a church. I do believe that the leaders, including most of the Twelve, are apostatizing. There has been some talk of such a practice as "sealing," which means a marriage which is effective after death. It is certain that it never formed a tenet of the church in Joseph's time, nor has it ever been presented for adoption in General Conference capacity, an action we have reason to look for in such an important change. I am satisfied it is of the Devil. Several good men have been severed from the church because they stand aloof from the ruling of the Twelve and refuse to take sides with Brigham. Sister Emma, Joseph's widow, refuses to accompany them in their exodus, and has refused to relinquish into their hands the manuscript of the Inspired Translation of the Bible. Brigham is greatly incensed over it, and has threatened to bring her prostrate at his feet, and so on. So far she is unflinching and unyielding, and I implore the Lord that if she is on the right side she may be endued with perseverance and determination.

Mother, I believe that the great disturbance that prevails, and the exodus that is following is to prove to be somewhat of a fanning-mill to the church, for the separating of the refuse, the tares, the bad material that has crept in during its rapid growth. From what I beheld in a dream two nights ago I would be led to believe that there will be a great falling away, but ere the holy priesthood is taken from the earth young Joseph will attain to maturity, and the church be reconstructed under his administration. I saw Joseph the martyr at the head of a tremenduous flock of sheep. First he lifted his staff, and with astonishing quickness they began pouring toward him from the four winds of heaven. Some of them were dark at first sight, and some grew dark which at first were whitish in appearance. I beheld till Joseph disappeared, leaving his coat and staff on the ground and the sheep in apparent confusion looking this way and that way, as it occurred to me, for another shepherd. I said to myself, "Shall I go and direct them?" "No," whispered a voice, "the time has not yet come. There must be a little lull, then I will call upon the seed of the prophet who shall taken up the cloak and staff which you see, and assemble the clean ones of my flock."

Thus it is, mother, I am satisfied that it was a spiritual dream, if I ever had one. It was noticeable that the blackness of the wool was caused by a contact with and an adhesion of filthy matter, and that it was no inherent property of the wool. So we will await the evolution of events, possessing our souls in patience till the rift in the clouds comes to consummate the purposes of the Lord. Let us not, however, become stunned, let us not lose our fervor, let us not cease to talk about the doctrine of church, its harmonies, beauties, simplicities, and all that has exhiliarated and enthused us so much hitherto. No disruption is big enough to take from us our title to the Spirit of God in this life, if we remain allegiant to the Great King, nor can it rob us of celestial glory in the world to come. We do not always comprehend the purposes of God. His

infinity has been abundantly proved to us. Let us therefore believe that whether we have the explanation or not, that he is acting for the good of his creatures. Let us believe that after the cloud is past, there will be the most radiant sunshine on the other side. Let us wait for a season, and he has said, Zion shall be redeemed, her wastes rebuilt, her desolation replenished.

Pray for my safe journey, mother, and all, and soon a tired Christian, wifeless as I left you, I shall once more, after a world of changes, fall into your maternal loving arms.

Affectionately,

SOLON.

THE END.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Let me say for the benefit of the reader of Solon's letters that Solon is a fictitious character. I have chosen this style of narrative as an attraction to the consideration of the great events of our church history on which it is founded, hoping that the reader would discriminate between the real and the unreal. Solon is an advertisement, the lifeless hand on the guide-board pointing and directing attention to the fundamental links in the chain of events. When those events are seen he has accomplished his aim; he retires into obscurity; he cares no more to be seen; he despises recollection.—A. K.

A GOVERNMENT FORT.

BY A. A. REAMS.

MOUNTED BAND OF THE SECOND CAVALRY.

THE one United States Military post in Iowa is Fort Des Moines located four miles south of the business center of Des Moines, the capital of the state.

Three different military posts in the State have borne this name. The first one was established in Lee County in 1834, continued for three years, and was then abandoned. This was two years before the Saints settled at Nauvoo, just across the Mississippi River from where the fort stood. The second military post of this name located in the State was built at the junction of the Raccoon River with the Des Moines River, where the city

of Des Moines now stands. This fort was located here in 1842 and continued four years, but the old building used as the fort stood for many years and was a familiar sight to many of the early settlers. Some of the Saints who came to Des Moines in the early years of the Reorganization saw the fort, and one sister of those early settlers is still a resident of Des Moines. The site of the old fort is to be permanently marked by an organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The third military post to bear the name is Fort Des Moines, of which we write.

The post was dedicated in 1903. The original site of the fort comprised four hundred acres, and was purchased by the citizens of Des Moines at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. The fort is not a frowning, grim looking place, but it is a place that will delight the eye and the spirit of him who approaches. The upland commands a view of the finest agricultural land in the United States.

A rifle range of five hundred acres has been added to the original site, and another addition of one hundred and sixty acres is used

SOLDIERS AT SUPPER IN THE MESS-ROOM.

for military purposes when needed. The fort is connected with the city by electric street-cars, and all the materials and supplies for the post go over this line. Around the parade-ground are grouped the buildings, officers' quarters, and the barracks. The grounds have been beautified and will soon be a lovely park. Electric lights and city water are among the conveniences at the fort.

The fort is a cavalry post and when opened in 1903 was occupied by a squadron of the Eleventh Cavalry. For a short time there were a few colored troops stationed here.

BARRACKS AT FORT DES MOINES.

The Second Cavalry is now stationed at the fort. This is one of the oldest cavalry regiments in the United States service, being organized in 1836. The regiment has been in active service in every war since that time. It has also seen much fighting with the Indians. In 1858 the Second Cavalry was sent to Utah against the Mormon people. The commanding officer at that time was Major F. W. Sibley, who is now an officer at Fort Des Moines. The regiment has also seen service in Cuba and in the Philippines. The latest active service was against the Indians in South Dakota in 1907.

The accompanying cuts will give readers of AUTUMN LEAVES some idea of a modern United States military post, and no one's sightseeing is complete until they have visited one of these forts. True, they remind one of war. Until the day of universal peace there will be war among the nations, and so long as there is war there will be need of trained soldiers. Our Government, the foundation of which was laid by wise men, raised up by a divine hand, asks for the service of the flower of America manhood, and one can but show profound respect to the young man who lays his life upon the altar of his country. Many of our fathers were soldiers, and they were men, upright and noble, while in the service.

Among the soldiers at Fort Des Moines is an organization known as the Christian Rangers. This includes the boys in blue who are professed Christians. They frequently mingle their voices in the service with the Christian people of the city in the several churches.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART X.

WHILE I was staying at Father Buckingham's a man by the name of McGoon came out from Canon City to get me to hold a debate with a Methodist preacher by the name of Wilcox. This Mayor McGoon was an infidel, a very smart man, and an eloquent speaker.

Mr. McGoon said that Wilcox had been preaching every night in Canon City for two weeks and it was all about me and the "Mormons," and the people wanted me to come down to the city and would make Wilcox come out and divide the time. So I told the mayor to go ahead, I was ready. McGoon went back and called on Mr. Wilcox, but Wilcox would not condescend to debate with a "Mormon." McGoon told him he had been debating one side for two weeks, and that now the people would like to hear the other side for a while. Wilcox would not think of "disgracing" himself by debating with a "Mormon," so the people published an open letter to him in the Grant County *News*, signed by thirty-seven of the leading men of the town, demanding that he come out and defend himself; but he heeded it not. So the sheriff went to work and cleaned up the court-house, moved an organ into it, and invited me to come and occupy. I drew all the crowd from the other meeting and had a full house for about twenty nights. The sheriff, deputy sheriff, district judge, and county judge, and in fact all

the officers attended every night; they all sang in the choir and we had a good time. I stayed at the best hotel in the city and supposed I was paying sixteen dollars per week for self and wife; but when I went to settle my bill I found it all paid and a credit of nine dollars at the counter in my favor which the landlord paid me in cash.

Late in the fall while at the Buckingham place I got a very pressing invitation to go over into Idaho. I concluded to go, and Father Buckingham consented to go with me. I left my wife and babe at the Buckingham place, and we took my team and carriage and made the journey in about five weeks; we traveled about one thousand miles, besides doing considerable preaching. On our way back from Idaho, two days before we got home, I shot a large mule-deer with my pistol. We were only able to find room in the carriage for the saddle (hind quarters with the loin,) so we hung up the rest of it on a little tree close to the road and wrote on a slip of paper when it was killed, thinking if any one should come that way they would be glad to use the meat. We drove on for about five miles and met two men in a wagon. We told them what we had done and they hurried on lest some one should precede them. After the two men got back they reported that they got the meat and had a great feast. When Brother Buckingham and I got home we weighed our saddle of venison and it weighed eighty-six pounds. The two men that we met were named Cowdery and Rigdon and were nephews of the famous men, Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery.

I left Bro. Buckingham on the first day of June, 1881. Our first camp was on the north fork of the John Day River, a romantic camping-ground; we had speckled trout for supper, and we enjoyed them. The third day from our last we encountered one of the worst hailstorms I ever witnessed. It was on the Powder River. We had just gotten out of the Blue Mountains and were entering the Powder River Valley. We saw the storm coming, but did not think of it being hail. I was driving along at a brisk trot and I happened to see a hailstone fall about a hundred yards from us. It looked as big as a hen's egg, and I knew at once that I had to get the horses loose from the wagon and do it quick. I sprang down and succeeded in dropping the traces by the time the hail began to pelt them, but I only got them detached from the wagon. They were still harnessed together. Wife fearing I would not get the team loose in time jumped out with the baby and drew out a quilt to put over their heads, but she got such a pelting she got back into the wagon. The storm beat the top off my carriage entirely. It was covered on the outside with heavy duck, painted, and lined with common carriage lining, and it was beaten into shreds; but my wife managed to keep quilts enough over her and the baby so that they escaped with just a good sound thumping. But I came in for the worst of it. I held on to the horses, and I greatly wonder how I managed to do it, for they were so high spirited that I never dared to touch them with a whip. They almost stood in the air, and they jerked me about like I was but

a cork. I had on a derby hat and the hail beat the crown out of it, then knocked it off, and beat my bare head till I was bloody as a butcher. It was a scene hard to describe, wife and babe crying, the storm howling, the horses rearing, and my head bleeding. Well, it let up after awhile and found us the most forlorn looking emigrants anybody ever looked at. We gathered ourselves up as best we could and drove into Baker City, about six miles; it was sad to see my poor horses. Baker City was another forlorn looking place. Every window exposed in any way to the storm was smashed, the streets were carpeted with boughs from the poplar trees that line their walks; chickens, turkeys, and pigs were slaughtered in every direction, and havoc was played all around. I bought some arnica and alcohol to wash our bruises with and drove six miles further to Elk River and camped for the night. I bought a large oilcloth to re-cover our wagon with, and fixed it on as best I could for the remainder of the trip.

After some long days of driving we landed in Moscow, Idaho, at the home of Uncle Joe Howard. I went to work for him on the farm to pay our expenses, and I think made myself rather profitable in many ways. I also preached every Sunday, from one to three times. I held a series of meetings in town and preached about twenty-five times and raised up many friends. At this time I was drawing no support from the church, and I had to work often to keep the wolf from the door. I had to sell my little home in Oregon to meet my expenses, for on August 23 we had an addition to the family of another boy, and it became necessary for me to be looking out for my family. I rented a hotel in town and became a landlord. As the place had been badly kept it was badly run down; but I made a bargain with the man that owned it that if I worked the business up to justify he would build on thirty more rooms. I spent everything I had in order to raise the standard of the house; had to sell my team and carriage and everything to buy carpets and other necessaries. I got all the commercial men, and nearly everybody else, and the house got too small; then the owner of the place, who was an old rascal, refused to do as he had agreed. I could see no way of recovering my loss by keeping the house. After about eight months' experience I pulled out with a debt of eight hundred dollars hanging over me; but I was not discouraged, for I was strong, and there was plenty of work in the country. I was proposed for the legislature by both political parties, but I saw there was nothing but honor in that, and honor would not pay debts. I went to contracting and hired several carpenters and began to make money. I was also elected justice of the peace by acclamation, which was oil on my wheel, for it was a new country and was fast settling up. I was kept busy making out declaratory statements, proving up preëmptions, acknowledging deeds, etc. I could and did practice in the other court and at the end of one year I was out of debt and had a nice comfortable little home all paid for. I had good outbuildings and everything to make us comfortable.

But now I began to be urged to get out into the field again.

There was a very urgent call for some one to go to Montana, and Bro. W. W. Blair urged me to go. Bro. Joseph also wrote me to "be heard of my cause." I wrote Bro. Joseph that if I could be excused from the mission work I could keep an elder in the field at my expense. Bro. Joseph wrote in a kind of joking way saying, "It is very kind of you to offer to help an elder to do his duty, but in the meantime who would be doing your duty?" So I again yielded, but I first went to Montana alone. I went to Reese Creek and preached about twenty-five times on consecutive nights and two or three times each Sunday. The Saints got wonderfully enthused and nothing would do but I must move my family right up there. I told them I did not feel like selling my home again. I had been homeless two or three times already since I had been in the ministry. "Oh," they said, "you need not sell. We will give you a home." I went back to settle up my business in Moscow, Idaho, and was making all the haste I could, for you know with some Saints you must strike while the iron is hot. Soon there came a check of one hundred and fifty dollars to help me to move, and they urged me to make haste. They had already appointed a building committee, were going to build me a house and do wonderful things. I got my family to Reese Creek, and I told the brethren they were making too big plans altogether; but no, they were going to buy forty acres of land and build a good house. They had spoken to a contractor to build it, but I told them I was a carpenter and could build a house plenty good enough and lose little or no time from preaching. I found there was a quarter section of land with one corner as close to the chapel as the forty they were going to buy for me, so I thought I could make it so much cheaper for them by filing on the quarter section and building my own house that it would greatly please them; but some were in favor of it and some were not, and they split up and never did a thing. I took my family into an old granary and lived there till nearly Christmas. I had to do something now for myself, for the ardor of the Saints had entirely cooled off; but to the honor of Bro. Mike Enkes and Bro. Tom Reese I wish to say that they wanted to do just as they had agreed to do. I got a man to move me into the city of Bozeman, where I rented a house for twelve dollars per month, very cheap for that country, and went to work to fix as well as I could for the balance of the winter, which was long and severe and brought much suffering to my family because of the lack of necessaries. So much for the promise of some that are called Saints. They had not only failed to provide for me the home that they promised to, but put me in such a condition that I lost the home I had in Idaho. At one stroke they made me a wanderer again; but the unkindest cut of all was that they charged the one hundred and fifty dollars up to me. I put up with it rather than make a disturbance. I heard that the reason they had a falling out was that one of the brethren was smuggling the quarter section of land, for it lay joining his own, and he was trying to get it for himself, and I am of the opinion that such was the case.

I wish here to say in regard to Bro. Joseph's counsel for me to get out into the mission field, telling me that otherwise I would lose the Spirit, that I found the advice to be good. I was losing the spirit of the work. I did not realize it till I went to Montana and began active work and I was almost scared to see how I had lost ground and how unimportant the kingdom of God was getting to be with me. I am now satisfied that when a man has been called and accepted this ministry, that whatever his talent and ability is, it belongs to the Lord, and the church is entitled to it.

After fixing my family in Bozeman as best I could I accepted an invitation to go to Deer Lodge, Montana. I went down there and opened up a fine work. The Saints wanted me to move my family there, and so I moved again, and the Saints (Scandinavian Saints) did all they agreed to and more. By their aid I soon had another little home, and I was enabled to build up a good branch there. My wife labored effectually in the Sunday-school, and in honor to the Saints of that place I have to say that there never was a quarrel or a misunderstanding among them while we were with them. They were truly the most peaceful and law-abiding Saints I ever saw.

After about two years in that place I was again appointed to Oregon and Washington, to my old field. We now had three children. Wife was delicate and the children small, and I could not leave them. We drew but a small pittance from the church and living was very high, so I thought it best to send my family to California where my wife could be near her folks. Again we packed up and I accompanied my family as far as Spokane Falls, Washington; there I dropped off and began my work in Washington and Oregon, and my family went on to Tulare County, California. I labored for nearly a year in that country, but as my health again began to fail I made up my mind to go to California and rest with my family for a while.

When I got down to that country I found it was no place to rest, for there was quite a demand for preaching, so I again went to work. I located my family about thirty miles south of Tulare City, as best I could, and went to preaching in the different schoolhouses that were opened to me. An interest sprang up that was a little encouraging. I undertook, in the meantime, to lay the foundation for a home, got a piece of land and put up a windmill, and planted a few trees and vines, but the latter soon fell a prey to the jack-rabbits. Much prejudice was allayed, at least, by my preaching; but as I was in very hard lines financially, I soon accepted a job, for which I was criticised by some of my friends, and the word went out that Elder Clapp was dabbling in politics. I will here make a statement of the case and submit it to the verdict of popular opinion; if it is considered a crime I will cheerfully take the punishment that comes. The job that I accepted was to stump Tulare County on the finance question. It was of course in the interest of the Farmers' Alliance, but only that part of the alliance doctrine that is in harmony with the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints. I did not accept the job until I

had fully examined it and saw plainly that the sub-treasury of the alliance was only another name for the national banking system advocated by the seer of Palmyra, and I learned that the greater part of the politics of the alliance was as set forth by Joseph Smith in his views of the policy and powers of government. For this work I got good pay and was never in the least hindered in my gospel work, preaching from two to three times each Sunday.

While I was stumping the country I was challenged for a public discussion by Senator John Roth, and met the senator at Woodville for a six-night debate on the finance question. I found Mr. Roth a very nice opponent in debate. The third night he had so exhausted his fund of information on the subject that he yielded the point, but we quit good friends.

I only continued in the work for about six weeks, but that was sufficient for me to get accused of dabbling in politics. Since that I have known of quite a number of the brethren making the same mistake, if it is a mistake.

When I got through my job I moved my family into Tulare City and located them as comfortably as I could, and as the Saints had secured a hall for meetings, I began preaching there with quite encouraging prospects. While I was holding meetings in our hall, a Mr. Putnam, a representative of the *Truth Seeker*, came there and lectured in the library hall against the Bible and religion in general. He challenged anybody and everybody to meet him on the rostrum. He had defeated Christianity in almost every part of the civilized world, and was ready to repeat it in Tulare. When he sat down, people from all over the house began to call, "Clapp, Clapp." I got up and went to the stand, and in a speech of forty minutes, in which great freedom of speech was given me, the tide of sympathy was turned entirely to us, or on the side of the Bible and Christianity. At the close of my speech or my peroration the applause was like a tornado and did not produce a very pleasant expression on Mr. Putnam's countenance.

I accepted his challenge and told him I was ready to break a lance with him and would begin at once, but he said he was too busy just then (at which the people hissed), but he would return soon and then he would hold the debate, but instead of doing that he went off and wrote to his paper, the *Truth Seeker*, that he had had a tilt with a Mormon elder, and would have had a discussion with him but the elder had an engagement to lecture for the Farmers' Alliance, and could not meet him; a baseless falsehood, for I was through with my work for the Alliance and was preaching nearly every night in a hall in Tulare City.

While I was in Tulare I got word that my oldest brother, Frank, was very sick in Santa Ana, California, and he wanted to see me. I stayed with him as long as I could, but as I had been appointed to the Island Mission, and I could do him no good, I bade him farewell and returned to Tulare where I soon learned that my dear old brother had gone to rest and that Elder H. A. Stebbins had arrived in Santa Ana in time to preach his funeral. At this time my youngest brother, John, was very sick in Tulare with

cancer of the stomach. I watched and waited with him until it came time for me to be off for my mission, and as I had made arrangements to sail at a certain time on the steamship Australia, I had to leave him and my family, which I did with a heavy heart. The first news I got from America, after I arrived at the islands, was that John also was dead, and as my brother William had died just before I came to Tulare, I was left without a full brother in the flesh.

John was a most lovable young man. I do not think I ever knew a more honorable man, or one more generous. He seemed to possess the quality of spreading sunshine wherever he went. My two older brothers, Frank and William, were also brave, and were honorable men. My brother William was in many of the hard-fought battles of the war, and followed the flag through the rain of shot and shell where it took courage and true patriotism to go. He was acquainted with fear, and because of his bravery in that wonderful march through Georgia, he was placed in charge of many teams as wagon-master, and always succeeded in bringing his train through. He finally fell before that terrible enemy, Bright's disease, brought on by exposure and hardships during that wonderful expedition, the "march through Georgia."

(To be continued.)

BOUNDLESS LOVE.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Let us sing a choice anthem as we've met here to-day
To hear the pure gospel and learn the true way.
Raise high your glad voices, let the notes grandly roll,
As we tell in sweet numbers what's been done for our soul.

What tongue can express, what heart comprehend,
The affection and friendship of Jesus, our Friend?
The wisdom of ages can not fathom, or bound
The limitless ocean of love we have found.

Costliest palace thou ever didst see,
Was a hovel compared with the one left for thee;
The world's grandest pageant is too tame to compare,
With the beauty and splendor of his home over there.

Yet he left all that glory, his life freely gave
To the thorn and the scourge, the cross and the grave;
So we'll sing the sweet story as we're nearing the goal
And tell what the Savior has done for our soul.

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

Chapter 5. (Continued.)

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister. McBernie's son, Donald, returns from college. He meets the minister's sister and acquires a taste for religion. Luther encounters the elders of the Reorganization. Elder Pratt meets with the "conclave" to discuss religious topics.)

"Of the doctrine of baptisms."

Tuesday evening came on with wind and rain. Water descended in torrents. Elder Pratt fought his way to the old store building, and lighted the lamps; but no one came to hear him preach. The hour of meeting passed. The storm had somewhat subsided, though a steady drizzle was still falling. He bethought himself of his appointment at the Luther home, and, ever methodical and faithful in his work, turned his steps thither. He was welcomed with surprise, yet heartily, for his quiet, gentlemanly conduct had created a favorable impression.

McBernie, on some pretext, had braved the weather and was present. Donald dropped in a little later, "to look after father," he explained. "Very well," declared the old gentleman, slipping into the coveted chair at Minnie's side, "I doubt not I'll bear watching."

"It's a fine night," he said, addressing her, with the air of canvassing some secret known only to the two, "for the parsons to talk baptism. They can have a choice, sprinkling, pouring, or immersion."

"Hush," she responded, "I am surprised at such a flippant remark from a man of your age."

The two "parsons" had already settled themselves, the elder steaming cheerily by the fire that had been kindled, the Bible on his knee.

"Baptism," he began, "is the third principle to engage our attention. One who begins to have faith and to repent appreciates the force of the language found in Isaiah 1: 16, 'Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil.' To such an one the message comes as it came to Paul, 'Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.' I read from Acts 22: 16."

"I take it," said Luther, "that, with me, you believe in baptism by immersion?"

"We certainly do.. Christ was evidently so baptized in Jordan; we are not greater than he. Moreover, in Romans, the sixth chapter, our baptism is expressly spoken of as a burial. Call it only a type, if you will; even if it were nothing more, God has a right to say what the type shall be. He chooses to typify the burial of his Son by our immersion in water."

"You intimate that it is more than a type," said Luther. "Let me ask you what baptism really is for. Some say it is the answer of a good conscience; some an outward sign of an inward grace, etc."

"The answer is clear and plain," replied Elder Pratt; "baptism is for the remission of sins. How the creed-makers overlook that fact is a mystery. 'Tis God's province to command, ours to obey. Let me read two passages that will show what baptism is for: 'Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ *for the remission of sins,* and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.'—Acts 2: 38, 39. Again: 'And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.'—Acts 22: 16."

"Another question; do you baptize little children?"

"No. Baptism is for the remission of sins. How can little children need baptism, when Christ said that of such was the kingdom of heaven? Instead, we take little children in our arms and bless them, as we read that Christ did."

"One more question; we read of 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism'; some say that this one baptism is the baptism of water and not of the Holy Spirit, others the reverse; what say you?"

"Paul," replied the elder, "speaks of his outer man and of his inner man. How many Pauls were there?"

"Evidently only one; more the pity."

"Certainly!" said Elder Pratt. "The body and the spirit constitute one perfect man; the baptism of the water and of the Spirit constitute one complete baptism. Jesus answers your question in the third chapter of John: 'Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be *born of water and of the Spirit,* he can not enter into the kingdom of God.' "

"And of laying on of hands."

"I am interested in the subject for to-night," declared Sidney Luther, when the conclave had assembled Wednesday evening. I have never heard it discussed."

"That is true," replied the elder. "I have never heard a sermon from a so-called orthodox pulpit on the subject; yet I have read to you where it is plainly stated as one of the principles of the doctrine of Christ. As such it must be important. In the first place, the ministry of old imposed hands for the conferring of the Holy Ghost."

"Do you mean," said Luther, "that even as the ministry observed an ordinance at the birth of the water, they did likewise at the birth of the Spirit? Can you cite me to any occurrence in Bible history where such a procedure was observed?"

"Certainly, several. I will read two: 'Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then *laid they their hands on them,* and they received the Holy Ghost.'—Acts 8: 14-17. 'When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had *laid his hands* upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve.'—Acts 19: 5-7."

"Was it practiced for any other purpose?" asked Luther.

"Yes," replied the elder; "for instance, in ordaining men to the ministry. I cite you to one of several instances, recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Acts, second and third verses, 'As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and *laid their hands on them,* they sent them away.'

"The ordinance was also observed for the healing of the sick. Jesus himself practiced it, as you will see by reading the fortieth verse of the fourth chapter of Luke: 'Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he *laid his hands* on every one of them, and healed them.'

"Also Mark 6: 5, 'And he could there do no mighty work, save that he *laid his hands upon a few sick folk,* and healed them.'

"The apostles also observed the ordinance. Permit me to read the eighth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts. 'And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and *laid his hands on him,* and healed him. So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed.'

"Some might argue that the right and power to observe this ordinance was limited to the twelve apostles; but such was not the case, for others also observed this ordinance. Read Acts 9: 17: 'And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and *put-*

ting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared upto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.' "

At this juncture McBernie broke in upon the debate, "What think ye," said he, "was the special significance attaching to the laying on of hands? Baptism, we may say, represents burial,—the burial of our Savior. Now what think ye the laying on of hands might represent?"

Elder Pratt glanced keenly at the old man, but, being somewhat skilled in reading human nature, held his peace, knowing that McBernie had his own answer in mind.

The others wrestled with the problem for a time, Luther suggesting that the act of imposing hands signified authority. "Very good, very good," said the old man; "but let me give you a thought. You may be surprised that I have given this study, but I have followed your talk closely, and I think there is much in it. Let me read now."

He reached forth his hand, secured Elder Pratt's Bible, and turned to Habakkuk, third chapter, and read the third and fourth verses, " 'God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was the light; he had horns coming out of his hand: and there was the hiding of his power.'

"I thinket that the laying on of hands signifies power as well as authority," declared McBernie. "It is said here that the hiding of God's power was in his hand. So it is with man; notice now, in all that he does, his power is applied to things by way of his hands. An architect may have the design in mind, but he is powerless till he lays hand to his pencil. Carpenters study the design, but the building takes no form till men lay hand to bricks and timbers. Now, the elder has shown us how God gave to his servants power over sickness and over unclean spirits. I thinket 'twas so expressed by the laying on of their hands. Preachers to-day say that such power is no longer given to them; no wonder they have stopet preaching the laying on of hands."

"I would like to ask," said Luther, "if Jesus himself ever plainly authorized men to impose hands for the healing of the sick, or for other purposes."

"Yes; just a moment ago I cited you to the case of Ananias, who said plainly that Jesus 'sent' him to lay hands on Paul that he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost. Also, in his last great commission, as you will find by reading the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Mark, he said of his disciples, 'They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Whatever men may argue now, those who stood next to Jesus did not think that this power was limited to the twelve apostles, because James left this perpetual injunction on record, in the fifth chapter of his epistle: 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him

with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.' "

At the precise moment when the conclave broke up for the night, Deacon and Mrs. Deacon Hardpack were engaged in their evening devotions. The deacon was reading from the fourth chapter of Ephesians: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

He closed the book with a vicious suddenness, and sprang up and began pacing back and fourth in the little kitchen.

"Why, Jonas! what in the world has come over ye?" quavered his good old wife, in shocked surprise.

"It's this 'ere Latter Day Saint business," snarled the old man. "I wish I had never heered 'em preach *at* all. My Bible don't read like it used ter do. No matter where I open it, I hit some of their doctrine. Last night, it was about the sick sendin' for the elders. Night afore, it was the angel flyin' in the midst of heaven. To-night, it's apostles and prophets."

"Never mind, Jonas," soothed the old lady, "you know, as Mrs. Barker says, we have apostles and prophets. 'Our church,' says she, 'is built on 'em.' "

The old man halted a moment, and peered at her from under his bushy brows, "Yes, we've got 'em—dead ones! Why not have a dead pastor? Tell me that. A tombstone's a right smart cheaper than a salary."

"Mrs. Barker says, too," soothed the old lady again, "that it says, 'God gave apostles to some, and pastors to some.' Mrs. Barker says he gave some to one church an' some to another."

"Well, then," retorted the old man, "he must a thought a lot of the Latter Day Saints. He give them the whole outfit, apostles and all, an' we only got pastors and evangelists."

The good wife laid a fluttering hand on his arm. "Jonas, if they're right, why not join 'em? You know our church says, 'Where the Bible speaks we speak.' "

"They're *not* right," flared the contrary old deacon, "they ain't got *a thing* that *we* ain't got."

"Of the resurrection of the dead."

A solemn and earnest spirit had settled over the little conclave. The Thursday evening session was opened with prayer, and closed with singing and prayer.

"The subject of the resurrection is one that interests all men," began the elder. "Centuries ago, Job asked the question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' It is a question that deals with the beyond, and we can get the answer by revelation only."

"That is what we wish," replied Luther. "We wish to know if the Scriptures teach a literal resurrection of the dead."

"Do you believe that Christ actually arose from the dead, with a real, though glorified body?" asked Elder Pratt.

"Yes," answered Luther.

"Well, you know the statement, found in 1 Corinthians 15: 20, that Christ became 'the first-fruits of them that slept'; others, then, are to follow him in the resurrection. Also, you remember the statement that 'as in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive.' Through the wiles of Satan, physical as well as spiritual death came into the world. If Christ does not conquer both, and restore man, body and spirit, to his former estate, or higher, he will not have won a complete victory over Satan; and we are told that he came into the world for the express purpose of destroying the *works* of Satan.

"Biblical references to support my view are so numerous that I can not read them all; but I will read two from the Old Testament and two from the New Testament. First I will read Job 19: 25, 26, 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' You see Job got the answer to his question.

"Now I read from Isaiah 26: 19, 'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.'

"This earth," cried the elder, deeply moved, "was not intended for a graveyard. Some day she will hear the trump, and, realizing her mission, will cast out the dead and become the home and not the cemetery of men.

"But now turn to the New Testament, and we will read from Luke 14: 14: 'And thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'

"Next let us read 1 Thessalonians 4: 13-17: 'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.'

"Here we find mention made of the first resurrection, and gather the idea that there are at least two. In the twentieth chapter of Revelation, the first resurrection is again mentioned as the 'resurrection of the just.' There, as in the passage just read, it is stated that this resurrection is to occur at the coming of Christ; for the Bible clearly teaches the literal second coming of Christ, who the angels said was to come in like manner as he went away, that is,

personally, literally, clothed with glory and power. This twentieth chapter of Revelation states that after their resurrection the 'just' shall live and reign with Christ a thousand years, the great millennial reign, when Satan shall be bound; 'but the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished.' This seems to make the order of the resurrections plain and easily understood. It gives us a comprehensive view of the great and far-reaching work of our Savior."

Standing, the little congregation sang:

"The saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit-trees on the plain."

"And of eternal judgment."

Donald and Minnie were leaning upon the front gate of the Luther home; the air was balmy and the sun shone brightly, yet he had the manner of sheltering her from storms and tempests. Finally, when Mrs. Luther had three times called Minnie to supper, Donald prepared to depart.

"I think I'll not be over to-night," he remarked; "this subject of eternal judgment sort of stands me off. It makes me think of evenings when I had played truant, and was coming home to settle with father."

"But," laughed Minnie, "there is another side to the question. When you had been good all day, you rather liked to come home to your father's house, did you not? And, anyway, we know that in the beyond we will all get justice."

"Now, perhaps that's what I don't like. I have heard of one man who was on trial, and the lawyer, wishing to hearten him up a bit, assured him that he would get justice. He replied that was what was worrying him."

Minnie smiled at the anecdote, but, not to be diverted said, "Well, why not live all the time so that we will not be afraid of the judgment?"

Donald leaned a little nearer, and whispered, "I believe it would be easy, if I could always have the right kind of company."

If there was a hidden meaning in the answer, the young man gained nothing, for the next moment he had no company.

Nevertheless, Donald was present at the evening session.

"Do you understand," began Sidney Luther, by way of opening the conversation of the evening, "that there is to be a day of general judgment of all men?"

"Certainly; in Acts 17: 31, we read, 'He hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained.' There are special dispensations and preliminary judgments in individual cases, but there is a day appointed to judge all men. It is quite fully described in the twentieth chapter of Revelation. There we learn that this final judgment is to follow the second resurrection. It is to be so complete and universal, that the Revelator describes it thus: 'And

I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.'

"Here in this life," said the elder, "men are brought before the judgment bar, and, if guilty, they are punished. We do not hear of men being tried and rewarded for good deeds. But the judgment day here spoken of will bring not only punishments but rewards. Notice, also, that it is plainly said that men shall be judged *according to their works*, not alone according to their professions of faith and love, a thought that is repeated in Matthew 16: 27.

"How can that be, think ye?" broke in McBernie, "when there are only two places; one of reward and one of punishment? There are all kinds of lives, from the worst up to the best."

"Perhaps," answered Elder Pratt, "you have held the orthodox idea of heaven and hell to be the only idea. But I think that you will find that God has a variety of punishments to fit all offenses, and a reward to suit each individual case."

"That may well be," said McBernie; "give us the scripture, man."

"Well, I'll read from the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians: 'All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.'

"Here," went on the elder, "we have at least three glories mentioned, the glory of the sun, the glory of the moon, and the glory of the stars, and the statement that it shall be like that in the resurrection, that the lesser glories that God shall bestow shall differ as the stars differ in splendor.

"There will also be degrees of punishment, as is shown by the language found in Matthew 11: 21-24, where Christ is speaking to Bethsaida and Chorazin, and tells them that it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for them."

"I'll confess," said Luther, "that such a presentation of the final judgment shows the justice and wisdom of God in a far better light than we have been accustomed to think when listening to some sermons on the subject."

"What else could be true?" cried the elder, springing to his feet in his earnestness. "Let me use an illustration. We will say that we have a line of men reaching across this room. They stand shoulder to shoulder. The meanest man that ever lived stands at the foot of the line. They are graded on up until the best

man that ever lived heads the line. Now tell me where I can put my hand down in this line, and say that all on this side shall go to a never-ending hell, and that all on that side shall go to eternal bliss? All the way along, the men are graded up, scarcely an inch apart, morally. Now, that is the proposition that God faces, and only his wisdom can solve it. He finds all classes, from the worst to the best. Will he put his hand down here, and say, "This man, who has escaped hell by the thickness of my hand, shall go to heaven and share an eternal glory,' equally with the best man that ever lived, who heads the line? Will he say, 'This other man, on the other side, who has missed heaven by the thickness of my hand, shall go to hell and suffer for ever,' equally with the worst man that ever lived? No! There would be men there with manhood enough to stand up and protest against such a judgment. We do better here. We try to make the punishment fit the crime, even in our police courts. We try, even in our schools, to give credits that are deserved. God is not less just than man, and he will reward or punish according to the deserts of each individual. What concerns us most, though, is to secure the highest reward; and it can be obtained only through the atonement of our Savior and a life of righteous obedience to his gospel. Such an idea of the final judgment holds out an incentive to live and to work; no mere nominal church membership will suffice. What a comfort to those who really serve God! They do not look forward in fear toward the day when they shall stand before God! But oh, what an ordeal awaits the unfaithful, who shall stand stripped to the soul before God, and realize that all his judgments are just!"

The elder seated himself, and the talk ran on, in a subdued, eager way, for a long time.

Finally the little assembly arose, and Sidney Luther prayed, "Our Father, we implore thy divine guidance. We have met here and have canvassed some subjects pertaining to thy gospel. So far as we can see, the doctrines that this man has presented are in harmony with thy word. They seem designed to take men from the dawn of faith even to the very judgment day. If they are indeed true, confirm them to us unmistakably. If he is indeed a servant of thine, and comes with the restored gospel, show it to us so that we may know. And, Lord, if we do learn that his message is true, we do pledge ourselves to accept it at whatever cost. Amen."

(To be continued.)

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

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THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

(Read at Independence, Missouri, April, 1908, on the evening granted by the General Conference for the discussion of this subject.)

I HAVE BEEN ASKED to contribute a paper which should be read at this meeting of the Daughters of Zion, setting forth the aims sought to be accomplished by their organization in the establishment and conducting of a children's home, because (as the invitation expresses it), "You have given the subject so much consideration."

Now, while this is true, and while it is also true that the whole matter is one lying very near to my heart, I certainly should hesitate to comply with this request but for the hope that with God's blessing I may be enabled to say some word, present some thought which shall awaken those who are listening to a sense of the responsibility resting upon each individual member of the church in regard to this matter, namely, How shall this contemplated home be conducted? This meeting, if I am correctly informed, is solely for the purpose of discussing this question, and I have been asked to present to you the aims sought to be accomplished, leaving each one free to give his opinion as to the best method by which these aims can be attained.

"Come and let us reason together," is the Lord's way. He also demands, "Bring forth your strong reasons." Will you do this to-night? Will you arise to the demands of the occasion and discharge fully the duty which rests upon you as members of the body of Christ, or will you remain silent—oblivious to this opportunity which may not come to you again, of casting the weight of your influence upon the side you believe to be right? First, then, may I ask, Do you or do you not consider this a weighty matter—this question of how a church home shall be conducted?

Perhaps you answer, "It is a children's home, not a church home."

True, my friend, but does not the fact that this particular home for children is under church supervision and fostering, make it also a church home?

Let me say that I am not prepared to believe that there is in this assembly a single individual who does not, in some way and to some extent, realize that the founding and conducting of any home is an important matter. It is important even if but one child goes forth from beneath its roof into the world to carry the influence of that home on and on. How much more important then is this matter of founding a home which is to shelter many, many children, and from whose sheltering care they are to go forth into the world to bear its influence wherever their lots may be cast. Not this alone, but as many fondly trust, this home is but the beginning of many other church homes whose conduct and character will be largely influenced by that of this, the parent home.

And now the question, What are the aims sought to be accomplished by the Daughters of Zion in founding this home? If you will permit me I will answer very briefly by using the motto of our society, namely, "Our aim mankind to bless."

Phillips Brooks has said, "If a thought comes and offers you its service, question it like a man. What can you do? Can you sow, and dig, and build?"

If, then, you question this thought, would not the first—this most natural question—be, In what way do you propose doing this work, this blessing of mankind?

To those familiar with the literature put out by our society, as well as the character of the work we have done in the past, it seems almost superfluous to say that it is through the channel of "truer parenthood, better children, happier homes, and purer society," that we are striving to bring to mankind, but especially to the church, this greatly to be desired blessing.

I have not time, neither is it my purpose in this paper to enlarge upon or discuss any of the methods by the means of which we are seeking to carry out the aim in view. To the church, at least, they ought to be familiar, and I pass to the second question.

Can you sow? This I will answer by asking you, Is there a home in the church into which our literature has not penetrated? If there is, then is the failure chargeable to the home and not to the Daughters of Zion, for it has for years been published and mailed free to all applicants, not mentioning the department in each of our church papers which has been used in the interest of our work. Recently, it is true, a trifling amount has been charged—barely enough to cover cost of handling and mailing. To the production of this literature many of the best minds in the church have contributed, and it has been pronounced by intelligent, active workers along these same lines who were not of our faith, as the best and purest they had ever read. Yes, I think we can safely answer, We can sow.

But can you dig? Important question this, for every enterprise, as every building should have a firm foundation. Such foundations are never laid upon the surface, but require deep digging—digging which takes you down to bed-rock. Have we done this digging? Again I will answer by asking, What is the founda-

tion of society, of church, of state, if it is not the home? If, then, the foundation of our work is not in the home, we simply have none. I might here digress and discuss, perhaps with much profit, what really constitutes a home, but I should be infringing upon the question which we as a society are appealing to you as an audience to discuss here to-night, and it would also consume time which is already too limited.

The last question then, "Can you build?" presents itself, and for an answer to this I must refer you to our Bishop and those having the matter in charge. I think, however, that I am safe in saying we have counted the cost and feel prepared even to undertake the building.

It has been some years now since the thought of establishing a home for children presented itself to some of the active workers of our organization. It came when they were most earnestly studying by what means they could best reach the hearts of the people and awaken their interest in the work which they most earnestly desired to see accomplished. Their literature had been sent out broadcast, and they had faith to believe it was doing its work, but that that work was as yet falling far short of accomplishing all that they most earnestly desired to see it accomplish, they felt most keenly. There were some, too, who firmly believed that until some work was undertaken by means of which the church—and especially parents in the church—should see that their aims were practical, and they not only deeply in earnest, but willing to labor and sacrifice for the good of others, they would never see the desire of their hearts accomplished. It was then the thought presented itself, Why not establish and conduct a home for children? A home in which the moral, mental, and physical training of the child should be the chief aim, the one to which all other aims should be subservient. A Christian home in whose atmosphere should be found every element essential in the development of such men and women as the gospel of Christ alone can develop. Men and women possessing such characters as shall testify to the purity and power of the gospel as nothing else can, and the "absolute self-testifying beauty" of whose lives should become "its strong extensive power."

I have very briefly and very imperfectly presented to you the object and entire aim of our organization in the work it is their desire to accomplish in this home which they have labored and are still laboring to establish. I will give place to the discussion which this paper has been written with the sole view of eliciting. Before closing, however, I wish to call your attention to what the Lord, through his prophet, was pleased to say to the church in regard to this matter:

"There should also be a home for children established, and the efforts of the Daughters of Zion should be approved and carried into completion as soon as is consistent with the necessary demands of the church in other directions."

In your discussion the fact that the Lord calls this a home for children should not be lost sight of, neither all that the word

home implies. Neither ought it to be overlooked that the Lord indorses the efforts of the Daughters of Zion, and enjoins upon the church to assist in completing them. I have tried to present to you the aim they have in view in all their work, and especially in the work of founding this home, and it only remains to ask, Can this work be successfully carried out if the children given into their charge are to remain no longer than until other homes are found for them? Are the fitness for parenthood and its duties to be taught to very young children, or can character be established in a month or a year? Does an orphan asylum constitute a home, and without a home can the aims had in view by our society in founding one ever be realized? Let us not forget that these little ones are God's children, and it is he who has commanded this home to be established. Would he command an impossible work to be done? If there were not in his church the individuals capable of doing this work, would he have enjoined the church to carry it to completion? These are questions that may well be considered. MRS. M. WALKER.

THE INVASION OF OUR HOMES BY THE POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

During a recent visit in a home where a bright little daughter kept the family entertained with her stories and songs, I took the opportunity to write down the words of a few of the popular songs which were constantly on the lips of this girl of ten, and am moved to send them to the mothers' page of *Kindergarten Review*, feeling sure that we do not sufficiently realize the pernicious influence in our homes, of such foolish and coarse productions. Many mothers are prone to say, "Oh, well, the child does not know what the significance of the words is; she cares only for the jingle of the tune and uses the words simply to carry along the music."

From the standpoint of healthy musical development there is much to say of the vulgarizing of musical taste, which is an inevitable result of the constant use of unworthy tunes; but leaving that side of the question untouched, what mother who is anxious for the best development of her child's nature in all directions can listen with amusement only, to her young daughter's voice giving expression to this hit:

"No one present to inquire
Just what time I retire.
I won't deal with love and marriage,
I won't wheel a baby carriage—
Gee whiz, I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding-bells for me."

Or this:

"Girls, you're thinking too much of the men," etc.,

with lines following which I do not care to quote.

Another favorite of the small girl in question, who, by the way,

has none of this music at home, but learns it by ear with marvelous facility, was this charming (?) dialogue between a man and a girl:

"If you want to learn to kiss me
I will give you lessons cheap;
You just place your hands in mine, dear,
And your eyes upon me keep.

"With your lips upturned so sweetly,
Do not dodge or I might miss,
And you know how much I love you
As we kiss, kiss, kiss.

"If I had to learn to kiss you,
I'm afraid that I should laugh;
I would rather have the practice
On my sweetheart's photograph.

"Don't you think that he is handsome?
I adore him—Oh, what bliss!
I'm so happy when I'm with him
As we kiss, kiss, kiss."

Though I quite agree that the child has a very small conception of the real vulgarism of these words, yet she can not but be harmed in the fineness of her nature by their constant use.

The song which reiterates with so much gusto, "no wedding bells for me," and that other past favorite which ends with the lines,

"Can't get away to marry you to-day,
My wife won't let me,"

must have the effect of cheapening her thought of home relations. Yet, in how many homes whose atmosphere of mutual love and helpfulness between father and mother and between parents and children, is most strong, do we find this sort of singing allowed with only an amused shrug of the shoulders by way of deprecation.

If we could realize what a heritage of beautiful thoughts can and has come to many of us through the songs of our childhood, it would not be with amusement but with real concern and determined effort to change conditions that this question would be met.

During the last sickness of Sr. Martha Woods, the following beautiful poem was found among her papers by Bro. Heman C. Smith, who had charge of her affairs. Sr. Woods was seventy-six years of age and since the death of her husband, nine years ago, had been longing to "go home." The poem, which had been clipped by her from a newspaper, was read at her funeral by Bro. Smith:

"IS IT PLEASANT TO BE OLD?

"Friend, is it pleasant to be old?
No, save only that the streets of gold,
And pearly gates they grow so near,

And jasper walls so bright and clear,
That like a picture they unfold;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

" 'Tis pleasant, too, to think that life,
With all its tumult vast, and strife,
Its flimsy joys that fade so fast,
Its storms that bid us stand aghast
And other ills are almost told;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

"And then the aged feel that rest,
Is of blessings sweetest, best,
And sure to know that rest is near
Brings much to comfort and to cheer,
A rest above what earth could hold;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

" 'Tis pleasant that in age we stand
With feet so near the border land,
That just beyond the sullen tide
That's seldom very deep or wide,
We enter in the dear old fold;
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

"And when we draw so near life's verge,
And hear the sullen river surge,
And earthly sight grows faint and dim,
Our vision clearer is for Him,
Who says, "The aged I uphold";
In this 'tis pleasant to be old.

"And so we murmur not at all,
As age's night doth round us fall,
But upward look with faith's clear eye,
Beyond the earth, beyond the sky,
To jasper walls and streets of gold,
And there none ever do grow old."

THE PRESENT THE TIME FOR ACTION.

There are brave, sympathetic souls who go through life scattering sunshine and fragrance, to whom the present is always the time for action. Conscious of their own purity and integrity, each soul they meet is but another child of God, having need of what they can give. They give themselves as the gift. Out of a heart overflowing with kindly impulse, throbbing with the consciousness of the brotherhood of man, these souls obey the impulse of the divine in themselves, and the wedding feast is gayer, happier, because they are there; their presence cools life's fever of ambition, haste and greed. In their presence the tongue of slander, misrepresentation, pique, is silent, because they speak an unknown language. The grave is but the body's receptacle, so clearly do they see above it, while the strangers who meet them in life's journeyings feel their hearts burn within them with new love, new sympathies, new experiences. Never to them is the neglected moment, never for them is the neglected opportunity. What man thinks of them is never their standard of action, but ever present before them is the measure of God's trust by the blessing and opportunities life gives them.—*Outlook.*

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE BOOK OF MORMON TRANSLATION FUND; THE WORK IN GERMANY.

"The mission of the Book of Mormon is to convert the world."

I wish to make a statement in regard to the translation fund, and the work connected therewith. Several years ago it was started; I had written from Germany to place the matter before you and to take note and help you get the Book of Mormon translated into the German language. I am thankful they have acted thereon and have started that way. Something like six hundred dollars have been raised. It is already under way now and perhaps will be published this summer as soon as they can get at it. I wish to express my thanks and gratitude in behalf of the German Mission. I believe the Book of Mormon is needed in that language, and am confident that those who are honest in heart who read the Book of Mormon will believe that Christ is the Redeemer and that Jesus is the Christ. The mission of the Book of Mormon is to convert the world.

For that reason I wish to impress on your minds if I possibly can, that you be not slack in handling this matter or in the way in which you push forward the translation fund. We are just now beginning the Book of Mormon. It has been very difficult to convince and convert people by a book that is not in their language.

We have not very much to do with in Germany, as we have no *Ensigns* nor HERALDS and have only one tract so far. The German Bible is not very complete, and for this reason we should do all in our power to support the translation fund. I would like to see other books translated, especially the Doctrine and Covenants. I think the time will come when the Inspired Translation should be printed in other languages. It is the Lord's will that it should be preached in other languages so they can read for themselves what is in that book.

The German Bible is very, very deficient. There are many, very

many features we would like to bring out in our preaching, but are unable to do so because they are not in the German translation. It is not even so good as the King James translation.

As soon as we start this and the money comes in from sale of the books, we can use the money for other books to be translated. We have very little money in the treasury with what we have in this country. It seems necessary to do something along this line, for we have not the church books in a language that the people can read.

When it comes to preaching there is a difficulty for we can not have the halls in which to preach and there are no churches that we can get. The only way of spreading the gospel is to go from house to house and leave tracts. So I believe in that way if we had more tracts we could reach the people.

While I was over there four years I baptized seven. I received a letter from a brother whom I baptized that there are four more ready to be baptized.

The first few years were dark and discouraging and I seemed to see no result of my labor there. But still the Lord has blessed me and has been with me.

I am glad to talk to you and hope you will continue the translation fund in order to benefit the people in the far country who are honest in heart and waiting for the gospel. The Religians should remember that once they were in darkness and some one made sacrifices that they should see the light. So we should help others to see the light.

I hope that you will thus continue and when the time comes to take a collection for the translation fund you will remember how much the church literature is needed in the foreign fields.

Elder C. C. Joehnk before Independence Stake convention, May 16, 1908.

CORIANTUMR; A STORY OF THE PAST.

THE STORY THAT WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE STORY CONTEST OF THE CLEVELAND LOCAL, OHIO.

Unseen hands had softly closed the shades of evening and lit the thousands of starry lamps of the night. The night was clear and still, such as is common to the people who live along the Colorado River. The moon which was soon to turn the night into a brilliancy rivaling the day, only made a faint glow far up on the edge of the plateau, where the coyote was singing his nightly welcome song.

Down in the canyon here and there could be seen the glimmer of a fire in one of the many cliff-houses, and far, far down below could be heard the rushing of the waters of the river.

Inside of one of the larger houses the youth of the village had gathered round the fire, some awaiting their turn to watch on the cliff, others to while away the evening hours. All were lying on buffalo robes spread on the floor, and intently listening to an old man, who was telling them legends and stories of days past and gone.

One of the boys has asked for the story of Coriantumr. His request is eagerly seconded, for all love to hear the story of this man and his deeds. Babes hardly big enough to toddle around are told the story by their mothers and told to be good so that they will be like Coriantumr.

This is the patriarch's story: "Many, many moons ago, long before the time when the sun hid his face for the time of three suns, and the Great Spirit shook the earth and made mountains and deep valleys, our young men went on a hunting trip to the

southward, even to the camp of the pale-faces by the great waters at Ablom. They returned bringing many captives, fine ornaments, tales of walled cities, pale-faced people, and animals that worked for them.

"They told of mountains being melted up to make swords, shields, and all kinds of tools to work with; of houses built on the ground, and cities with walls and gates; of squaws that did no heavy work but were treated with respect and honor.

"Among the captives was a beautiful woman, a mother, and she had a little man child who had been born on the march. Her garments were of silk and linen and it was evident that she was of a good family.

"The great chief claimed this woman and her child for himself. By parting with his wealth and his other wives he secured the desired prize. Moons passed and the snow came, but with the going of the snow the mother's life went also;—she could not stand the northern snows. Before her death she confided to the chief her past history, and told him that Coriantumr was heir to the throne of the Jaredites. She crossed over to the Great Beyond with her son in her arm. Her dying message to her son was the glorious assurance 'God loves you.' The heart-broken chief buried the mother as only they had been accustomed to bury their chiefs.

"The chief and the boy were inseparable companions. The boy grew and was strong and as straight as an arrow; his eyes rivaled the eagle's in their brightness; no one else so fleet of foot as he. His war bonnets always had the largest and finest eagle feathers, obtained only by climbing the cliffs to the eagle's nest.

"The chief delighted to teach him all the wisdom and cunning of a lifetime of war and hunting.

"One day a returning foraging party brought a beautiful maid to the village. She was a captive from the south that had been rescued from a war-party. The man to whom the girl belonged by right of capture gave her to Coriantumr for a bride.

"She loved Coriantumr when she learned that he was a country-

man of hers. They were married according to the customs of her people and spent many happy days on the cliffs. The old chief advised Coriantumr to take his bride south for the winter. Before the parting the chief told Coriantumr all that he knew concerning his mother and his right to the throne.

"Coriantumr arrived at his destination just when a brave man was needed. But alas, Coriantumr's training was of little value when it came to withstanding the temptations of court life. He soon lost his strength and became a leader of the wicked men of the time.

"His life from this point is so well told in the Book of Mormon that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. Suffice it to say his pure young wife soon joined his angel mother and we trust does not know of his downfall.

"The friends of Coriantumr's youth never heard of him after the little body of young men returned who had started him on his southward journey, little thinking that he was never to return.

"Each spring the old chief watched for the son that never came. To this day the watch on the cliff says that each spring when the grass starts to grow the spirit of the chief watches from the cliff for his son."

C. B. KECK.

PROGRAMS.

This question is given many an extra twist by the officious the narrow-minded, the faultfinding, and those impossibilities of nature who were from the beginning old and wise.

Recitations should appeal to the best in a young person, patriotism, honor, religion, affection, humor, but should not cause excessive mirth or leave a bad taste in the mouth.

Musical selections should awaken grand thoughts and get into the heart instead of the feet.

What is appropriate and commendable for Religio programs?

This is often a big interrogation point confronting the program committee; and it gets many an extra twist by the officious, narrow-minded, faultfinding, or those impossibilities of nature who were from the beginning *old* and *wise* (?). But it arises in the minds of all "Onward and upward" strugglers with emphasizing underlines, and sends scores of smaller question marks on a search party in the storerooms of thought and learning from experience.

Does the constitution answer this question? We think it does, though not directly and implicitly. All that is done, for or by the society, should be in harmony with the constitution, and should aid in carrying out the object of the Religio, which is: "To interest and enlist the energies of *all*, and *especially* the *young*, in the field of Christian usefulness before them, to promote sociability and the spirit of brotherly solicitude and helpfulness among them, and to help them to qualify themselves spiritually and intellectually, for service in the church."

We see by this that the society is especially for the young people, as an aid in qualifying themselves for intelligent, worthy service of the Master. Spiritual, intellectual, and social development may be attained through the Religio, and should be earnestly sought after by all who wish to be useful and capable of pure enjoyment now, and centuries hence.

Through the lessons with their explanations of the Scriptures and doctrinal teachings, also papers and addresses on religious subjects, and the young people's prayer-meetings, the spiritual aid is given. The social and intellectual aspirations are supplied by entertainments, and literary and musical features of the regular sessions.

The constitution says: "The program for these meetings (regular sessions) shall be that outlined by the program superintendent of the General Society, supplemented by such exercises as may be provided by the program committee (local)."

So far as practicable the program committee should have the suggestive programs in the *Quarterly* carried out. It should be remembered that these programs are suggestive, and may be

changed in any way that is best for the society, and also that the program committee is responsible for *all* programs, whether in sessions, entertainments, sociables, etc., under the auspices of the society or any of its committees. Because it is suggested in the *Quarterly* that some other committee furnish the program, is no authority for it to do so; and the suggestion may only be carried out through the program committee arranging for it, and appointing the other committee to attend to it. Everything that is to be rendered on any program should be previously submitted to the program committee for its approval.

The committee should see that nothing is presented that is not consistent with the object of the society, or is not suitable in a building dedicated to the worship of God, where the Holy Spirit has sanctified the place by its presence on memorable occasions.

The programs should hold the attention of the young people, attract non-members, raise the standard of the society, and meet with the approval of the branch officers, when the condition and doings are reported to them, according to the constitution.

There should be variety, not too many long, tedious papers and addresses; this can be avoided by the committee putting a time-limit on writers and speakers. None should be so discourteous as to exceed his time. The recitations, music, and songs should not be of a character that will mar the effect of the lesson and put to route the ennobling thoughts, good resolutions, or any aids to Christ-like character-building brought about by other parts of the program. Recitations should appeal to the best in a young person, to patriotism, honor, religion, affections, humor, or ambitions, but should not cause excessive mirth or leave a bad taste in the mouth. The musical selections should awaken grand thoughts, and get into the heart instead of the feet, as some of the rag-time and popular airs often do.

> "Some to the church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

Often the musical part of the program is the society's best drawing card. Pope said,

> "Music can noble hints impart,
> Engender fury, kindle love;
> With unsuspected eloquence can move."

Good musical and literary selections will attract and hold those worth while, but entertainment only fit for the vaudeville will disgust them, and that which should teach, refine, or influence for good would be ineffectual.

Who should take part on programs? Should it be only those who have developed their talents and can acquit themselves creditably? The object of the society is "to enlist the energies of all." Those with latent or small talent should be brought out and encouraged; it is the duty of every member "to take some part, however slight, in the meetings, and to do his best to perform the work assigned him." The committee should not give any one work that he can not even make a beginning at; it is not fair to the individual or

the society. A little discernment, impartiality, and persuasiveness by the program committee will put all on their mettle, and all available material will be used to make up the programs. The best talent should be employed for sociables and entertainments. There are no objections to inviting non-members who are relatives or friends of the members, that are competent, to contribute occasionally to the programs, using tact to let them know what is desirable on our programs. In this way you may get them interested; but if they show no other interest in the society, and only drop in long enough to give their part and do not listen to the rest of the program, they should not be asked too often.

Always remember that the literary part of the program is not the most important feature of the Religio; neither is the study of the books its only object: let each have its share of attention. In everything you do, seek to bring about the fulfillment of the mission of the Religio, not forgetting its motto, and that it has divine approval. Aim to have your society furnish warriors in the cause, and efficient workers. Let it be a school of culture, refining influences, and upbuilding of lovely, noble, Christian characters.

Build upon an immortal base, for the Religio work is imperishable.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

Yours for the Religio,

DUNNVILLE, Ontario. FLORALICE MILLER.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.—PART IV.

FOUR LESSONS ON BOOK OF MORMON INSTITUTIONS AND WORSHIP.

The Offerings and Feasts of the Law.

1. The Nephites as already stated, kept the law of Moses strictly, which law provided for certain sacrificial offerings and required the observance of certain stated feasts and sacred times. (Mosiah 1:5; Alma 16:1.)

2. The idea of the altar is as old as the promise of salvation through the sacrifice of the Savior. It was commanded of God, and originally consisted of a heap of earth or unhewn stones in the tabernacle and temples; it was covered with metal. (Genesis 4:3, 4; Exodus 20:24, 25.)

3. The offerings required by the law may be classified under three heads, the expiatory, the dedicatory, and eucharistic offerings.

4. The expiatory offerings were:

a. The sin-offering, which consisted of an animal, burned without the camp or city, its blood sprinkled upon the altar of incense in the holy place of tabernacle or temple. It regarded the

worshiper as a sinner and expressed his means of reconciliation to God. (Leviticus 4: 3.)

b. The trespass-offering, which consisted of an animal (though the poor might bring some flour); it was burned upon the altar, and the blood or a portion of the flour poured upon the base of the altar. It expressed the forgiveness of a particular transgression whether to God, or man, differing from the general ideas of a sinner as in the sin-offering. (Leviticus 5: 1-10.)

5. The dedicatory offering was:

The burnt offering, which consisted of an animal; it was slain and burned upon the altar, the blood was poured out upon the altar as an expression of the dedication or consecration of the worshiper's life to God; it recognized the worshiper's reconciliation to God. (Leviticus 1: 2.)

6. The eucharistic, or thanksgiving offerings were:

a. The peace-offering, which consisted of animal and vegetable food. The offering was divided in three parts, one for the priest, one for the worshiper, and one for the altar; it was thus represented that the worshiper, the priest, and God were taking a meal together, an expression of fellowship with God. (Leviticus 3: 1.)

b. The meat-offering, which consisted of vegetable food only. It was divided between the altar and the priest, and expressed simply thanksgiving to God. (Leviticus 2: 1-3.)

7. The feasts, or sacred times, and periodical observances are naturally grouped in three groups: Those connected with the Sabbath, the great or historical feasts, and the one fast.

8. Those connected with the Sabbath were:

a. The weekly Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, observed as a day of rest. (Exodus 20: 8-11.)

b. The new moons, the first day of each month, observed by special sacrifices. (Numbers 10: 10.)

c. The feast of trumpets or seventh new moon, the first day of the seventh month (September-October), the "new year day" of the secular year, observed by special sacrifices and the blowing of trumpets. (Leviticus 23: 24.)

d. The Sabbatical year, every seventh year, which was observed as a year of rest; the ground was not tilled and crops left ungathered for the poor. (Leviticus 25: 2-7.)

e. The year of jubilee, every fiftieth year, observed by the general forgiveness of debtors, release of slaves, and return of land to original owners. (Leviticus 25: 9, 10.)

9. The great or historical feasts were:

a. The passover was held on the fourteenth day of the first month (March-April). It was observed by the slaying of the paschal lamb, and eating of it with unleavened bread, and commemorated the flight from Egypt. (Exodus 12: 18-42.)

b. The feast of weeks or pentecost, fifty days after the passover, observed by the offering of the first-fruits of the harvest, and commemorated the giving of the law. (Exodus 19: 1-11; Leviticus 23: 15-21.)

c. The feast of tabernacles, observed from the 15th to 21st of

the seventh month (September-October), by the offering of special sacrifices and living in tents or booths, commemorating the wandering in the wilderness. (Leviticus 23: 34-43.)

10. The fast day of atonement, observed on the tenth day of the seventh month (September-October), the only fast proscribed by the law, observed fasting. The scapegoat was sent out of the camp bearing the sins of the people, and on this day only the high priest entered the holy of holies, with the blood of atonement. (Exodus 30: 10; Leviticus 23: 27.)

QUESTIONS.

What was the basis of the religious observance of the Nephites? What is said of the altar? Of what did it consist? What three kinds of offerings were required? What were the expiatory offerings? What was the sin-offering? In what respect does the trespass-offering differ from the sin-offering? What offering was the dedicatory offering? How did this offering regard the worshiper? What is meant by the euchristic offerings? What offerings were eucharistic? Explain the peace-offering. What was the meat-offering? How many groups of feasts and holy times are made? What institutions are connected with the Sabbath? What was Sabbath? What were the new moons? Describe the feast of trumpets. What was the Sabbatical year? What was the year of jubilee? What feasts are called historical? Describe the Passover. What was the feast of weeks? Describe the feast of tabernacles. What was the day of atonement? How were the sins of the people borne away?

WALTER W. SMITH.

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARY WORK.

Under the supervision of the Library Commission.

OFFICERS.

FREDERICK M. SMITH, Chairman. E. A. BLAKESLEE, Treasurer.
H. H. SMITH, General Librarian. S. A. BURGESS, Counselor.
E. H. Fisher, Secretary, 100 Sycamore Street, Winter Hill Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

Under this heading will be answered from month to month questions pertaining to the library work.

In all cases correspondence should be directed to the secretary of the commission.

It is the opinion of the commission that the library board has sole charge and supervision of the library work in the branch and may have one of their number or any other to act as custodian. The library board, after having been selected by the three societies, immediately proceeds to select a librarian. The librarian or custodian may choose his assistants subject to the approval of the board, but as a rule it will be best to have the selecting come through the board.

The duties of the custodian or librarian seem to be quite clearly defined in the last report published in the April *Exponent* and sent out to all branch presidents in leaflet form about July 1, 1908.

The librarian is to do all things necessary as custodian and is in charge of the books, but there are special rules that will be necessary in one library and not in another. These rules may be prepared by either the board or the custodian, but subject to the board's approval.

There seems to be no room for conflict, as the Board is really in charge and the custodian or librarian acts under its direction. Of course this means the whole board formally meeting and not simply one member. There are, it is true, a number of things not distinctly expressed in the leaflet or last report of the commission, because it is left to the general charge of the board according to the local needs and exigencies.

It is the opinion of the commission that there is no point where the librarian can say to the board, "Here your work ceases and mine begins." There must be some person or body responsible or that has a final decision, and that, in this case, is the board.

The librarian, of course, has the responsibility, care, and custody of the books and the distribution and collection of same. Fines, etc., are specifically set forth in the leaflet; in brief all that is not provided for in the leaflet or the last report of the Library Commission, is left to the individual boards to provide for. Again, the work of each locality is in charge of the local board, under the supervision of the district board, and the district board under the supervision of the general commission.

The principal trouble at the present time lies in members, societies, and boards not thoroughly understanding the reports already published. There is sufficient written, in fact, much more than is lived up to. Let all questions and perplexities be directed to the secretary of the commission, who will publish from month to month questions and answers under this heading.

The list of books is now being published in the columns of the *Exponent* and will continue to run through that paper until completed.

What is the Library Commission? Read the report of the Library Commission published in February's *Exponent,* and also in the first issue of the *Herald* in February, the second complete report of the Library Commission.

What literature has been published by the commission? First report published in *Herald,* AUTUMN LEAVES, and *Exponent,* June issue, 1907; second report published in February *Exponent* and *Herald* of February 5, 1908.

Second report in leaflet form mailed to branch presidents about July 1, 1908.

How can information be gained regarding the commission? By writing the secretary, E. H. Fisher, 100 Sycamore Street, Winter Hill Station, Boston, Massachusetts. All correspondence should be directed to the secretary.

All branches, Religios, and Sunday-schools should take advantage of the opportunity to come in under the new organization of library work as outlined by the commission.

What is the manner of reporting organizations, and work done

in branches? Report blanks may be procured at the *Herald* Office at ten cents per dozen.

Each branch should report to the district library board, the secretary of the branch library board reporting to the secretary of the district board.

Due notice regarding the time of reporting will be given in these columns. It is not necessary for each individual society to make a report to the district board. The library board serves the interests of the Religio, the Sunday-school, and the church, and the secretary of the board does the reporting.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Responding to a very cordial invitation from the committee in charge of the Minnesota reunion, I left home June 11, bound for the land of lakes, fish, and mosquitoes, arriving at Clitherall the morning of the 13th. I found that I was in time for the organization of the reunion which took place that afternoon. Bro. H. O. Smith was chosen president, with the writer as associate and Hallie Gould secretary.

The president announced that one of the regular services would be devoted each day to the work of the auxiliary societies, leaving it to me to arrange for whatever I wanted. This gave me full opportunity, and I tried to improve it to the best advantage.

We held in all nine sessions, as follows: Sunday-school sessions for regular study of the lessons each Sunday; one Religio session for regular study of the lesson and program; two normal lessons; one lecture on Religio work; one lecture on home department; one sermon on child-training; besides this, much was done by way of private conversation, answering inquiries and the like.

A fairly good attendance was had at these sessions, and a good interest upon the part of most of the Saints, especially by the young people. Many questions were asked and answered publicly upon points which had been matters of difference among the Saints. Much prejudice was removed and a hearty good feeling was created.

At the convention held June 19 the following officers of the district were chosen: T. J. Martin, Bemidji, superintendent; Katie Jepson, of Frazee, first assistant; Ida Horn, of Almora, second assistant; Hallie Gould, Clitherall, secretary; Ethel Gould, Clitherall, treasurer.

Taken all in all, I regard the reunion a pronounced success, from the standpoint of auxiliary work, as well as from every other standpoint. And it was the verdict of all present, as was evidenced by the enthusiasm manifested in the preparation for another next year, the vote being unanimous.

I have never enjoyed my work better than during this reunion, and my faith in the Saints being the best people on earth was confirmed I have always believed that the Saints as a rule want to do right and serve God, and that notwithstanding there may be and are differences of opinion, these differences may be held honestly in

all good feeling, until in time they may be removed out of the way. But we need to learn the lesson of patience and forbearance, and not be too eager to have our own way, always remembering that there is a chance, no matter how confident we may be, that in these matters of disagreement the other fellow may be right and we may be wrong.

I spent June 24 and 25 at Henderson, Iowa, in conference upon matters referred to the joint executives of the Sunday-school and the Religio.

Then I attended a reunion thirty-five miles northwest of North Platte, Nebraska, in the midst of the sand-hills, beginning June 27 and closing July 5. A good spiritual time was enjoyed by the Saints and friends present. The preaching was excellent and the social meetings were uplifting and strengthening.

I held about six normal and institute sessions, and organized one local, known as the South of Tryon Zion's Religio-Literary Society. The following officers were chosen, their addresses being Tryon, Nebraska: Will Godfrey, president; William Stoddard, vice-president; Belle Newberry, secretary; Nellie Godfrey, treasurer; Iva Stoddard, librarian. About twenty gave their names as charter members, and there are others who will join. The Saints here are building a new church, and being most of them poor, are pretty closely run; so I let them have the first quarter's supply of *Quarterlies* free of cost, to aid them in getting started.

The work of the Religio and the Sunday-school was put upon a more substantial basis, friends to the cause were made, the Saints built up, and the name of the Lord glorified. I enjoyed my stay among the Saints in the sand-hills of frontier Nebraska, and shall always have them in kindly remembrance. May God bless them, and keep them, that they may be gathered in the reaping time.

Sincerely,

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

GOOD TO BE DERIVED FROM LOCAL JOURNALISM.

I will give a suggestion which comes to me as a result of my experience, which is very limited. There is a tendency to scatter our efforts over a very broad field. I believe we should devote our time to some definite line; then at the end of the month or year we can see some result in our work.

There are opportunities in every literary society to develop the talents of those who are interested in this kind of work. I believe that those who have this line of work in charge are willing to give those from whom they are receiving these efforts their personal direction. By repeated effort we can overcome some of the obstacles that are in our way at first. We try the same thing once or twice and the more we try the easier it becomes for us. Thus it is for those who are writing papers for the Religio. If they come in close contact with those with whom they are working they will obtain better results than they are having. In each local there are different demands, and they are to be met.

In the way the *Quarterlies* are arranged there is opportunity for only a few to get the benefit of individual work. I do not think that the same demands are to be found in the different places. Keep hammering along the line where you intend to see results. See if you can not start thinking and formulate an original thought. There are extremes both ways; some are in the line of over-reaching, while others have the fault of under-reaching.

I think that if the society journalism should be continued for the writing of all literary papers it can be a benefit.

J. A. GARDNER.

APPRECIATION.

If you appreciate the work some one else has done, express your appreciation in a hearty, whole-souled manner. If you have enjoyed a paper, a recitation, or a reading, a song or other music given by a fellow Religian, say so. Tell him about it so he will know that you feel it, that you mean what you say. If you can not say it truthfully, if you are indifferent about the matter, say nothing.

Perhaps you do feel it, but express it feebly, and the performer thinks you have spoken from a sense of duty. Learn to express clearly and forcibly what you think in this regard. Do not gush—I do not mean that. But let your earnestness be felt by your friends. If you feel hearty appreciation, express it heartily.

HORTENSE.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

THE NECESSARY.—"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the nervous young wife, as the eminent surgeon entered the sick-room, "if an operation is necessary we want you to operate immediately! Expense is no object at all."

"We will operate at once," replied the eminent surgeon, without looking at the patient.—*Hertsberger's Weekly.*

CHALKING UP A RACE.—Two Irishmen were about to run a race to a certain tree by different routes. Suddenly Mike slapped Pat on the back and asked how they were to tell who reached the destination first. After a moment's thought Pat answered:

"I tell yez, Mike, if I get there first I'll make a mark on that tree with this chalk, and if you get there first you can rub it out."—*Judge.*

HE FOUND OUT.—Gentleman (to cigar dealer)—"Have you any So-and-So brand in stock? How are they?"

Dealer—"First-class, sir. This last lot is an extremely fine one."

Gentleman (departing)—"Thanks; you wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find that you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

(A story from life.)

She had been reared by Latter Day Saint parents; but for some reason unknown to me she had never accepted the gospel; and at the time of which I write she was living in one of our western cities. Her husband had been a carpenter, and wages were very good indeed, and for a time all went well with her.

But health had not decreed that her happiness should last. Her handsome, robust husband took a severe cold. Consumption with all its horrors fastened its fangs in his lungs, and he had been sick a year. Now their funds were very low, and this worried him. She tried to comfort him by saying, "Dear Will, I am strong and wages are high, and our little girl can stay at home with you, while I go and work till you are well again. I am sure the Lord will never forsake us, if we trust him and try to help ourselves."

It was a big undertaking for her; nevertheless she shouldered her burden and went to work. Her parents were dead, and her brothers and sisters were scattered, so she had no one to whom to go with all her troubles but her heavenly Father. Day after day she went to work, to come home at night to find her husband sitting there, always growing weaker. But she never forgot to pray and thank her heavenly Father for her own health.

After a time the doctor advised her to move out to the outskirts of the city into a tent, as he could not breathe well in the house. This added to her burden greatly, for she was compelled to walk farther to her work. But work she must, because there was coal to buy, and provisions, and medicine also. She never complained, and ever carried her troubles to Him who can help in every time of need. But one morning her heart sank within her breast as she turned from an empty cupboard after having prepared her husband's midday meal. "Oh, well," she said to herself, "to-night I will draw my pay, and I can bring home some groceries, and he need never know how low things are getting here."

All day she worked, thinking and planning what she would get to please him most; but when she had her wraps on to go home, the lady said, "Mrs. S. I am sorry to tell you I can not pay you before Monday evening."

What am I to do? she asked herself over and over again, as she walked on by the stores. Her heart seemed very heavy; for she was thinking of the loved ones at home. How could she manage to keep their destitute condition from him, and where was food to come from? On reaching home she found him sitting up, and the lamp lighted. Baby and husband were, oh, so glad to see her.

"And now," said he, calling her by name, "if you are not too tired, please fix me something warm to eat; for I am feeling very hungry and weak to-night."

What to do she did not know; but it was dark outside, so she went out alone and knelt down on the grass and told her heavenly

Father that she had done all she could do, and asked him to come to her rescue. When she went in the tent again, she looked in the bread-can, and there she found a few slices of bread. "Now," she thought, "I can make him some toast. But I will have to go to my neighbor's and get a little milk, and I will borrow a teacupful of coffee, and that will last him several meals, if I drink none myself. Perhaps the toast and coffee will strengthen him a little. As for myself I will go to bed hungry before I will beg."

So resolving, she lighted a fire in her cookstove, and went to a well some distance and brought a pail of water preparatory to making the meal ready.

Not long after her return, as she was putting her bread to toast, while she would be gone after her milk and coffee, she heard a flapping at the door of her tent. On going to see what it was, there stood a young man with a large basket filled with provisions. There was pie, ground coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and a host of other things. He said, "Mrs. S., I hope you will accept these things in the spirit in which they were given. Mother and Mrs. A. had fixed them up to bring to-morrow; but about half an hour ago they began urging me to bring them to-night. Nothing else would do, so here they are. And you must blame them for bothering you at night, when I know you are tired."

The brave girl took them and thanked him as nicely as she knew how, assuring him it was no bother. She set her poor sick and hungry husband a sumptuous meal, and he did it ample justice, while her heart went out in thanking her Father that he had been mindful of one so unworthy as she. MILISSIA.

IN HIS HAND.

Just at the very best place in Joseph's life came the change from Hebrew training to Egyptian service. We know how beats the heart of youth. We know the awakening to manhood brings sometimes an unrest. There are longings for the unseen, unknown, sometimes undefinable treasures of life. The very pulsations of nature beat upon the responsive chords of awakening manhood and womanhood with strange, mystical, desirable vibrations. Reluctantly, yet not altogether unwillingly, youth lays down the toys of childhood, and eagerly, although half sadly, takes up the implements of manhood's warfare. So commingled are the impulses and so variable is emotion at such season that neither friends nor self fully know the creature so intimately in touch with creature before.

At such a time in Joseph's life came the change. Terror and loneliness quickly gave way to excitement and interest in his new life. Even in the journey to his unknown future with the merchantmen there was much that boys of that land would find of lively interest. New scenes and sounds obtruded themselves on his homesick, fear-racked spirit, and from buoyant youth and health met a quick welcome. The beauty and culture of the city

of his captivity, whenever it touched the life of the young Hebrew, found a slumbering note of appreciation and harmony ready to spring into being and add its part to the grand sweep of progress. A few years before, as a child, he would have grieved for the tender home care. A few years hence, his life would have been set in other lines. Just now the quickening pulses of manhood found interest in all the new and strange about him. Affairs of men and the pulsating hum of activity were music, and in the display of art and culture the awakening man found new and wonderful revelations.

Young enough to fall quickly into the new and wonderful and to learn much of good from his Egyptian environment, he was still old enough to feel the dignity prompting him to act the manly part. He had imbibed enough of the early training to set his feet squarely in the way of no other God but the God of his fathers. Springing from a mother's life of rare beauty and ability with a father of unusual business tact and sagacity, and with a mind possessed of that rich fertility so often attending a child of promise, we find yet another golden link in this chain of beautiful characteristics, the inherent hatred of moral uncleanliness. How well fitted was this lad to fill the marvelous niche in the wall of history that fairly scintillates with his life story! How shines the finger of God in moving him at such an auspicious time, and how kind to bear him out into the open tide when least it hurt the boyish heart!

VIDA E. SMITH.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

"RELIGIO QUARTERLY."

Beginning with the July-September issue the price will be twenty-five cents a year in advance, and eight cents by the quarter. This by action of the last General Convention. As many as possible should take advantage of the annual rate, as it is not only a saving to the subscriber, but also a matter of much advantage to the office in knowing more definitely how many to publish.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, President.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Dow City, Iowa.—We consider that our society has been steadily moving "onward and upward." Our meetings are regular and attendance is fair, taking all things into consideration. Our chief difficulty lies in the fact that we have but a limited number of workers, three of these (perhaps our best) are expecting to leave next autumn, for Graceland.

Notwithstanding our discouragements, it is with renewed interest, increasing faith, and untiring energy that we take up and continue the good work.

The lessons of the past year have been much enjoyed and very instructive to all.

RAYMOND BUTTERWORTH.

Oakland, California.—I am pleased to report continued interest in the excellent Religio work here in our local. We lately had an election of officers resulting in the election of Doctor W. P. Bush as president, with Bro. Joseph Presley as assistant. Bro. J. H. Pahre was reëlected as secretary, and Bro. Arthur H. Domonoske was selected to care for the money, without bonds. Sr. Mandy Smith is to be the organist. Bro. Bush was elected on the Library board. The lesssons as provided have been carefully handled and many additional features to the great work have been learned. "To will and to do," is our motto.

1202 Fourth Street. J. M. TERRY.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Interest and attendance of Religio much better than it was the previous month. A district Religio session was held the afternoon of May 31, and an interesting program, both entertaining and instructive, was rendered, consisting of musical numbers and general discussions. A debate, "Should the husband be the boss?" was a feature of the program of the 19th. A military program was very much enjoyed the 26th. The "Indefinite" was edited by Sr. S. R. Burgess and her class, and was a military number. The papers on subjects pertaining to the various countries have been very interesting and instructive.

2739 DeJong Street. ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

[Our readers might note the connection in the above items. The military program followed the debate on, "Should the husband be the boss?" Such often is the order of events when this subject is broached.—EDITOR.]

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—At the late business-meeting of our local, the officers of the past six months were retained. Thus, with a knowledge of the needs of the society, we expect to accomplish as much as possible before the close of the year.

The last winter and spring have been among the best the society has ever witnessed, but as warm weather advances and outside amusements become more and more inviting, there is a marked difference in the interest as well as attendance. This means a need for harder work and a greater amount of wisdom and originality both in the conducting of the lessons and in the programs. The lessons have aroused a great interest, especially among the older members.

We have trouble in making programs that are both instructive and entertaining on account of the varied ages of the members. We have a large attendance of children from eight to sixteen years of age, and for these we feel we must make an especial effort, that they may never drift away from this work. There is one thing that has taken well with all. That is a junior debate. We have had two, and the children were enthused over them. It has been excellent training for them. Although simple subjects were chosen, it was surprising the way they were handled. We have four classes at present, two junior and two senior.

EDITH JACOBSON.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

FOR THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH

SEPTEMBER
1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY.

BY IVY CARPENTER FISHER.

TEACH me not
the gospel of to-morrow,
The day of promises
all unfulfilled,
But rather, tell me of today's bright gladness:
I would live and love before my heart is stilled.

To-morrow, for my life, may have no dawning,
To-morrow's joys may not be mine to know.
Aching hearts to-day await my cheering;
To-day their kindly deeds on me bestow.

The life that I, to-day, may strengthen, cherish,
To-morrow may have gone beyond recall.
To-morrow all our dearest hopes may perish;
To-day there's joy and loving work for all.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 SEPTEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 9

THE NEPHITE.

BY HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

A YOUNG WOMAN sat at a table in the library of her father's country home, in deep thought. A number of large books lay on the table, and several more were on a chair at her side. A book lay open in front of her; but she was not now reading it; nor did she even see it, so far had her thoughts gone from the immediate subject. The Bible, the Old Testament only, and a large book of Psalms were there. Also the New Testament, separately bound.

The room was large and tastefully furnished, though plain and simple. Many book-shelves lined the walls, filled with books, attractive in their solid binding. There were treasures old and rare, as well as newer books. Evidently book-lovers were here.

The girl, in rich attire, her dark hair rolled back from a broad forehead, rose and closed the open book. Taking the copy of the New Testament with her, she passed out the door, down the wide hall, and out onto the broad veranda. She paced up and down it a time or two, and then ran lightly down the steps, on down the gravel walk, and across the lawn to a seat under an immense tree.

The air was balmy, and heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms and the jasmine. The sky was blue and beautiful, flecked with tiny white clouds. Mountains were not far distant, sharply outlined against the sky.

The girl opened her book and began to read, but presently she closed it, laid it on the seat beside her, and fell to thinking again.

"I wish I could *know*," she said, aloud.

"Know what, my daughter?" said a voice at her side.

She turned quickly to see a pleasant-faced, aged man, in rather rusty attire, but neat and clean. She hesitated a moment, questioning his presence in her father's grounds. But something in the sweet, kindly face reassured her, and she courteously made answer.

"About my people on this continent," she said.

"Thou art a Jewess"; it was not a question, but rather an assertion.

"Yes."

"And thou hast been reading"—glancing at the book on the seat.

"This book and many others. There are references to things of Hebrew origin in many books I have read. There are many accounts of researches made among the ruins on this continent, and I am interested. But the references to my people are so vague. They

do not satisfy me. I want to know more. And of the man—Jesus" —laying her hand on the book. "I wish I might *know*. But be seated," she said, as he began to speak.

"This land was once peopled with myriads of thy race. There were happy, prosperous families. There were cities. They were——"

"And thou believest that?"—eagerly. Unconsciously she had fallen into his manner of speech.

"I *know* it, my daughter."

"And they were Jews—they kept the law of Moses?"

"They were Jews and they kept the law of Moses—before Jesus the Christ came."

"How camest they in such numbers?" Her face was lighted up, and her dark eyes were bright with interest.

"They came in very small numbers, at first. But three different colonies were founded, and they grew into wondrous rich and prosperous nations. The first nation was entirely destroyed about the time the second came out from Jerusalem. Later two colonies were united."

"From Jerusalem?"

"These righteous men were permitted to come to this land. Thou dost remember that the city was destroyed and many carried away captive?"

"I have read it many times. But where hast thou this knowledge?"

"There is another record besides the one which the Jews and the Christians hold sacred."

"But how came they across the waters?"

"They were directed in building vessels which carried them in safety." A look of inquiry was upon her face. "Thou believest that Noah and his family were saved in the ark? Thou believest that the people of Israel were led out of Egypt and across the Red Sea?"

"I do. But go on," she said.

He had taken up the book and was turning its pages. "Jesus, my Lord!" he murmured.

"Thou believest that it is he that should come?"

"I *know* it, my daughter. He, and no other. But they rejected him," he said, sadly. "He appeared unto a multitude of thy own people, here on this land, after the crucifixion. And they believed that it was he. Because of their great faith he was able to perform many miracles. And great numbers worshiped him for many years. But, alas, they at last 'dwindled in unbelief.' "

"Jesus—on this, our own land?"

"Hast thou read how he said, 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold'?"

She nodded assent. "I remember. As children we are taught the elements of Christianity; we are taught of Jesus, but that he was a Jew, and taught Jewish principles. But they who *saw* him and believed—that was many centuries ago; they are now all dead, now long ago."

"But he hath also said to that unbelieving disciple, 'Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' Thousands believed on his name both before and after his coming. And they are still living witnesses that he was upon the earth. Canst thou remember his words spoken of his beloved disciple, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?' And there were three, who saw him when he came to thy people of this land, to whom he granted this same privilege—to 'tarry.' They had so great a desire to seek and save souls, for him—'until he come.' Ah, my daughter, if you could but know the joy of believing on him—and of serving him!" The man was rising to go on his way.

"But the records," said the girl eagerly.

"Search the scriptures. Many of the prophets have testified of him. Be earnest in prayer. And thy neighbor in the cottage yonder—a humble woman—but she can tell thee much. She has the record of which I spoke; a history of my people and of thy people; an account of the visit of Jesus, the Christ, our Savior, to this my land." He turned and was soon going down the slope toward the mountain stream.

The girl sat silent, gazing after him, then rose and quickly wended her way toward the little cottage, to see her neighbor. She paused and looked across to where her venerable friend now stood, his figure plainly outlined against the sky. He, too, had paused, and he raised his hands as if in blessing upon her, then turned and was soon lost to view.

The girl stood musing. "He said there were three who 'tarried' here," she said to herself. "He said, '*My* people' and '*My* land'—I wonder"—her heart was strangely warmed, and she went on to seek this goodly woman, a believer in Jesus the Christ and in his whole mission.

INSPIRED DREAMS AND VISIONS OF MODERN TIMES.

(Second Series.)

II. ANGELIC ADMINISTRATION.

BY EDWIN BAIR.

I HAVE sometimes thought it was my duty to relate the following which came under my observation about two years ago. The question has been raised, "What is to be done by the isolated ones in sickness when no elders can be reached to have them administer?" Some one in reply advises, with what authority I do not know, "If the isolated ones live as they ought the Lord will send angels to administer to them." The following is to some extent a case in point. While there were elders near enough to be sent for in this case the extreme opposition of the woman's husband made it so impossible for the elders to attend that she might as well have been in New York and the elders in China.

The woman in the case is a relative of the writer. Prior to her

marriage she was a diligent Sunday-school worker in one of the sectarian churches. She is and always was a kind and reasonable girl, trying to do the best she knew. I had brought the news of the restored gospel to her, but not till after her marriage. I told her she could get an evidence of the truthfulness of the gospel if she would ask in faith; she did so, but as she afterward admitted, she asked with many misgivings, and much to her surprise she received the evidence. But as she said to me afterward, if she had thought of it being true she would not have asked, as it would be impossible for her to live with her husband and unite with the church.

It might be said this was poor management, but bear in mind she is only about twenty-five years old. If she had been older she might have done otherwise. But she had received the evidence just the same. After a time sickness came and while all was done that medical skill could do, we could see she was, as we thought, nearing the icy river. I had prayed for her earnestly from the beginning, but apparently all to no purpose; day after day and night after night we could see her sinking, till at last all hope of her recovery was gone.

One night (and it was surely a dark night) the message came to me that if I wished to see her before she passed away to come not later than midnight, that she could not live till morning. I started, still praying for her as I went.

As I neared the house I raised my eyes to look in the direction of the house and there appeared a soft mellow light shining on the end of the house next me. As I walked along I saw the light was nothing earthly. Gradually the end of the house seemed to open and two bright-robed beings went to her bed and laid their hands on her head and one of them began to offer prayer in her behalf.

To speak of it reminds me of what Sir Walter Scott said of the assembling of the troops, "'Twas worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance at their array." And even so did it seem to me to listen to that matchless petition; such language, such eloquence,—no human or rather mortal lips could hope to utter.

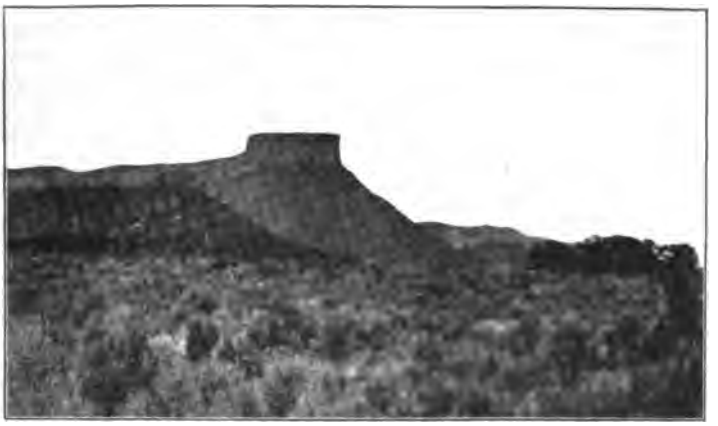
I entered the house in perfect calmness, knowing she would be healed. But I said nothing about what I had witnessed, nor did I ever intend to mention it to any one; but when morning came at last and she was still alive some one remarked to her, "Why, Lena, you are so much better this morning; that new doctor is all right, ain't he?"

She replied, "Yes, I suppose he is all right, but I was where no medical skill could reach me. It is not the doctor that has pulled me through; it was the power of God in answer to prayer."

She says she did not know of the administration, but just knew it was in answer to prayer. I am truly glad to be able to say the husband is not now so opposed to the work, and if in the future any one under his roof desires to be administered to I do not think there will be any objection raised.

WEBB CITY, Missouri.

A TENDERFOOT AT THE CLIFF DWELLINGS OF THE MESA VERDE.



The *Chautauquan.*

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ON THE ROAD TO MESA VERDE.

I AWOKE the morning appointed for our start to "the cliffs" to hear the rain beating mercilessly against the windows.

"Another exhibition of the sunshiny climate of Colorado," I said to myself. "Of course they won't go."

But promptly at the prescribed time the wagon appeared at the door and I received a new lesson in western indifference to weather conditions. Indeed I've concluded that nothing but death stops a Coloradoan when he wants to go anywhere.

It required only a few moments to get into my divided skirt, don my close-fitting jacket, heavy shoes, slouch hat, pack a few necessary articles in a bundle suitable for strapping to my saddle later, and then to climb into the wagon where the driver furnished me a man's rain-coat for protection against the storm.

Our party consisted of six people, one man and five women, all but myself having more or less experience in mountain-climbing, with the guide and his assistant, who had charge of the saddle and pack-horses.

The first fifteen miles of the way from Mancos, the best point for reaching the celebrated cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde, is made by wagon. The remaining ten miles on horseback. . . .

But it all brings us to the summit of the range at last where we traverse a long plateau. From here we should see clearly the Montezuma Valley, the very southwestern corner of Colorado, and the "four corners" where Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah come together, the only place in the United States where four States or Territories corner, but the rain-clouds are gathering below. Indeed we have encountered them on our way up, and now

they shut off the view. It seems strange to see the lightning flash and to hear the thunder below us instead of above, and we stop our horses to listen as it echoes from peak to peak.

An hour or two of steady trotting and we descend to the rocky plain which heralds the approach of the canyon. The rock is bare and has a honey-combed surface, as if an immense "baking" of huge biscuit had been suddenly petrified. The horses pick their way across it in a gingerly fashion, showing far more caution than on the narrowest ledges or steepest gulches over which we have come.

The *Chautauquan.*

"SPRUCE TREE HOUSE."

About five o'clock we arrive at "Kelley Cabin," the only cabin in the canyon. It is located on the very brink of Spruce Tree Canyon and from our camp-fire we can look across the chasm at Spruce Tree House.

We dismount and the ladies have the opportunity to admire masculine dexterity in the cuisine while the guides prepare supper. Both of them are experts in the culinary department. Will any of us ever forget the young loaves of bread presented to us under the name of biscuits, or the broiled ham and fragrant coffee supplemented by the delectable baked beans, fried hominy, jellies, syrups, and sauces? We learned that our stomachs had hitherto unknown capacities for food and realized that "a mountain appetite" was no meaningless term. . . .

It is barely daylight when we are awakened by the clanging of the bells as the horses are being brought back. We dress hastily but do not wash our faces. It is not good form to put water on

the face while traveling in this country; instead one applies another coat of grease. Notwithstanding this precaution and the cloudy weather some of us return with burned faces from which the skin peels afterward, swollen eyes, and parched, cracked lips.

Breakfast is eaten as speedily as possible and we mount to ride as far as we can toward the first ruin we are to visit, Balcony House. After a ride of some miles we dismount, the rest of the way having to be made on foot.

How we climb! How many times we make our way along narrow ledges where we seek in vain for something on the moun-

The *Chautauquan.*

"THE BALCONY HOUSE."

tain wall to cling to, not daring to even glance down the precipice into the valley below. We pass several ruins on our way, all of them possibly remnants of dwellings once as important as that we are going to see, but the sandstone of which the mountains are built has either crumbled away or been precipitated suddenly by some natural convulsion, carrying with it the major part of the dwelling. Suddenly we come to one of the difficult places of the trail and see before us "the greased pole." This is an old tree trunk with the limbs chopped off so as to leave projections of four or five inches. It stands on a ledge where we barely have foot-room and leads to another ledge much higher up. It is white and smooth as if sandpapered, from the action of the wind and weather. For a distance of several feet from the bottom there are no projections. The guides "boost" us until we can get a footing, after which we climb to the top. It is quite in order on reaching the upper ledge to take a rest, "and view the landscape o'er."

Opposite us are the rocky heights of the other side of the canyon, many a small dwelling sheltering itself in security under their beetling brows, not possible to reach either by "greased pole" or swinging rope. Below—we hardly dare look below—but we know

there are the precipitous mountain sides, the rocky ledges, and the yawning valley studded with gigantic pinnacles, domes, and fortresses.

After breathing awhile we pursue our path until we are confronted by "the rope." Nearly every one hesitates but the guides encourage us and the more intrepid ones make the first attempts. The rope is tied to a cedar-tree projecting from a crevice far above us. One guide puts himself at the top and the other at the bottom and we climb by means of the rope and small hollows chipped in the precipitous wall. The difficulty is increased by the necessity of making a turn before a footing can be obtained on the shaly incline at the top of the climb.

After this difficulty is surmounted a short walk brings us to Balcony House, so named from a kind of balcony or porch there is, or rather was, in front.

This house contains ninety-seven rooms or apartments, some of them incredibly small and dark. We creep and crawl in getting from one to another. Many of these apartments must have been granaries, corn-husks and cobs being found in them in abundance. There are several estufas or ceremonial chambers, each with a fire-pot in the center, connecting with a chimney. It is said that much of the pottery was found in these, but all these dwellings have been absolutely rifled of everything portable. Pottery, mummies, wall-pictures, relics of every kind have been made merchandise of by those who visited these ruins only to sack them. Not only were the things taken out but walls which hindered the search were ruthlessly torn down so that it is difficult to tell what is the work of time and what that of the iconoclast.

These buildings are all high in front and extend under the mountain to a narrow angle at the back, the natural rock forming the roof. The front is now unroofed but it may have sometime been covered by the overhanging rock. The ceilings are black with smoke. The walls are built of rather small, rudely hewn stones, mostly rectangular, put together with a kind of adobe mortar in which fragments of pottery are sometimes embedded. The doorways or what seem to be such, are low and narrow. The windows are various shapes, a few circular or nearly so, most of them rectangular. These openings frequently are bordered by a frame of wattled twigs, especially across the top. Apparently when the builder had no stone long enough to reach from side to side of the opening he laid the twigs and then put stones on them.

Poles, sometimes hewn on the sides, reach from wall to wall of the higher rooms, indicating upper stories, but no floors now exist. We wander long in these apartments, often pursuing some course, climbing over walls, crawling through narrow openings only, at last, to come up against a blank wall with no recourse but to retrace our path.

Then comes the descent.

As before, the guides place themselves at the top and bottom of the rope, which, if not held in, would swing over the precipice. For one moment as I linger at the shelving place where we have

to crawl to the rope I look down. The world swims; then gets black before my eyes. I sharply pull myself together and slide down, making again that awkward turn.

"Hang onto the rope, hang onto the rope," calls the guide from above.

"Hang onto the rope, hang onto the rope," echoes his assistant at the foot.

Even there suspended in mid-air I smile at their unnecessary insistence. I wouldn't let go of that rope for all the wealth of Standard Oil.

The *Chautauquan.*

"CLIFF PALACE," LOOKING SOUTH.

Every one makes the descent safely. It is probably not as dangerous or difficult as it seems. The Government, which has added this canyon to the national parks of the country, has been asked to build an iron stairway here, so the rope may soon be a thing of the past.

The greased pole is easier to descend than to climb, though the guide says that he once had to argue and plead an hour and a half with a woman before he could get her to come down. It looks from the top as if there were no room to land; but there is.

We take our way from here quite merrily to the Cliff Palace, the trail to which we passed on our way to Balcony House. Only one very bad climb confronts us here. It is called "Fat Man's Misery." It is a very narrow, steep cleft in the rocks with a long space at the bottom up which we have to be boosted and then climb the best way we can to the top by means of irregular benches at long intervals and such grip as we can get on the narrow walls. We, at least, have a wall of rock on both sides of us. The "Misery" is far worse to come down. I shall not soon forget the awkward

descent nor the lingering embrace I gave the guide who caught me at the last jump before I could regain my footing.

If the design of these dwellings was that of a fortress into which the builders might retreat in time of war, as some suppose, they are admirably situated. It would not need the three hundred of the pass at Thermopylae or even the force of assistants which Horatius had at the bridge to command the ascent of the "greased pole" or "Fat Man's Misery."

Cliff Palace is said to be the largest cliff dwelling yet found. It has one hundred and forty-seven rooms, many of them ludicrously small. There is one large apartment, however, in which several hundred people might easily congregate. It differs from Balcony House, which presents a straight up and down exterior wall, in having had several tower-like structures, one of which is especially prominent and tolerably well preserved. The roof is blackened by smoke. There are fine springs in the dwelling affording excellent water. This "palace" has nine estufas. One of the central and large ones has a sort of stone bench before the fireplace, which suggests an altar. In the corner of one of the dark, almost inaccessible rooms we found a small structure, four or five feet in each dimension, with a small door at the bottom and another on top. It suggested equally a box-stove and a dog-kennel. Plenty of corn-husks and cobs are found in certain rooms.

On one of the walls there is some painting. It forms a kind of frieze extending across one wall and around the corners upon the adjacent walls as far as they still exist. The lower part of the frieze and the figures are in a dull red. The surface above them white. The small projections between the high points are generally ten in number.

We reached "Kelley Cabin" about two o'clock, entirely ready for the excellent dinner which the guides quickly prepared.

After dinner and resting we descended the Spruce Tree Canyon. This is so named because a large spruce-tree, thirty or more inches in diameter, grew upon the wall in such a manner as to show that the wall must have been older than the tree. It was felled to get a cross-section to show at the Chicago Exposition and the enormously long trunk lying down the side of the canyon forms the path by which we climb.

Spruce Tree House is easy to reach and is as interesting as Balcony House. There is a remnant of red coloring upon one of the walls, but no figures remain, if there ever were any. The general arrangement is like the ruins already described but it is the smallest of the three. There is an excellent spring in the canyon, which is the only source of water supply for tourists during the dry season. The horses have to be driven down here at such times over a rocky trail which even the guides admitted "was terrible for the beasts."

Though I have described but three cliff dwellings the whole region is studded with them. We pass them on our way. We ride over their ruins on the trail, we discern them in numberless places, sometimes accessible, sometimes not. The guides now

steadily discourage any attempt to find relics if any may be left, as being contrary to Government regulations.

It is expected the Government will build a new road, and a way has been outlined but not surveyed, which will make the trip both shorter and easier. An up to date hotel to take the place of Kelley Cabin is also one of the possibilities of the future, and it is not improbable the ascent may yet be made in a touring car with obsequious porters and landlords to welcome the coming guest. When that time comes I shall be glad I made my visit before all the romance was taken out of the trip.

The *Chautauquan.*

OPPOSITE CLIFF PALACE.

We were fortunate in the time of our visit, for the air was cool and we had plenty of water. In July and August, when most tourists come, the weather is hot and there is scarcity of water, which conditions must make the trip far less enjoyable.

Our homeward journey revealed to us the beautiful Montezuma Valley stretching miles and miles to our left. The snow-capped San Miguel range bounds it upon the north while to the west as far as the eye can reach are the Blue Mountains of Utah. It is a matchless panorama of mountain and valley threaded by narrow lines of green and dotted by homes of hardy ranchmen.—Eva Mills Anderson, in the July *Chautauquan.*

THE TEST.

IT WAS very hot in the little church. The country people sat stiffly in the straight, hard-wood benches. The older men in the front seats nodded comfortably, and the younger ones whispered with open carelessness. The occasional sound of the stamping of horses came in at the open window, and the lamp on the pulpit sputtered fretfully.

The preacher's voice suddenly became tense with earnestness: "My people, our hearts have been saddened this day by the news of the death of a hundred men and women, gone to graves among the waters of the sea—because one man failed in his duty." There was a hush as of a sudden dying of the wind. The little church became very still. The chirp of crickets was heard through the windows. The preacher stood waiting while the night wind brushed the window with the branches of a tree,—once,—twice,—the minister was leaning far forward over the little pulpit. He was tall and thin, with eyes that looked away beyond even the back seats filled with lounging boys,—beyond the walls even of the little church. Slowly he brought his gaze back to the people before him.

"That man a murderer." He pronounced the words evenly, slowly, and very firmly. Then his words came like a torrent of tumbling waters:

"We wonder why God should sacrifice a hundred men and women, men with duties calling them from city and country, from factory and farm; women with little children waiting for them at home, even little children themselves—all for the negligence of one man. My friends, the tests of patience which God places before us seem sometimes almost too great to bear. We can not see why famine and shipwreck and earthquake should come. We can not see behind the veil."

The tensity was over. A young man leaned over the back of his seat and asked in a stage-whisper if "any of the minister's folks were on the boat." But the young preacher's eyes had wandered from his audience again. He saw only the shipwreck, and he was speaking almost vindictively:

"But this is one of the great examples God has chosen to show us the result of cowardice. This is one of the tests that the Almighty lays down before his people. One hundred lives, precious to you and to me are in the balance,—and because one man did not dare to risk his life, they are given that the world might be tried, tried by the fire of experience,—that our faith may remain steadfast. Young men, when the opportunity comes to you, will you hesitate while life hangs in the balance? or will the opportunity find you ready and willing to lay down your life if need be that your brother may live? When your brother steals and you could have prevented him, are you not guilty? When he is about to die, and you do not risk your life for him, are you not his murderer? It is the supreme test of heroism that Christianity has always demanded, my people. It is the difference between the

rule of Confucius and the golden rule. What is a man's property or his fame or his life worth beside the chance of saving another? What more could a man ask than such a chance? 'He that looseth his life for my sake shall find it.' "

The old ladies sat bolt upright in the straight benches, winking to keep back the tears; their stiff, black dresses rustling with every stifled movement. The old men in the corner coughed and examined the cracks of the floor. With a great deal of confusion and creaking of seats the people rose for the closing song. After the high, piercing tones of "Till we meet again" had died away, and the benediction had been pronounced, the boys slipped quickly out-of-doors and stood on each side of the narrow platform while the girls passed out. Occasionally they would shove one of their number in front of the girls' path, or one of them with a bravado carelessness would step from the ranks and whisper hoarsely to some deceivingly timid little girl in a blue dress. And after the pair would go the jeers of the boys: "Why didn't ye ask her inside like a man, Tommie?" "Walk a little closter, Tom. What you 'fraid of?" "Whoa, there, Daisy, shorter steps. She can't keep up. You ain't plowin' corn now, Shorty."

Just inside the door the old ladies were in no hurry to get out, stopping in the aisle to talk excitedly to the neighbors behind them. This was the best part of the "meetin' " for them. Behind them an old man was trying patiently to light his lantern, and beside the door a fellow with a light overcoat on his arm leaned on the end of the seat and waited for the young minister. Together they passed out into the moonlit churchyard. Buggies were being cramped, loud good-nights shouted, and the occasional gallop of a horse resounded on the hard ground, as a boy rode swiftly through the gateway of box-elders and swung into the road. The two made their way to the corner of the yard, where the minister was the first to speak. "Well, are you glad you came out with me to-day, Jim? Take these books a minute, will you, while I get this thing fastened. Don't know much about horses. Whoa, there, will you? Stand still. Now, I guess we're ready. Pile in."

They drew the lap-robe about them and dashed into the road with a speed that barely saved the post at the gateway. Jim had not spoken. "What's the matter with you, Jim? You're as glum as a post. I'd think you'd like to get out into the country."

"Yes, I've enjoyed it, Bob." Jim spoke more slowly than his companion, and chose his words deliberately. "But I can't help thinking of what you said to-night. You know these people here believe that what a minister says is straight from the Almighty, and you know, Bob, they'd move the heavens to do what you say."

Bob almost dropped his lines. "Why, what are you driving at, Jim? What do you mean?"

"Well, to be frank, you said that a man who allowed another to die when he could have saved him was really a murderer; that wealth and life and—what was it?—were worth nothing in comparison with the chance of saving a fellow being's life."

"Yes, I said it; and why not?"

The contrast between them was strong. The one, eager and quick to reply, the other slow and almost smiling.

"Well, Bob, don't you think that is a little strong? Suppose some of them should follow your advice to the letter?"

"A little strong? Suppose they should take my advice? Man, are you crazy? What do you think I come out here every three weeks for, if it isn't to tell them what I believe; if it isn't to preach the word of God as I understand it?"

"Oh, of course, Bob," and Jim laid his hand on his friend's knee, but Bob would not listen.

"Do you think I'm a hypocrite? What is so strong, I'd like to know, about a man's risking his life? Isn't it Christianity?"

"I sometimes wonder, Bob, just what Christianity is. Look out here"—and with one sweep of his arm Jim pointed to the landscape before them. They were nearing the crest of the hill, the horse walking with slow, rhythmic step. Before them stood a farmyard with its great barn half hiding the sheds behind. Lights shone from the windows of the house and the voices of playing children came from the shade of the porch. A dog ran to the gate with a sharp bark as the buggy approached. From beyond the orchard came the hoot of an owl, and the trees in the distance loomed black in the light of the big July stars.

"Yes?"

"Well, Bob, do you think it would be the duty of this man here to give his life for that worthless ex-convict, for instance, who tried to pick your pocket in St. Joe last week?"

"Certainly," quick as a flash came Bob's answer. "Isn't that the commandment? 'Do unto others as ye would that,'—does it make any difference who the others were?"

"Oh, yes, but you don't look at it the right way. You don't believe in living up to all those old rules—times have changed. Competition for life is stronger than it was back there on the desert."

The horse almost stopped as he tramped wearily over the boards of the little bridge at the foot of the hill. The dark waters of the creek were silent; the tall weeds on the bank swayed with the night breeze and from their depths came the croaking of frogs. A large maple-tree reached out over the roads and beyond rose the steady columns of corn. Neither man spoke till the buggy dropped with a thud from the bridge, till the crunch of the red sand beneath the wheels died away and they passed out of the shadow of the tree. Bob was trying vainly to think of a crushing reply. It was Jim again who broke the silence.

"Back there on the creek, Bob, was the finest place in the world for our friend the convict to plan a hold-up. Back on the hill lives one of your farmer friends who would never dream of such a thing, a man who has probably toiled his whole life to lift the mortgage from these hills. Did you hear his children laughing on the porch? Did you notice how proudly he walked around his barn-yard, fastening the doors? I suppose this corn is his?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't his life worth more to society than a fellow, say like Rube Bingham, the fellow that comes to me every two or three days to beg a half dollar for some more cocaine? But you would have that man saved at the expense of your hard-working farmer here. You would have this honest, law-abiding citizen lay down his life, leave his wife and children to starve perhaps, to save a worthless wreck. I tell you Bob, it——"

"Hold on, Jim. How can you judge, I'd like to know. If your life is in danger should I hesitate because I thought my life was worth more than yours? Because I thought my life worth more to society than yours? Jim, there's a God to decide these things and it's the duty of the individual to do what he can for principle's sake and trust the rest."

"But, Bob, your philosophy goes too far. That's why we have so much crime and pauperism—because we trust too much. I don't believe a man has a right to give up his life for that of a beggar of the slums. I owe something to society, and my duty to society demands that I live."

"Jim, say what you want to, you know that the world hates a coward. If you have a chance to save a life, to save even a reputation, and you don't do it, you're the biggest coward that ever lived, and you can't make the world believe anything else. That's all I've got to say."

"Maybe you're right, Bob—maybe they would call a man a coward, but—well, there's no use arguing any more. We always disagree on everything. Perhaps when you're pastor of a big church in New York and I'm district attorney there, we'll agree on it. Look, we're almost home."

And in the distance twinkled the lights of the town.

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In was cool in the shade of the barber-shop. The white-coated attendants sat on the bench, their backs against the plate-glass of the shop exchanging wordy battles with several old men who littered the walk in front of them with shavings. Big white letters reached across the sidewalk announcing the game of ball between the Princeton Reds and the Blythedale Cubs. A couple of fellows in red flannels walked up the middle of the street tossing a ball between them.

"There goes Hank Brown. Wonder where he's goin' to play," said one of the barbers.

"Prob'ly on the bench," answered one of the loungers.

"Would if I had anything to say about it. Dropped a little pop-up in the ninth inning last Wednesday an' let in two scores an' lost the game. Two outs, too. He can't play ball."

"Nope, he's no good," a tall, sleepy-eyed youth with an exaggerated blouse in his shirt decided the ball-players' case.

"Wonder how Bill's arm is to-day?"

"Say,—there comes Jim Garst at the post-office, his pockets full o' papers." The old man with the big pocket-knife was speaking.

"They say he's just about got the nomination for county attorney. He's a mighty smart young feller."

"Yes, an' if he gets the nomination I guess he'll be county attorney easy enough," and old man Reynolds on the end of the bench chuckled at his political sagacity. The politics of the loungers became manifest as they laughed or kept a scornful silence.

"Wonder who that big fellow is talkin' to Jim?" asked one of them. "Him? Oh, he's Judge Baker. Just stopped between trains. Goin' out on the four o'clock freight. He's took quite a notion to Jim. Chris Harrington told me that Jim might be the Judge's pardner next year. Oh, I tell you Jim's agoin' to get there," and the old man relapsed into silent chuckling.

"Say," asked the old fellow with the big pocket-knife, "ain't that ol' man Judson comin' crost from the butcher-shop?" The crowd leaned forward with interest. "Yes, b'lieve it is," a squirt of tobacco on the walk emphasized old man Reynolds' decision. "Pretty hot day for an ol' man like him."

A moment of silence, then a middle-aged farmer with a two weeks' beard slowly took his pipe from his mouth. "Guess the ol' man hain't got much longer to stay here. Come pret' near dyin' that cold spell in Febwary last winter,—out o' coal an' no money. Phil Snider took him a load of cobs; but the ol' man said he didn't care much ef he did die—didn't have nothin' to live for."

"Well, better come to the game, Bill," the lad with the sleepy eyes and bloused shirt lounged off.

"Guess not, to-day,—say, what's the matter with the ol' man? He's fell."

"Sunstroke, mebbe." Old man Reynolds slowly and calmly rose to his feet. "There goes Jim Garst after 'im. Wh'—what's the mat—" five feet away Jim had stopped dead still. Around the corner, back of the loafers, came two horses, a light wagon, the dashboard splintered in pieces, crashing behind them. Straight for the old man they came. A young fellow dashed from an ice-cream parlor; heads appeared in upper windows. "Get him, Jim, quick." Jim alone was near the old man, and he stood transfixed one second—two seconds—then just as the horses almost struck the board crossing Jim dived, rolling the old man over as he struck him. But the hoofs of the horses struck Jim as he lay. It was over in a minute. Far down the street went the runaway horses unnoticed.

The crowd was close around the body on the walk; men with their aprons greasy from the meat-market, the postmaster with a shade over his eyes, the big judge commanding them to stand back and give him air. Around the corner came a doctor, his satchel flapping open as he ran. The crowd divided as he made his way to the center, then grew silent and waited.

. . . . . .

The room was dark but for the low-turned lamp on the table and the patch of moonlight on the slowly-flapping window-curtain. Upon the white pillow lay the gray face of Jim Garst,—one eye and a corner of the sensitive mouth showing beneath the bandages.

Over him leaned a tall, thin young man with the long coat of a minister. The doctor had just stepped from the room.

"What was it, Jim? Tell me," came Bob's quick, eager questions.

"I'm agoin' now, Bob—but tell 'em—I wasn't a coward—I hesitated at first,—Bob—because I thought my life—but Bob, I wasn't a coward—I wasn't a —" his voice grew weaker and trailed off indistinctly.

Bob crossed the lifeless hands on the white coverlet, walked over to the window with the softly-stirring curtain, and looked out over the houses of the town into the corn-fields beyond.

The houses slowly faded away and the country roadside came before him. The buggy creaked faintly, and the sand crunched beneath the wheels. "Well, perhaps you're right, Bob, perhaps they would call a man a coward."

And Bob sank on the floor in the moonlight and buried his face in his hands and sobbed. The old fight for faith had begun anew.

H. HALE SMITH.

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG.

BY ELDER J. W. RUSHTON.

WHY should the soldier alone have his heroism? Why should the preacher alone have his day of martyrdom? Why should we expect the lawyer only to give us justice professionally? Is it not to-day a fact that the greatest of all injustice, that the most gigantic of all our tragedies, is because we have not learned to inculcate a sense of honor in the baking of bread or in the production of all the common commodities of life? It is true that we honor the soldier, not so much because he slays, as because he is willing to be slain. We do not think so much about the bravado or swash-buckler as we think about the man who holds his life at the disposition of the state, who holds his life as valueless that the state may be saved. We read with growing wonder of the martyrdom of John Hooper, Wyckliffe, and others, the men who have made history, but why should the preacher any more than the baker have his place of martyrdom? It is the minister's duty to die rather to suffer truth to become obscured. It is the duty of every minister to hold the cause of righteousness as the supremest of all things; but not his only.

Why should the lawyer be expected to deal out to you justice at the rate of seven and six-pence a time? Why should the judge be expected to distribute justice, and not these ordinary men of trade and of business, whose duty it is to provide for the wants of the nation? All require their sacrifices, their martyrdoms, their heroisms. The fault is not with them so much; the fault is with the public. You get what you demand, and if you undertake to make these men believe that the only want they have is for dividend, they live up to your ideal.

Now I trust, by the help of God, we will have a new ideal erected, which shall be one of righteousness and truth, and whether our young men and maidens shall take their position in the world as soldiers or preachers or lawyers, or whether they become ordinary tradesmen, or ordinary stenographers, or ordinary housewives, they will do their work for the honor that is at stake in their business.

Let me call my young friends' attention to the fact, that you have reached the age when the mind is flooded with new visions, the heart is throbbing with new passions; new emotions, that are

ELDER J. W. RUSHTON.

Of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

altogether new, are now surging up. You are amazed by them, and if you do not know how to control them they will rule you and become the masters.

Here is the point: Every mountain of transfiguration, every psychic moment of divine revealment is followed immediately by some of the oncoming forces of evil which seek to spoil it. Taking the case of Peter, the very day he had seen the glory of God revealed in Jesus Christ, Jesus said to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The very day that Jesus had been immersed in the waters of baptism and of the Spirit, he went up into the wilderness and was pursued by the forces of evil. That is the common experience. Every moment of ecstacy, every moment of joy and

glory is followed immediately by the powers of evil, seeking to spoil the vision.

The ideal of God regarding man should be our first duty, and to express that ideal was the work of the Master; God was humanized in him, that man might be "divinized." You can not sin without influencing others in your sin; you can not do good without influencing others in your goodness. The life of the convent and the monastery is an everlasting disgrace, a stain upon the history of mankind, for man can not isolate himself. Those men, who in the fullness of their youthful energy, and the indomitable will of their manhood, will slave for the advancement of the race, they only have moral value, even though at times they have failed and have known the bitterness of defeat. God made you for that.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART XI.

A MISSIONARY TRIP TO TAHITI.

IT WAS in September, 1892, that I went on board the steamship Australia and set sail for Honolulu. I remember with pleasure the many genial friends that greeted me at the wharf in San Francisco to witness my departure. The hearty handshake, the affectionate good-bye and "God bless you," gave evidence of many loving hearts, and I rejoiced that I had the confidence of so many good people.

As the great floating palace set her bowsprit to the sea and began to steam her way towards the Golden Gate, I watched the receding shore; and as long as I could see, the crowd was still there waving their handkerchiefs. We had quite a large passenger list on board, and as nearly all of them had friends that had come to see them off, I did not flatter myself that all the handkerchief waving was meant for me by any means.

After we had passed out of the Golden Gate our captain set our vessel's prow exactly southwest, and he kept her on that course for eight days, when early one morning the man from the watchtower sang out, "Land ahoy!" and we were in sight of the isle of Molokai, the leper island. This island has so often been described by travelers that I need only say that it is the island that was set apart by the Hawaiian government for the home of the unfortunate lepers, and it seems that nature has expressly designed it for them, as it is a natural prison. It is almost impossible for any one to get away from it when they once get there, on account of the peculiar construction of the island, and when a married man or a married woman is condemned as a leper and is sent to the island it is equal to a decree of divorce. The husband or wife may choose to go with the leper companion, but they can not come back again. They must spend the balance of their days in that awful place. Leprosy is a most loathsome disease, and for that reason the law of segregation is rigidly enforced. There has been much discussion as to whether leprosy is contagious or

not. There was a very learned debate going on in the Honolulu papers all the time I was there, but I think the question never was settled either way. There was a kind of experiment made in order to demonstrate that it was catching. A criminal was condemned to be hung, shot, or inoculated with virus of leprosy. He chose leprosy and had the virus put into him in five different places, and from what I was told it was put into him in a barbarous manner, and he was consigned to the lazaret; but at the end of the year he was examined by the board of health and was pronounced free from the dreaded disease. This is as it was told me by the late J. M. Horner. I baptized a girl about sixteen years old that had been kept hid away by her parents and was not sent to Molokai. I learned that she died after I left there.

I might write quite a lengthy chapter on this dreaded disease, but it is easy for any one who wishes to know more of it to look in almost any encyclopedia and he will learn more than is profitable for him to know, unless he knows how to cure it. There is but one good feature about it, there is no pain attached to it. A kind of paralysis precedes the decay of flesh, and fingers or toes may drop off without the knowledge of the patient. People were being carried to the lazaret every week and sometimes quite a number a week while I was there. I learned that there were about two thousand there at that time.

Only a few moments after we sighted Molokai we saw the island of Owahu on our right. The tall cocoanut-trees lifting their heads far above all other vegetation was quite a sight for me, and of course it was an interesting sight for any one unacquainted with the tropics. But just as we were nearing the extinct volcano called Diamond Head, I took my first lesson in a tropical shower. Our captain had put up a heavy canvas or tarpaulin over the upper deck to ward off the tropical sun, and that morning nearly everybody was out promenading the deck. The rain fell so fast that as the vessel would rock, great sheets of water would pour off, first from one side and then from the other, and it was a grand sight to see. But as soon as the rain stopped, which was as suddenly as it began, the sky was as clear and the sun shining as brightly as though there had been no rain in six months. The cloud had all fallen in rain. That is the way the rain king does business in that climate.

But here we are at Honolulu, the capital of the archipelago. This is the metropolis of the island kingdom, a city variously estimated at from twenty thousand to forty thousand inhabitants, —the land of sunshine and fragrant flowers, of bright skies and clear waters. Here, where both nature and art have combined to beautify the earth, or this part of it, this is certainly "paradise found," the "garden of the gods."

As we are creeping up slowly to our lock there are dozens of native boys and girls from ten to twenty years old swimming around our vessel, begging the pasengers to throw over nickels or dimes for them to dive after, and it is amusing to see how expert they are in the art of swimming and diving. They will

nearly always get the coin before it reaches the bottom, and as they are entirely naked they put them in their mouths until their jaws sometimes stick out like a squirrel's jaws when loaded with acorns.

Here, as we are landing, we see a motley crowd,—all kinds of men and women,—and we hear all sorts of languages, and see all kinds of costumes, but I am not here for the novelty of the thing. I am here to preach to this people, and I must set myself to take in the situation so far as it pertains to my work. I am here in fulfillment of a prophecy made more than a half century ago, and it is marvelous in my eyes. Not that God has not power to cause all things to work after the counsel of his own will, but it is marvelous that one so weak and vacillating as I should have been spared through all the dangers and trials of his checkered life until the lengthening shadows told that the sun of life was low in the horizon, to fill a mission that he could so much better have filled in the morn or the noontide of life; but God chooses his own way of working, and so may it be.

But I am here now at the wharf, and steamer day is a red letter day in Honolulu. Large crowds gather to hear the music of the Hawaiian national band, and to see and be seen. I see the crowd swaying and heaving like the waves of the sea, some crowding to be the first to get on the boat, and others on board trying to be first to get off, so there is great disorder in the crowd, but no quarreling or fighting. Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Kanakas, and in fact a dozen other nationalities, all mix up in great confusion.

Now I see some dark figures, men and women, crowding their way towards the gangplank, and I take them to be native Saints coming to meet the *lennakakaku* (elder) to help him on shore. I watched their maneuvers till they got on the boat, and they came straight to me and called me *Kalapa* (Clapp). Our recognition of each other was mutual. There were also a couple of white ladies that came to the boat to meet me, but they did not crowd forward like the Kanakas.

The natives were very anxious to do all they could for my comfort, and were all smiles and good humor. The white Saints were also very attentive to my wants, and I was soon made to feel that although in a foreign land, I was still among friends, and among some, at least, that spoke my mother tongue.

As I entered upon the work in Honolulu, I felt a strange timidity that I did not recollect ever feeling before. It might have been that the great anxiety that I felt to do a good work and make a great success, accounts for my feelings at that time.

I shall make a digression and acknowledge that in giving this brief account of myself, I have given the bright side, or at least the incidents where I have been successful, and have recorded so little of my failures that I fear that some might get the idea that I have always been a hero; but this is by no means the case. I do not wish to make such an impression; for I have made very

many mistakes and failures, and I find in my work much to be deplored because of ignorance and a lack of practicability.

As is the custom among the natives, I was soon all decorated with flowers, which they call *les*, pronounced *las*, which means a yoke. It consists of flowers tastily and deftly woven together in a wreath big enough to go over one's head, and these are often made of rare flowers that are very costly. A native would give his last cent to buy flowers to decorate a friend. This is a pretty custom, but I will venture that any one taking his first lesson in it would almost think it a barbarous custom rather than a mark of honor. The warm climate, and the extreme fragrance of the flowers, and to be so muffled up, is almost suffocating, at least it was to me; but that is their way of showing respect, and of course I submitted to it.

I entered upon my work, as I said before, with what I thought bright prospects of success, but had to talk through an interpreter. I found Bro. G. J. Waller, who was a resident of the islands and the president of the branch, to be fully alive to the interests of the church, and although he was full of business in secular affairs, he always found time for church duty and money to help it along.

We had J. M. Poepoe, a native lawyer, employed as interpreter, and I learned that there was no better interpreter in the kingdom.

That the natives are no farther along morally and spiritually is no fault of Bro. Waller's; for if they had adhered to his counsels they would have occupied higher and better conditions than they do now.

After I became acquainted with the Hawaiian character I became satisfied that much of our labor was wasted; for after I succeeded in baptizing quite a number, I confess I did not see the change in them that I thought I ought to see, and so I began to think that the mission was costing too much for the returns we were getting.

Bro. J. M. Poepoe, our interpreter, was an elder, and a fine speaker, and we hoped that through his labors we might reach many of the natives, but we found it very difficult. I engaged with Bro. J. M. Poepoe to translate the Doctrine and Covenants into the Hawaiian language, but we found it very slow work. If I had been capable of doing the work alone I could soon have accomplished it, but the way we did it was very tedious work. The work was finally completed and published, I believe at Bro. Waller's expense, but I doubt that the sale of books ever justified the labor and cash bestowed on the work by Bro. Waller.

I was in Hawaii during the revolution and saw and heard it all, and if I were to tell the story as I saw and heard it, it would be a different story than the one told by the Hon. James Blount, of Georgia, whom President Cleveland sent over to the Islands to investigate the trouble; for much of his report lacked the element of truth.

I had a good opportunity to learn the condition and politics of Hawaii, as two of my old friends, Horner brothers, were nobles in the house of legislature under the monarchy. These Horner brothers were long residents of Alameda County, California, where

I became acquainted with them many years ago. Through them I also became acquainted with many of the leading men of the kingdom.

I had been in that mission about a year when it was decided to bring my family over, that my wife could assist in the Sunday-school. Accordingly I sent for my family and rented a cottage and fixed up as best I could for housekeeping. When they came I felt that with such a reënforcement we would be able to do a big work, and we certainly did try, but it seemed we never could work the people up to a proper standard. I taught a class of the young native men, and my wife taught a class of young native women or girls, and really it did seem for a season that we were making headway; but finally there was a blight cast over the work that I hardly feel at liberty to mention, but it was sufficient to greatly hinder the work and discourage me so that I felt I could not stay in the mission any longer.

Bro. G. J. Waller understood the condition so well that he was willing that I should leave the mission, and I do not know but he was anxious for me to leave it. Here I wish to say that there were conditions arose that made a little friction between me and Bro. Waller, yet he is an honorable man, and worthy of all confidence. He is sound in the faith, and an untiring worker in its interest.

On account of things occurring that I seemed to have no control over, I came to the conclusion that I could do nothing more there, and I thought it possible that if I should come back to my own native land, things would be better, and I might get to a place where my work would do more good. So I asked to be released from the Hawaiian Mission, not that the mission is a hard one especially, viewed from a temporal standpoint: In fact it was the easiest mission I had ever had, so far as that is concerned, but I felt my labor and influence were at an end in Hawaii. Were it not that it seemed to be a part of the destiny marked out for me by the spirit of prophecy, I would say that my island mission was a failure, and yet it was very much like nearly all those who have gone to the Islands. They have stayed till they began to get acquainted with the work, and slightly acquainted with the language, and have left for new fields.

Agreeably to my request the conference of 1894 liberated me from that mission, and I returned to California, and by appointment began to labor in the Pacific Slope Mission under the direction of Elder J. F. Burton. I labored, I think, for about two years, living part of the time in San Jose, and part of the time in Santa Cruz, much of the time greatly afflicted with stomach trouble and other troubles that the world knew nothing of, but still I kept up and tried to be cheerful, and in this I succeeded so well that few. if any, of my friends knew the burden I was carrying.

(To be continued.)

TWO PRIME MINISTERS.

BY JOHN ZAHND.

IT MATTERS NOT how a man gets his education, so he gets it with honor, and becomes truly educated. Having gotten it, the manner of its application to the great principles of life depends on the man. We present here two pictures of two very human lives.

Picture No. 1 has a far-away perspective indeed. It is so very far back on the sky-line of history that it seems almost the romance of legend. It is not, however. It is a real drama of life. It is a shepherd scene in the Orient.

The towering Lebanon mountains framed in the northland. To the west are the far-away peaks of blue Gilboa's range. To the east, lesser billowing ranges, with many broken gaps and peaks, hide the great sea. Far away to the south is Sinai and the desert. In the center is a most wonderful valley, threaded by a silvery river flowing from the snow-crowned heights of the north barriers of mountains. Several lake expansions accentuate the beauty of the scene, which in that far-off time was sylvan and pastural.

In one particularly beautiful valley dwells an old sheik or patriarch. He has twelve sons. One is a lad of some sixteen summers. His father loves him as the son of his old age. This doting love is misunderstood by his brothers, and brings jealousy and a train of evils. The boy is a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions; not a bad sign, but he talks too much.

One day the father sends him on a mission of loving service to his shepherd brothers. Cruelly they bind him and sell him as a slave into Egypt, and then lie to the sorrow-stricken father. The boy comes into the household of one of the king's generals. He makes good. Though a slave, he soon rises to the position of superintendent of the estate. After nearly twelve years of loyal service, on a most dastardly charge he is unjustly thrown into prison. Here he is soon made a "trusty" and acts as deputy warden of the jail. He holds this enforced job for two years, when knowledge of his character and wisdom is brought to the king. He is raised from the dungeon cell to the throne. He is made Prime Minister of the greatest realm of antiquity, and holds this office for upwards of forty years.

It is a simple, wonderful story, filled with intensely human interest and pathos. It is a drama, a romance, an idyl, all in one. Joseph, the towering personality of the picture, compels our reverence and study.

As a child of the desert, in that far-off time, he was schooled in the open. Syrian skies smiled down on him. The flowers and mountains and stars talked to him, singing birds and rippling fountains brought messages for him. Amid the grandeurs and the silences and the beauties of that simple life in those old, old days, this rare spirit unfolded. Little wonder he saw visions and dreamed dreams. The divine was enthroned in his personality; and power, wisdom, possession, kingship—all were his. He came into his own

because his faith claimed it. He never doubted his ability. He relied on self. He was loyal to the highest within him. He was always prepared for the next thing. He was a radiating center of influence. He gained the heights because the heights were in himself.

. . . . . .

Now across a gap of four thousand years, look at another picture. It is a modest English home, of taste, refinement, and literary culture; there are several children, one a pale, curly-headed little fellow, is named Benjamin, after his grandfather. This grandfather years before had fled from the persecuting tyranny of Spain to the quiet refuge of English liberty. The boy attended a private school, "browsed" in his father's library, and was an omnivorous reader of history, politics, biography, and literature.

His father mapped out a business career for him. The son turned to travel in Europe, took up law, studied diplomacy, men, events, history in the making, social science, and economics. He wrote tracts, essays, and fiction, embodying his own ideas of the sciences of law and government. He believed a business career was more than mere "trade and get rich." He looked upon all earnest work in whatever field as business. He set no narrow bounds to a man's life. He believed in the infinity of human power. He was but ten years old when Napoleon met his defeat at the hands of the "Iron Duke" on the field of Waterloo. At the age of thirty he entered politics and took his seat in the English Commons. In his maiden speech he was rudely laughed down by the members. With a haughty retort of defiance and prophecy he said, "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me, and when I rise in the assembly hereafter, a dropped pin shall be heard."

In his confidential letters to his sister about this period he said: "My motto is: *Forte Nihil Difficule* [To the strong, nothing is difficult]. I will succeed."

In 1835 Lord Melbourne asked: "What is your ambition in entering politics?" "To be prime minister, my Lord," was the prompt reply. With clear-sighted vision he scanned the political heavens and became convinced that a new alignment of parties must be made. Labor was struggling for its rights. He allied himself with the movement. He stood for opinions. He was a political philosopher profoundly inspired. He shaped his opinions and then created a party which should hold them. He courted opposition and smiled at contempt. He would sustain himself in great truths.

He became a power in parliament. Three times he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. After thirty-five years of untiring service and patient waiting, his dream was realized. In 1868 he became Prime Minister of the British Empire, for the first time. Then again he held the premiership for six years from 1874 to 1880. During this time he was made a peer of the realm, the Earl of Beaconsfield being his lordly title. He made Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday, Empress of India. Russia was

balked in her ambitious designs on a southward march to empire in Asia, and was sternly halted on the Dardanelles by the Treaty of Berlin. A master business stroke gained for England the control of the Suez Canal, by the purchase of twenty million dollars of the stock. But the great man's work was nearly done. For a short time he was leader of the House of Lords. He died in April, 1881, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. The world uncovered at his bier. Not since the death of Wellington was there such an outburst of love and sorrow. A few days after his burial, Queen Victoria, with tears flowing down her cheeks, placed with her own hands a beautiful wreath of immortelles on his grave.

He was a great man who scaled the heights of fortune and won the battle of life against great odds which seemed to be irresistible; and who at the gloomiest moments of his career, never lost heart or hope. So we have before us two lads who became kings in all the term implies. Both were from that old, high-souled race, to which the world owes so much—the Hebrew. Each in his place made world history. Each exemplified to a marked degree ability, reliability, endurance, and action. Why did these two boys become each in his time prime minister of a great empire? Was it chance, or a chain of fortuitous circumstances which accounted for this development?

I put it this way: "You, the *ego*, possess all the positive faculties and qualities." It is the old, ever new, persistent, insistent question of development. Joseph, the clean young man of ancient Egypt, and Disraeli, the clean young man of modern England, each let God, the divine, in them have right of way in his life.

NEW ALBANY, Indiana.

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

BIRD SONGS.

How often have we waking heard
The singing of the morning bird,
The murmur of the prairie breeze
Among the green and leafy trees.
The day, like youth, is strangely stirred
With life, vitality, and hope,
To climb the rugged hillside slope
And wander where it please.
And from the tree or from the wall
We hear the robin redbreast call:

The day is beginning to break,
To flutter and sigh and to wake;
To flutter and sigh
Where the tree-tops high
Have whispered their words on the winds to the sky
And down to the river and lake.

The hours that seem not overlong,
Go flitting by with jest and song,
With merrymaking and with play,
Until, like life, the summer day
Begins to murmur and grow strong.
The brain grows strong, the heart grows numb,
The air resounds with whir and hum,
And youth is far away.
From out the cooler woodland shade
The brown thrush cries o'er hill and glade:

The noon sun is scorching and high,
Is scorching the leaves brown and dry.
The air seems to fill
On meadow and hill
With heat like a furnace, to glow, and stand still;
The flowers to wither and die.

The slant sun strikes the window-pane
And makes it glow a ruddy stain.
The wind, as some poor thing distressed,
Goes sadly sighing to its rest;
The day, like life, begins to wane,
The air is damp with dew, as tears;
But now the afterglow appears,
A glory in the west;
And from the wheat and from the corn
The whistle of the quail is borne:

The dew is beginning to fall,
"More wet" with its healing for all.
To fall and to shine
On the trembling vine
And leaves, till the flowers cease to wither and pine,—
The night damp is thick on the wall.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

CHAPTER 6.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister. McBernie's son, Donald, returns from college. He meets the minister's sister and acquires a taste for religion. Luther encounters the elders of the

Reorganization. Elder Pratt meets with the "conclave" to discuss religious topics.)

STAND FROM UNDER.

Sidney Luther did not see Elder Pratt again until Sunday morning, on which occasion he escorted the elder up the aisle of the old union church and proffered him a seat on the stand.

As Elder Pratt glanced over the congregation, he beheld a variety of expression,—expressions that may be imagined, but can not be described. Those who did not know Mrs. Barker, and consequently were unaware of her reputation of sanctity, might have imagined that she was angry. Mr. E. E. Miller sat stiffly in his accustomed place, his pale face paler than usual, his shaven upper lip curled contemptuously, and a baleful light in his hawklike eyes. Some countenances expressed blank astonishment; clearly the puzzled owners thought that the pastor was insane. Others, who had attended the elder's meetings regularly, saw nothing to cause undue astonishment. Why should not the elder be asked to preach in the old union church? It was not the first time that the pastor had invited other ministers to preach from his pulpit.

During the past week, the tongue of gossip had been busy with the name of Sidney Luther, as those could testify who had conversed with Mrs. Barker or with Mr. E. E. Miller. It was declared that he was about to turn traitor and ally himself with the Latter Day Saints. His present course seemed to confirm the rumor. But more dark and sinister rumors were afloat. Mr. E. E. Miller had quietly given out that he had it direct from the Reverend J. Albert Hubbard that Sidney Luther had resigned his former pastorate under a cloud. The old prejudice that had existed in certain quarters was fanned into a fresh glow.

Miss Halloway and Ephraim Wilson refused to sing. Miss Halloway considered it "sacrilegious" to sing for a Latter Day Saint preacher; and Ephraim, who had gone back to his uncertain tenor, thought whatever Miss Halloway thought. However, this defection did not ruin the musical part of the services; Ephraim was no Caruso. In fact, though tall and dignified, he had not impressed Mentone. It was the general concensus of opinion that Ephraim would never "set the world on fire"; Norman Barker considered that to be a good thing in one way, "Because," declared he, "ef he did, he wouldn't nohow know enough to put it out." But, to Miss Halloway, he was a man; he represented the first and last opportunity—she embraced the opportunity.

In due time, Sidney Luther "had the pleasure" of introducing Elder Phineas Pratt, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as the speaker.

In a friendly, courteous, yet plain and unflinching manner, the elder proceeded to expound the doctrines of his church. He followed with an account of the angel's visit to Joseph Smith and the organization and growth of the church. He read and explained those prophecies found in the Bible, so clearly anticipating the coming forth of the latter-day work. He closed with these words, "I

have shown you, from the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, how Lebanon was to become a fruitful field, and how, before that event, a sealed book was to be delivered to one who was unlearned, and a marvelous work was to be done. The Book of Mormon was delivered to an unlearned man, the gospel was restored, and the church was organized after the old pattern, all in fulfillment of this prophecy. At a date later than the work of Joseph Smith, the prophecy regarding Lebanon began to be fulfilled, as a divine confirmation.

"One proof that I submit is this: A so-called prophetic conference, attended by representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, met in Chicago, in July, 1895. I read from their findings, as reported in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, 'Another sign is the return of the Jews to Palestine. There are more of them there now than there were after the return from the Babylonian captivity. . . . A sign which is undeniably miraculous, too, is that Palestine is again becoming fruitful, after years of desolation, during which scarcely anything would grow. It was under a curse and the curse is being lifted.'

"I am glad that these churches are on record, because they took part in the revival meeting that stirred Joseph Smith to seek the Lord and receive the revelation that was at that time branded as coming from the Devil. He predicted these things regarding the land of Jerusalem years before they occurred, and was called an impostor; these men mention them after they have happened, and they are called a 'prophetic' conference.

"Why should you think the message that we present strange? Alexander Campbell is on record in the Christian System as saying, that 'some *new revelation* or some new development of the revelation of God must be made before the hopes and expectations of all true Christains can be realized or Christianity can save and reform the nations of this world. We want the *old gospel back*, and sustained by the *ancient order of things*.' Roger Williams declared, 'I conceive that the apostasy of Anti-christ has so far corrupted all, that there can be no recovery out of that apostasy till Christ shall send forth new apostles to plant churches anew.' I read from Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty. John Wesley declared that the signs of the time indicated that God was about to arise 'to maintain his own cause and set up his own kingdom.' "

Some of the followers of these renowned reformers stirred uneasily. These quotations did not agree with the idea that the day of revelation and miracle had ended long, long ago. To find the illustrious Wesley, Campbell, and Williams hand in glove with Elder Phineas Pratt, of the Latter Day Saints' Church, was a surprise. Norman Barker could not forbear giving his wife a sly nudge; one of these men was her peerless reformer.

The congregation sang, "Lead, kindly light," and in certain quarters the "encircling gloom" reigned profound.

Before he dismissed the meeting, Sidney Luther made a few quiet remarks. He said, "Elder Pratt has presented some ideas that are worthy of your careful consideration. If they are true, you want

to know it; and I trust you will be willing to accept them. If they are false, you ought to have light enough to detect that fact and reject them. I warned you, when I took this charge, that I should hold myself ready to accept truth, let it come from where it might. I realize that this is a day when all that can be shaken will be shaken. If our structure is faulty, and can be shaken, my advice to you is to stand from under."

Deacon and Mrs. Deacon Hardpack walked down the street together—almost together—the good old lady found it difficult to maintain her hold upon the arm of her irate spouse.

"I can't keep away from that there doctrine, anywheres I go," complained the old man, his cane rapping time to his words; "even in our own church!"

"Never mind, Jonas," soothed the good old lady, "Bro. Luther, or Bro. E. E. Miller, or somebody'll reply to him."

The old man stopped and scowled up at her, "They ain't nairy one *can* reply to him," he retorted.

CHAPTER 7.

UNDER THE MAPLE-TREES.

Minnie hastened home to prepare the noon-day meal, assisted by Donald, who insisted on paring the potatoes,—with vast extravagance as regards thickness of parings.

He surveyed the finished product with a critical eye. "I'm afraid," he declared, "that I'll never again be able to look an honest potato in the eye." A little later he added, inconsequentially, "I think that I'll be a preacher, when I grow up; they seem to have a good time, trying to please everybody."

"I don't know," began Minnie, "I one time made a vow never to ——" she stopped suddenly, "Mercy, my biscuits are burning!"

"What was it you vowed?" queried Donald, when the biscuits were again made comfortable.

"I've forgotten," she replied.

But he did not notice; he was lost in a dreamy contemplation of Minnie as a housekeeper.

Sidney Luther and his wife loitered by the way. Adjoining the old union church was a tract of land owned by McBernie. A part of it the church held by perpetual lease as a cemetery; a part of it was shaded with fine old maple-trees, in whose leafy canopy the birds nested. Sunday-school picnics were sometimes held in this little park; and at times the congregation had assembled there for basket-meetings, and Luther had preached to them.

In the shadow of these trees, the minister and his wife wandered, hand in hand, like little children. Always in perfect accord, an intuitive understanding had grown up between them, so that each often sensed the thought in the other's mind ere it was uttered. Presently the soft voice of Rose Luther broke the silence, "What is it, Sidney?"

The husband heaved a deep sigh, and squared his shoulders, "Well, it's simply this: We have come to the point where we must make a decision!"

"I am ready," responded the low voice.

"The truth has come to us;" the husband went on, "the very thing I have long searched for. A messenger from the great God has found us. I know now that there is one church that is in perfect accord with the biblical pattern. I have studied and prayed, and I have received an evidence which I can not doubt. I have pledged myself to accept this message if I should find it true. But how can I ask you to make another sacrifice!"

The little hand tightened its grasp upon the big fingers of the husband. Tears sprang to the tender, uplifted eyes of Rose Luther. "Sacrifice! It is no sacrifice," she murmured, "I, too, am a believer. We can not call it a sacrifice when the goodness of a kind Father sends that which we have long prayed for. Let us sell all that we have, and secure this great treasure."

The heavens, beholding the tender love of a true man and a faithful woman, devoted to the service of God, rejoiced; and the sun, glinting down through maple-boughs, showered them with a golden benediction.

When the two reached home, Minnie was busy in the kitchen, while Donald was innocently reading in the parlor. Apparently he was absorbed, though Rose Luther, with a woman's curiosity, wondered how he could read with the book bottom upward. Little Viola, observing but not always observed, informed the assembled company that Donald had "buried the potato peeling in the garden."

Unknown to Luther, a select meeting of "the pillars" was held at the home of Mr. E. E. Miller, at three o'clock of that afternoon. Luther was detained by one of his parishioners, purposely, perhaps, until almost time for the evening service. In the meantime, little groups of people approached the old union church, found the doors closed, read a notice tacked thereon, and wonderingly took their departure or loitered near to watch developments.

When Luther hastened to his service, through the early twilight, he, too, found the door locked. Stooping down, he read, "No services to-night! Revival services next week! By order of the trustees.—Mr. E. E. Miller."

Mrs. Deacon Hardpack was preparing for bed. The strings of her red flannel nightcap were tied under her chin (she never changed to the white until July 15). The deacon was pottering around the kitchen stove, "fixin' the fire for mornin'."

"Come, Jonas," pleaded the old lady, "read a chapter afore we go to bed."

"Naw!" grunted the deacon.

"Ain't you never goin' to read no more?"

"Naw! not 'til them Latter Day Saints git out o' town, an' I've hed time to fergit all they ever preached."

"Now, Jonas, don't be foolish. Come'n read—somethin' that you know is all right."

The old man straightened his bent back as much as he could, and glared at her, "Quit pesterin' me, will ye? They ain't *none* of it that's all right, any more. You go on to bed an' leave me alone."

Dabbing mournfully at her eyes, the good old lady sought her

couch, only kneeling long enough to pray, "Lord, save Jonas! *I* can't do nothing with him."

Silence followed. Presently the old deacon stuck his head in at the bedroom door. "Maw! maw!" he called, "where's my specks? Hev you seen my specks?"

His wife sat up in bed and surveyed him. "Land sakes, Jonas," she cried, "you've got 'em on!"

The deacon lifted his hand to confirm the report that his ears had heard, and disappeared.

A long silence followed. The old lady dozed off, then sat up with a start. It seemed that half the night had gone. "Jonas, Jonas," she called, "air you ever comin' to bed?"

"In a minit, maw," responded the voice from the other room.

She subsided, and the affair repeated itself. This time, however, she got up and came to the door to peer forth at him. He heard her hard little heels coming on the bare floor, thump, thump, and got up hastily. He had been reading the Bible, Isaiah 29.

(To be continued.)

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

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CHILDREN'S LIES AND TRAINING IN TRUTH.

PERHAPS one of the most difficult and perplexing problems which confront the parent and teacher is that of untruthfulness in children, and too often there is a lack of knowledge of the principles and conditions under which supposed cases of moral delinquency should be be judged.

Of two children in the same family, brought up under like conditions and influences, one may always be trusted as to the accuracy of his statements, while the word of the other may be subjected to doubt if a question arises. What is the ground of this difference? Is it to be ascribed to innate moral differences or how has it come about? And what can be done to remedy it? Before this latter

question can be answered intelligently we must know something of the psychology of truth and lies.

First: What constitutes a lie? Shall we assume that truth involves accuracy of statement and objective correspondence to fact and that any violation of this relation is a lie, or that conscious intention to deceive is the essential element of a lie? Certainly, in the assignment of moral responsibility, the latter definition is the one to be followed, and yet in practice it not infrequently happens that the judgment of an individual case is really based upon the former, and a failure to comply with it is considered as involving moral delinquency, with perhaps grave injustice to the child.

Within recent years a German investigator, William Stern, has made experiments to test the ability of children to reproduce verbally things which they have seen. In one series of experiments, forty children from seven to fourteen years old were tested by being shown separately, for one minute, the colored picture of a farm kitchen. Each child was then immediately asked to describe the picture. They were then separately questioned in regard to the different objects seen in the picture. The average of the errors for the first part of the test was six per cent while the result of the questioning was the surprising increase of error to an average of thirty-three per cent—showing the marked influence of suggestion through the questioning. The answers in regard to the color of objects were especially faulty, fifty per cent being wrong.

That the age of the children has a marked result on the susceptibility to suggestion is clearly shown by the dividing children into three groups according to age. The following averages of error appear:

	Youngest group.	Middle group.	Oldest group.
Boys	49 per cent.	28 per cent.	19 per cent.
Girls	51 per cent.	49 per cent.	18 per cent.

But little difference appears between boys and girls except in the middle group, children of ten and eleven years, but the decrease in tendency to error between the seven- and fourteen-year-old children is very marked. Here there could be no question of intent to deceive, for each child was doing his best to be accurate and the increase in error was found to be directly dependent upon the form of the question; for instance, the question, "Was such or such an object in the picture?" or "Was a certain object brown?" was likely to suggest an affirmative answer though contrary to fact.

The pedagogical significance of this influence of suggestion is too obvious to need illustration. In some countries its legal significance has been recognized. In Sweden, no child under fifteen may be placed on the witness stand. At the recent child study congress in Berlin (October, 1906), Doctor Adolf Baginsky went so far as to say that he would almost pledge himself to obtain from any child under eight or nine years, when placed under cross-examination, whatever statement he desired.

The ease with which many adult witnesses of perfectly honest intention may be confused and made to contradict themselves by a skillful lawyer, is well known. But while in general we can say

that children are more suggestible than adults and that the younger a child is the more suggestible he is, it is very difficult to assign an age limit for moral responsibility. Karl Schaefer, another German investigator in this line, thinks that, for children under four, the evidence is against any full consciousness of deceit in their so-called lies.

In the following case, reported by a kindergartner in the Berlin Society for Child Study, there was certainly no moral obliquity on the part of the child, although considerable trouble was caused by her statement. At Christmas one of the little girls who attended a Berlin kindergarten received a new muff which became one of her most cherished possessions. One noon, the muff could not be found. The child described with minute details just where she had put it on the shelf in the dressing-room and gave all the attendant circumstances. But the closest investigation among children and attendants failed to reveal the whereabouts of the missing muff. Two days later the proprietor of a near-by confectioner's shop brought to the kindergarten a muff, which he said had been left in his shop two days before and which he thought must belong to one of the kindergarten children. It proved to be the lost muff.

Was the child's story of where she had put it on that morning therefore a fabrication? Not at all; everything that she had stated corresponded to fact except that it had occurred the day *before* the muff was lost and in the child's memory there was a displacement in time, a very common error with children, whose time sense is weak. In this particular case, the child's certainty was probably reinforced by the fact that the muff had been put in the same place a number of days in succession before the loss occurred.

Children who have vivid dreams sometimes confuse a dream with reality—or oftener, in the case of young children, fail to make the distinction in words because of their limited power to make verbal distinctions. A child of four and a half years greatly disturbed her mother by telling an incident, which, though harmless enough, was known not to have taken place. The child, however, insisted upon the truth of her statement and no persuasion would make her retract the assertion that it really did happen. At last it occurred to some one to ask the child, "When did it happen?" and without the slightest hesitation she answered, "When I was asleep." Here the difficulty was, of course, one of expression, but with children of lively imagination the failure to distinguish between a mental and an objective occurrence is by no means uncommon, and such children need more attention and training in accuracy of statement than their more prosaic brothers and sisters.

In a study made by G. Stanley Hall, in which three hundred children from twelve to fourteen years of age were privately questioned, by a method carefully devised to avoid wounding their delicacy of conscience, the following classes of lies were distinguished:

1. Morbid fear of lying or pseudophobia, that is, cases where children have a morbid fear of not telling the truth and exaggerate every deviation from literal exactness into an offense against morality, even though the misstatement may have been quite uninten-

tional. This is, of course, pathological and fortunately rare. I have personally never met but one case of this sort, which occurred in a girl of fifteen suffering at the time from other morbid conditions.

2. "The lie heroic" or a lie for a noble end; *e. g.*, a child falsely assuming guilt to shield a weaker companion.

3. Truth to friends and lies to enemies; the old principle of "all's fair in love and war."

4. Selfish lies. Here are included all deceits whether verbal or acted to gain some advantage for self; cheating in school to obtain higher rank or to escape punishment, false excuses, unfairness in games, etc.

5. The imaginative lie. Here lines are very hard to draw for the joking misstatement, supposedly understood as such, may easily pass over into deliberate intention to deceive and victimize some unsuspecting, stupid companion—just as imaginative stories and games, at first purely a form of play, may through pleasure in the feeling of personal aggrandizement, degenerate into a most mischievous form of bragging and lying to increase self-importance.

6. Pathological lies, the most common form of which are due to a passionate love of showing off and attracting attention to self at any cost. Fortunately such cases are rare, but a few cases of legal importance have occurred where an innocent person has narrowly escaped condemnation through the testimony of a child witness of this type.

Doctor Hall's last group takes up the various forms of palliatives used by children to ease their consciences, such devices as saying to one's self "over the left," or using pantomime instead of words are some of the forms used by children to mitigate the sense of guilt when conscious that they are really lying.

Strangely enough the lie of timidity,—one of the most common forms among children, does not appear in Doctor Hall's study.

Professor Sully, the English psychologist, has also contributed a valuable chapter on children's lies, but as this is easily accessible in English, the reader is referred to his Studies in Childhood.

The most recent and complete study of children's lies has been made by the Berlin Society for Child Study under the direction of Doctor Kemsies. A large collection of examples of lies was made by the society. Kindergartens, schools of all grades, institutions of various sorts, biography, literature and history, all furnished material which was analyzed by psychological and pedagogical experts, and the results published in a series of papers by members of the society.

In this study Doctor Kemsies distinguishes ten classes of lies, using the word to cover all cases of misstatement whether morally culpable or not. These classes are:

1. Figurative lies in play; make believes, tricks, pretenses.
2. Errors in expression and those due to suggestibility.
3. Errors of fact, due to false perceptions, memories, judgments, etc.
4. Lies due to timidity, embarrassment, flattery, boasting, etc.

5. Lies from ignoble motives: selfishness, defiance, envy, spite, etc.
6. The lie from noble motives: from shame, to shield others or commanded by others.
7. Lying as a childish fault of character.
8. Pathological lies: in hysteria, epilepsy, moral insanity.
9. Lies of criminals.
10. Lies of feeble-minded persons.

The first three classes can not, of course, be regarded as lies in the sense of involving intention to deceive and moral responsibility, since they are lies only in the objective sense, but in dealing with young children they are precisely the forms which need most careful consideration both for a fair judgment of the child, and because just here lies the point where care is needed, and training a child in truthfulness should begin.

In the next four classes are to be found the motives for the greater part of the lies involving moral responsibility with which teachers and parents have to contend. From these various studies certain pedagogical conclusions may be drawn which give us a practical basis for the teaching of truth. An examination of the first three groups in Doctor Kemsies' classification shows us that certainly in the early days of childhood, truthfulness, in the sense of accuracy of statement, is an intellectual rather than a moral quality, and that the kindergarten training which teaches children to observe and to describe accurately what they observe, is laying not only the intellectual foundation of mental but also of moral development, and just here lies a great opportunity for kindergartners. Language teaching in the kindergarten has not yet received the attention it deserves. Our best kindergartners do encourage children to tell things in their own words but the game of accurately describing objects seen, or telling some little experience just exactly as it happened, needs fuller recognition as a means of moral as well as mental training.

The necessity of truthfulness as a basis of all satisfactory social relations can be impressed upon children in their play. A little child readily understands that the pleasure of a game would be spoiled if every one cheated, and comprehends this practical application long before he is capable of understanding the principle of truth for truth's sake. But the most important of all is the teaching by example. If every promise, however trivial (it may not be trivial to the child), is scrupulously kept, even at the cost of perhaps great inconvenience, the child grows naturally to think that a promise is something that must not be broken; if he hears only truth spoken about him, if his questions are always answered truthfully instead of in a careless way, as if any answer would do for a child's questions, he will naturally imitate the attitude of those about him; but if while constantly told that children must always tell the truth and that lies are wicked, he, nevertheless, hears when the door bell rings, "Oh, dear, here comes that tiresome Mrs. A.," and the next moment hears the same tiresome Mrs. A. greeted with the remark, "I am so glad to see you," or hears the message "Not at home"

sent when he can see for himself that the sender of the message *is* at home, he will very naturally follow example rather than precept. Nor will the explanation that such things are only social conventions serve to do anything except to further confuse his moral ideas. And if he straightway applies the same principle to avoid something which bores him as much as the tiresome caller does his elders, who is to blame? Will he understand why he should be punished for saying that his primer is lost in order to avoid the unpleasant task of learning his letters when he wishes to play, when he has heard his mother use the same device to get rid of an unpleasant caller?

A mother once complained to me that she did not know what to do with her five-year-old son, he was so untruthful. Within the next fifteen minutes she had told him that a stuffed bird, which she did not wish him to handle, would bite him, that she would spank him if he didn't stop touching things (he had heard that threat so frequently that he knew the chances of escape were worth taking), and, finally, that I did not like little boys who did not keep still. It would certainly have been a matter for wonder if the little fellow had been truthful, notwithstanding his numerous punishments for untruthfulness.

Untruthfulness is certainly a fault to be eradicated, but the psychological method begins at the other end, and appreciating the fact that truthfulness in its highest sense is a virtue to be attained by effort, applies itself to the task of supplying the right conditions for its development.—Theodate C. Smith, in *Kindergarten Review.*

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A very imaginative little boy sat with his father and mother at dinner one day when the work of the home had been very pressing and no dessert had been prepared. When the point had been reached at which the lack would be felt, the little fellow said, "Papa, why don't you eat your pie?"

"I have no pie," his father answered in a prosaic tone.

"Why, yes, you have," persisted the child. "It's right here by your plate."

"Son, why do you say such a thing, when you know it's not true?" his father demanded.

"Well," said the disappointed little fellow, "can't you p-l-a-y pie?"

Children must be guarded against carrying their make believes too far, but are they not harmless when the purpose is so obvious as in this case, and would it not be better for all of us if we would occasionally "play pie"?

Sometimes what seems at first to be a misstatement is found to be not untrue when we have learned how the child looks at the matter.

This same little boy was playing one day with his kitten. In very endearing tones he said "Kittie, my nice, red kitty."

His mother was sure he knew the colors and so she said, reprovingly, "Your kittie is gray. Then why do you call her red?"

"Oh, but she's red inside. I know, 'cause I looked down her mouf."

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

IN WHAT WAY CAN DEBATES BE MADE HELPFUL TO THE RELIGIO?

DEBATES, when properly conducted, and in accordance with the spirit of the Religio's design, have for their object the bringing forth of the best evidences that can be gathered in support of both sides of worthy propositions or subjects, for the benefit of the society's members, bers, with a view to the education of all.

When a member is chosen to affirm or negate a proposition, it should be because he is considered capable and willing to serve the society in collating, preparing, and presenting the evidences available in support of the side of the proposition assigned him. The consciousness of this becomes an inspiration which stimulates him to enter the field of nature, revelation, science, art, music, or literature in quest of that which he needs in his work. Impelled also by an honorable desire to excel in his task, and conscious that what he presents will be subjected to an immediate and perhaps severe arraignment in the light of evidence and argument from his opponent, he is influenced to study the strong points in opposition and to fortify his position more thoroughly, in anticipation of this. All of this has the effect of sharpening his wits and broadening his comprehension.

Debate, on the platform, demands rapid thought and ready command of faculties in following the lines of opposition, estimating the strength, merit, and directness of points adduced, selecting the really important ones, which may alone be answered in the limit of time allotted, and in selecting and mustering from your array of accumulated matter the most salient and effective portions with which to continue and maintain your affirmation or strengthen your denial. This is decidedly stimulating and helpful in desirable directions, and, of course, is educational.

Debates of the character referred to herein, being not for the simple purpose of mastery, may be educational in another line, namely, in the development of that quality of honor which, where recognizing the merit or superiority or unanswerableness of an antagonist's position or argument, in part or as a whole, will

frankly confess it immediatley. I do not mean by this that a position or statement is proven true simply because I may not have the material or ability to overthrow it; for the truth has doubtless suffered often in the hands of exponents or defenders who, from unfaithfulness or incompetency, have not been able to support it. Others may take my place and demonstrate what I have miserably failed to maintain; but even the acknowledgment of this fact when confronted with argument that we are incapable of controverting, though quite mortifying to the flesh, is nevertheless an evidence of honor and manliness and should be cultivated. If this principle is taught and observed in our Religio debates it will greatly help in developing a quality of soul that will lift us all high in the realm of sainthood.

It sometimes requires more courage to acknowledge defeat than to gain a conquest. There is always a royal victory in such a frank acknowledgment of defeat—a victory over self. If the Religio should prove a good training-school in this line, it has done an excellent work.

Debate, bringing, as it does, into direct clash the intellectual, mental, and literary accomplishments of the contestants, is an epitome of matter, method, and skill, and has an attractiveness that does not always attach to essays or *ex-parte* discourses or writings, and the interest felt by the Religio in both the contestants and the subject under discussion is intensified as the elements that enter the discussion bump against each other, and bound and rebound during the fray, scattering dust and emitting sparks as the fray grows warmer. Meanwhile the volumes of acquired information, thus concentrated and submitted to a test of their real value when in conflict with adverse declarations, make a more vivid impression upon the minds of the auditors than when otherwise presented or studied, and all are entertained and profited by this process of education.

Frivolous subjects, or those which are immaterial to the well-being of the society or its members, should never be selected; but those which lead out into any field where we may retain the Spirit in our exploration will prove healthful to our morals and beneficial to our minds. The handling of the material gathered (if only for purposes of investigation) whether finally retained or discarded will result in the confirmation of our former views or their exchange for better ones, and parties on either side of the controversy are made better by the comparison.

Very much more might be added after longer thought upon the subject, but these few ideas strike me as helping to answer the question, "In what way can debate become helpful to the Religio."

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri. ALMA C. LUFF.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

We are given to understand that the home department of the Religio is for those that are too busy, too feeble, or too aged to attend the regular meetings of the local. It is to those that come

under the head of being "too busy" that this paper is intended. We presume that they are the parents of small children, and their family cares are such that they can not possibly attend the local.

There are two institutions that in my opinion come before the Religio; and they are the church and the home. The home, if presided over by Christian, God-fearing parents, is the greatest factor in the world. No parent should leave his child to receive his spiritual education from a stranger.

"The education of a child begins with life, and the period in life when the most is learned is the first seven years."* By the time a child is old enough to attend the Religio his nature is fixed. "The influence of the home, whether conscious or unconscious, is an atmosphere which he breathes continually. Its principles, its examples, its aims all have constant effect upon him." When the child becomes older the parents must counteract the evil influences "of bad companions and associates in the day school, and the one school in which we are all scholars—the school of the street. There the child sees the gilded sign of the saloon, the illuminated advertisements of the theater, the pictures in the news-stands. They hear the oaths of the street. To every growing youth the education of the street must be reckoned with."

Do not leave this work for the Sunday-school or Religio teacher. They have your child but one hour of the week; you have him every day. You have received the God-given right to educate and develop one of those that God created in his own image and declared good. How have you prepared yourself for this work? You say that you are too busy to attend Religio and learn those things which you are desirous that your child should know. Then, if you can not come to us, we will come to you. The home department is intended for all like you; we want to reach out our arms and assist you; we want to store your mind with those wonderful truths of the gospel that are contained in the three books, that you might impart that knowledge to those in your care, that your child's spiritual nature may be developed. When your child is old enough to attend Religio, we want you to study the lesson with him, and to attend when you can. We want this great army of Saints, old and young, the ones that are "busy" and the ones not so busy, to stand shoulder to shoulder in this grand "Onward and Upward" march. The invitation is given to you. Come and be one with us, and we will do you good. MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER.

*Quotations taken from Hurlbut's Revised Normal Lessons.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON III.

The Secular Institutions of the Book of Mormon.

1. Forms of government, and laws.

a. The Jaredite nation had a monarchial form of government, with the peculiarity of the younger son succeeding to the throne.

b. The laws of the Jaredites were liberal, providing for religious

liberty, and security of property. But tyranny and usurpation were very frequent. (Ether 3: 10.)

c. The Nephites were governed by the kings, or Nephies, from the time of Lehi to the time of Mosiah II, a period of five hundred and nine years.

d. The laws of the Nephite kingdom were very liberal, and underwent a gradual development until the days of Mosiah II, who codified the laws in a sort of constitution. They provided personal freedom, religious liberty, and property rights. The laws punished offenders and were executed very strictly. (Jacob 1: 3; Jarom 1: 3; Mosiah 1: 7.)

e. After the days of Mosiah II, the Nephites were governed by judges, under the laws of Mosiah, in a kind of republic.

f. The laws of the judges provided that the rulers should be chosen by the voice of the people for life or during good behavior. There was no congress or council to share the government with the judges, but the right of petition of the people was respected, touching any change in the law. The chief judge took oath of office to support the right and liberty of the people, complete religious liberty was granted, slavery was prohibited, punishment for murder, treason, or sedition, was by death, and for lesser offences by imprisonment. The chief judge was subject to trial or impeachment by a number of subordinate judges, and the subordinate judges were tried before the chief judge. (Mosiah 1: 7; 13; Alma 1: 7; 5: 1; 16: 2; 23: 1.)

g. The republic, under the government of the judges, fell apart about A. D. 30, and was succeeded by a loose confederacy.

h. The provisions of the confederacy guaranteed religious liberty, prevented the establishment of a kingdom, and prohibited civil war. (Nephi 3: 5, 6.)

i. Under the law of Mosiah, weights and measures, and money values were established uniform in the land; of these we have data relative to the money, which is as follows: The standard of value was a measure of barley or other grain (Alma 8: 8), or which was the value of a gold senine, and the wages of a judge on the bench for a day's service.

Lesser Coins.

SILVER.	GOLD.
2 leahs make one shiblon.	2 senines make one seon.
2 sninblums make one shiblon.	2 seons make one shum.
2 shiblons make one senum.	A limnah the value of them all (7 senines).

Greater Coins.

2 senums make one amnor.	3 shiblons of silver the value of an antion of gold.
2 amnors make one ezrom.	
An onti the value of them all.	

A senum of silver was equal in value to a senine of gold.

2. Chronology and the Nephite year.

a. The Jaredites seem to have counted their time from the accession of each king, being so many years of the reign of the king.

b. The Nephites reckoned their time from the "time Lehi left

Jerusalem," which was 600 B. C., until the beginning of the reign of the judges, 91 B. C. (2 Nephi 4:5; Mosiah 4:2; 13:7.)

c. From the seating of the first chief judge, the time was reckoned as, "the first, the fifth, or the thirtieth year of the reign of the judges," for one hundred years, or until nine years after the birth of Christ. (Alma 1:1; 2:1; Nephi 1:1, 8.)

d. Nine years after the sign of the birth of Christ, the Nephites began to count their time from the "sign of the coming of Christ," and this order was continued until the close of the record A. D. 421. (Nephi 1:8; 2:1; 4:2; Nephi the Son 1:1, 11; Moroni 10:1.)

e. The Nephite year was evidently modeled after the Jewish year, as in use before the captivity, and was, probably, a solar year of twelve or thirteen lunar months of twenty-nine or thirty days. In the time of Christ, the year began in April. No names of months are given, following the usage of the early Jewish historian by calling the number of the month as the first, third, or eleventh month. (Omni 1:10; Alma 21:34; 24; Nephi 4:2.)

f. The Jewish year consisted of twelve or thirteen lunar months. The beginning of the sacred year was reckoned from the moon after the vernal equinox; the following table will show the arrangement:

Month.	Time.	Month.	Time.
1st. Abib.	March-April.	7th. Ethanim.	September-October.
2d. Zif.	April-May.	8th. Bul.	October-November.
3d. —	May-June.	9th. —	November-December.
4th. —	June-July.	10th. —	December-January.
5th. —	July-August.	11th. —	January-February.
6th. —	August-September.	12th. —	February-March.

13th. Intercalary month, between February and April, every third year, to complete the year.

QUESTIONS.

What is said of the Jaredite government and laws? How were the Nephites governed during the first part of their history? What is said of the early laws? What form of government was had during the reign of the judges? Mention the principal provisions of the laws under the judges. What form of government succeeded the judges? What did this provide against? What can you say of the weights, measures, and money? Give the table of money values. In what way did the Jaredites reckon the time? From what event did the Nephites begin to count time? What change was subsequently made? What other change was adopted later? What is said of the Nephite year? How did the Jews reckon their year?

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

On my way to North Dakota reunion I held three meetings in Sioux City, Iowa, July 7, 8, and 9, the latter being on my forty-sixth birthday. Though the weather was hot, and attendance rather light, we had very interesting meetings. The attendance would doubtless have been better had my letter notifying them of my

coming been received in time for Sunday announcement. I presented the importance of the work of the auxiliary societies, and explained the normal work especially. I believe much good was done.

Leaving Sioux City, at seven o'clock in the morning, on Friday, the 10th, I arrived at Dunseith, North Dakota, about half past six in the evening, on Saturday, the 11th. Here I found a number of the Saints gathered, the tents pitched, and the work under way, with H. O. Smith and James Wagner in charge.

The quarter of eleven morning sessions were set apart for auxiliary work, except Sundays, on which days we held a session of Sunday-school at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Monday morning we presented home department work, discussing both Sunday-school and Religio work with good interest.

Tuesday was devoted to the North Dakota District Sunday-school association, having an interesting session.

Wednesday was devoted to a discussion of sundry topics of interest that had been intended for convention day. The discussion was lively and interesting, and I believe profitable.

Thursday we had a regular session of Religio, taking up the study of the lesson, and program just as we do in a local society. This was an inspiring session and will have a good influence upon the work, and a splendid program was rendered.

Friday was devoted to a talk upon Graceland College.

Saturday, we took up the question of normal work and I presented one of the lessons from Hurlbut, using the blackboard for illustration.

Religio work in North Dakota is at present limited to home department, but there is good prospect for a local to be organized soon at Fargo, and perhaps at one or two other points. Some of the missionaries are hopeful along this line, and perhaps one year hence we shall see a district organization formed.

Bro. Toney Butler, former superintendent of the home department for the State, having removed to another State, Sr. Birdie Graham, of Minot, consented to accept the responsibility. She at once set about her task, and, as a result, secured over fifty members before the reunion closed, and thirty-two annual subscriptions to the *Quarterly* were taken. I am confident that this department of work will be given an impetus by her efforts.

Sr. Almeda Trowbridge was appointed by action of the Sunday-school convention to act as superintendent of gospel literature bureau for the State, the work not having been attended to by the Religio, because of lack of organization in the State.

It certainly was a successful reunion from the standpoint of the Religio, and I am glad I could be present, though I hesitated going on account of the heavy expense in the way of car fare.

Sincerely,

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

My last communication was from Dunseith, North Dakota. Leaving that place July 20, we had a pleasant drive across the gently rolling prairie to Bottineau, our genial brother, Charles Stowell,

being the driver. We took train at Bottineau for Antler, where Bro. Hilliard addressed a small gathering in the pleasant cottage home of Bro. George Howrie. The next morning this brother conveyed Bro. Hilliard, Bro. William Sparling, and myself by team across the country, a distance of about eighteen miles, to the home of Elder William Sparling, where we spent the afternoon, going in the evening to Sherwood, where Bro. M. J. Sparling became our host for the night.

After dinner, the 22d, by the kindness of Bro. M. J. Sparling, we were taken by team across the international boundary to a little town on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, Carievale, where we took team for Estwan, *en route* to attend a reunion of the Saints at Delight Schoolhouse near Halbrite, Saskatchewan. After lodging at Estwan, we reached Halbrite about half past seven in the evening, central time, half past eight mountain time. Here we were met by Brn. J. L. Mortimer and T. J. Jordan, and were soon on our way again by team over a beautiful stretch of Canadian prairie road, skirted upon either hand by fields of waving grain just heading out.

After a drive of about ten miles we arrived at the schoolhouse. It was indeed a "delight" to the eye to see such a substantial structure built of granite bowlders, gathered from the prairie which abounds with this product, bespeaking in no uncertain terms, as it does, of the interest taken in the great work of education in that country.

The Saints were called to order at ten o'clock, July 23, the time appointed for organization, by Bro. J. L. Mortimer, who has charge of the work in that great country. The organization resulted in choosing Bro. Mortimer and the writer as presidents, and T. J. Jordan as secretary of the reunion. Though this meeeting continued only four days, much good was accomplished. The eagerness with which these children of God received instruction was a source of much pleasure and gratification, and we believe profit to the cause of truth. One model session of Religio was held, and the home department and the normal work were presented, and a splendid interest taken.

The Religio work in Saskatchewan is under the care of Bro. T. J. Jordan, and consists almost entirely of home classes, but it is hoped the time may soon come when a number of local societies may be formed.

Starting on my way south Monday morning, July 27, I visited the Grahams and W. I. Murray at Minot, North Dakota, and found them in the faith of our Master. Bro. Hilliard continued on north to Saskatoon and elsewhere. I stopped also in Minneapolis and Des Moines, addressed the Saints once in the former place, and twice at the latter place, once upon normal work, and preached upon essentials of spiritual development on Sunday evening.

Monday, August 3, I reached home, having been absent since June 11, and having labored in four reunions, and in four States, and in Canada. I appreciated much the finding of loved ones well, and to know that our Father had kept them and me during our separation.

Again on the 7th of August, in company with wife, I left home in answer to an invitation to assist some in the reunion of the Independence Stake. Monday, August 10, had been set apart as Religio Day, and the day was certainly well occupied, as all can testify who were permitted to enjoy the program. Tuesday, the 11th, was Sunday-school Day, and a splendid program was carried out according to announcement. The nature of the program emphasized the fact that where the work is faithfully followed up from year to year, wonderful development and growth results.

The Lord is prospering his cause, and is blessing his young people and preparing them to carry forward his work.

Sincerely,
J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

CONVENTION NOTICE.

The London, Ontario, District Religio association will convene at Port Elgin, Ontario, October 1, 1908, at 2 p. m. Floralice Miller, president.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Oakland, California.—It is said sometimes that correspondents tell only one side of the story. Well, the absence of the sad side does not always indicate that it does not exist; but we are not dealing in dark pictures, only in the bright and beautiful; in fact, our stock of the former kind has been so neglected that it is very low, so do not expect any from Oakland; for what few we have we purpose to throw into the garbage. Our local is living and growing. We had a spiritual lesson last evening on lesson four. Our hearts go out for the Lamanites, and we are deeply interested in their conversion. How grateful we feel for their record in which the gospel is made so plain. May success attend everywhere the grand Religio movement. J. M. TERRY, Correspondent.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—As newly elected officers have been provided for in the Philadelphia local, I take pleasure in writing, as their correspondent, to you, informing you of the local status of things "Onward and upward."

Our society has an average of over thirty in attendance, with a possible fifty on the roll. Interest in the studies of the year has been good and no words adequately describing our appreciation of the worth of the *Religio Quarterlies* can be offered. They are surely inspiring, and contribute very largely to our growth in things spiritual. We have four classes, of which two are senior (studying *Quarterlies,*) one junior, and a Doctrine and Covenants class. Our literary programs are also attended to interestingly.

We look for better and more conscientious work in the future, and hope ever to maintain dignity of purpose, and all the principles with which this work abounds in order to succeed.

Yours in the faith,
ORRIN K. FRY.

Lamoni, Iowa.—Warm weather, and the absence of college students on their vacation, have caused the usual lessening of attendance in our local during the summer months. However, the work is moving along, and the recently elected officers are doing commendable work. Bro. Joseph Roberts is now our president.

Provisions were made on last Friday evening to meet the regular expenses of the society, as well as the Graceland scholarship, by a collection at each session. The executive officers are ready to receive applications for such scholarship. The Religio stake president has asked for a united effort of all the locals of the stake during our reunion, beginning August 21, that special work may be done while there in the Religio's interest, and the work forwarded. CORRESPONDENT.

San Jose, California.—We have a society here of about fifty members, and although they do not all answer the roll-call, we always have a good attendance.

All societies depend a great deal upon their leaders. There may be energy and enthusiasm in the society itself, but if there isn't keen interest shown on the part of the leaders it will no doubt be a failure.

We can boast to some extent when it comes to our president, Sr. Bates. She is a faithful, energetic little worker, and her whole heart is in the work. It seems to be her greatest pleasure to work with and for the young people.

For the members here we can truthfully say that there seems to be more interest taken as time rolls on; each one working and trying to do what they can to make our Religio larger and better.

As different ones are called upon from time to time to take part in various ways, they will always make the attempt and not answer, "Oh! I can't," "I won't have time," "Please get some one else," and so on.

Of course the committees, knowing the talents of each one, know who to call upon.

Even the school children take part in various ways, such as reading, reciting, singing, and even writing papers on subjects as outlined by the *Quarterly*,—good papers, too.

Now is the time, work harder day by day,
That we by our kind words may brighten another's way;
So we a copartnership with God must form,
Lest we fall by the wayside and be the treat of earthly scorn.

Yours in the work,
A. R. LAWN.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Our society is still trying to move "onward and upward." Have many discouragements to encounter. There seems to be a lack of interest on the part of some to do their part, but the few workers we have, are puttting forth their best efforts to accomplish good results.

Our program committee have expressed a desire or wish that the literary programs outlined in *Quarterly* would soon be different, as they do not really meet with the demand of our locals—so we are not carrying out the programs fully. Our vice-president, Sr. Emslie,

prepared and edited a paper for last month, containing news for the society, happenings of the month, interspersed with a little humor and wit. The paper was so good the society voted to have it continued for this term, and its editor retained.

We shall soon lose one of our most zealous workers, Sr. Ruth Mintun, who will leave September 1 to take her school, primary department, in Lamoni. We are hoping and praying that some of our members will soon be aroused to their duty, and help us to move "onward and upward." MARY RUDKIN, Correspondent.

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We elected our officers lately as follows: Bro. A. J. Fisher, president; Sr. Stella Magie, vice-president; Sr. Ethel Worby, secretary and editor; Sr. Rillie Moore, correspondent. We like the new *Quarterly* fine. We hold our Religio regularly, although the weather is hot. Several members are away also now.

CORRESPONDENT.

Sacramento, California.—Our little band is still growing, though slowly, as a large number have left for summer resorts in the country, or at the seashore. We have just had election of officers, reëlecting our president, Bro. W. H. Dawson, also our secretary, Sr. Hazel P. Journey. I might also say that the president of the branch, Bro. James Lawn, and his wife, are at Al Tahoe, and will remain there some time. He and his wife are very energetic, and I believe will do some very good work while there, although they are missed here very much. His health is improving, which pleases all. With best wishes for a prosperous year in Religio work, I remain, CARL DAWSON.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The semiannual election of Religio officers, with the exception of the chorister, resulted in sustaining the same officers as the past term, who worked diligently and well. Although our president is away attending to business in Illinois, and the vice-president is vacationing in the West, also some of our active members away, still the work goes on. The officers have appointed each committee to take charge and arrange a program most appropriate to their work, which thus far has been a success. The lookout committee had charge last week, and the relief committee will give a good entertainment and social the 31st. The weather being very warm has had its effect on attendance, but the diligent and faithful ones are still at their posts, deriving benefits from the lessons and associations with God's young people.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

Chelsea Park, Kansas City, Kansas.—The Religio work in this part of the district is still moving on, and a lively interest is taken by most of the young people, and also by a good many of the older ones. We feel a great need of the work, and realize what it means to the young in educating them to the work, and in helping to carry out the gospel plan. We have a very good attendance, and interesting lessons and programs, and all are trying to press "Onward and Upward." We elected our new officers on the usual date to act for the next six months. All the officers elected have an earnest desire to do more in the future in pushing the work.

ETHEL OLSON.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

OCTOBER
1908

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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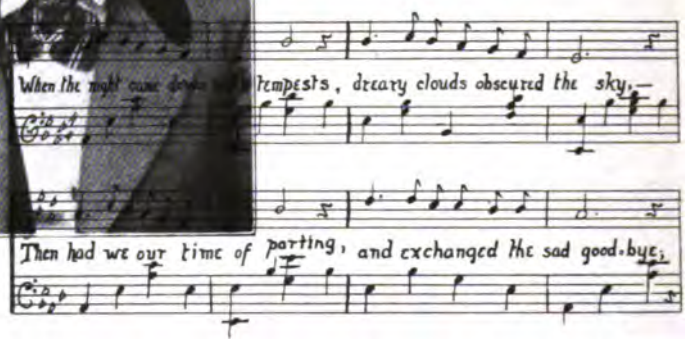
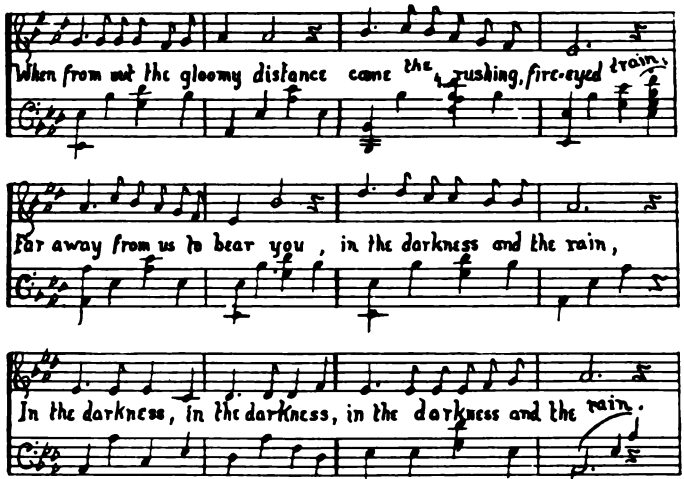
In the Darkness And The Rain

By David H. Smith





AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER 10

THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN.

DAVID H. SMITH.

When the night came down with tempests, dreary clouds obscured the sky,
Then had we our time of parting, and exchanged the sad good-bye;
When from out the gloomy distance came the rushing fire-eyed train;
Far away from us to bear you, in the darkness and the rain.

Lonely seemed your homeward journey; lonely seemed our outward way;
But our duty lay before us, we could only watch and pray.
Nature seemeth sympathetic with her children's woe or pain;
We meet in sunshine, but our parting, comes in darkness and in rain.

O, how fleeting seemed our visit; O, how swift the hours sped;
Ere we scarce could comprehend it, all the golden time had fled.
Earthly joys are always fleeting; earthly pride how sadly vain;
All its glory seems dissolving, in the darkness and the rain.

We shall meet again, dear Mother, in a land made bright with love;
Where the sunshine, pure and golden, pours from its free source above;
In the pleasant land of heaven, where the Savior ever reigns;
Where there comes no time of parting, in the darkness and the rain.

YOUNG MEN WANTED.

BY J. S. KNAUSS.

YOUNG MAN, there is work for you to do! Do you know that some one is waiting for you to step forward as a volunteer in the army of the Lord? Christ is expecting you. Will you disappoint him? Do not think because you are young and the hopeful blood of youth is flowing through your veins that you can get along without the Savior. The dead and dying wrecks of humanity strewn all along the shores of time bear indisputable evidence that man, unsupported by the divine presence, must surely fall.

If you are a true Latter Day Saint you will at once step into the ranks of the workers and fill the place in the economy of the church designed for you. Start now. Do not wait till to-morrow. You may not realize it, but hundreds are watching you. The salvation of many souls may depend upon the move you make. Perhaps you will say you can not move; that the circumstances surrounding your life are such that you are bound hand and foot. Get rid of those worldly aims and selfish desires which bind you. Cast off from the moorings of sinful companions and dangerous delights and sail away on the sea of true freedom, guarded by your heavenly Father and led by his Spirit.

You never regretted a good thing that you ever did. You can expect nothing but remorse for the wrong things you do. Better begin now to accumulate a wealth of good acts, unimpeachable character, and noble works. Get the kinks out of your back and the cobwebs out of your mind. Straighten up, young man. Do something. Do not go moping around all your life criticizing other people. If you see something not in accord with true Christianity, or a chance to assist a brother, do not wait for some one else to act,—you are the one to correct the error and lend the helping hand.

Christ is not looking for drones in his latter-day work. He wants real men, valiant men, men who will take the offensive against all odds. You are just the one he wants. He has given you the talents, the intelligence, the wisdom and vigor to be a faithful and productive worker in his vineyard. Get busy, young man. Get busy.

BISMARCK, North Dakota.

INSPIRED DREAMS AND VISIONS OF MODERN TIMES.

(Second Series.)

A VISION OF THE JUDGMENT. W. N. DAWSON.

IT WAS about nine o'clock, Sunday morning, April 19, 1908; I was thinking of the great plan of salvation, of death, the resurrection, and the great judgment-day, when suddenly the scenery was changed. I saw myself walking on a vast plain toward the southeast. It did not appear to be as light as noonday, but more like a cloudy day, yet there were no clouds to be seen, neither sun, moon, nor stars. I could see in the vast distance toward the north and northeast a low mountain range, with here and there a tall mountain peak. In the west and southwest I could see at a great distance where the land merged into the sea. Before me, some forty or fifty miles away, there was an elevation in the land, beyond which the land was undulating. The land where I was walking was not white like alkali, but was of a dark gray color, with no signs of life, neither beasts, birds, insects, nor man. There were no trees, shrubs, nor vegetation of any kind, neither had there ever been. The land was not dusty, but exceedingly dry. There was no road or trail, but I was going in a direct course southeast. I seemed to know that the judgment-day had come, and that I was to be judged.

I was walking along studying about what the result would be with me, when suddenly I felt some one take hold of my right hand. On looking up I saw it was the angel of the Lord, the one whom I had seen many times before. We walked along together in silence, neither one speaking to the other; when presently I looked up and saw, not a hundred yards ahead, the elevation in the land, at the edge of which was a great white throne, with steps leading up at the front. The wall at each end of the steps, the floor, which was some forty or fifty feet square, and the great chair of state, were all composed of the same white material, unlike anything I had ever seen before, not like marble, crystal, nor glass, but more like diamonds.

As we walked up the steps I noticed that the steps were six inches high, eighteen or twenty inches wide, and twenty feet long, twelve of them in number. When we approached the throne, I saw two persons; one sat on the throne and the other stood at his right hand. They looked so very much alike that I could not tell one from the other until I saw the hands of the one standing. There were the wounds made by the nails. I instantly recognized him as the Lord Jesus. My eyes unbidden by me looked at his feet. He had on sandals. I saw the cords that passed round his feet and between his toes. There were the wounds made by the nails on Calvary. Then I wondered if the spear-wound would show in his side. At this moment he turned his body slightly toward the Judge, his beautiful white robe parted, showing the wound made by the spear; not like the pictures we have seen.

The wound was on the left side below the lower rib and pointed upward, and judging from the size of the wound the spear must have reached the heart. Then I found that I could speak and I said, "Lord Jesus, I heeded and recognized your voice, as you spoke through your servants; I accepted the plan of salvation that you offered. I followed not the strangers when they called to me. I loved your law, and I *tried* to keep your commandments. I know that I did many things wrong, but I did that which I thought was for the best under the circumstances at the time. My hope, my trust, and my faith are all centered on you."

Then I noticed an angel sitting with his back towards me, and a little to my right in front of him was the largest book I had ever seen. It was about two feet thick and nearly six feet square. It seemed to open of its own accord. It was ruled in bright lines, more than an inch apart. I saw my name written about the middle from top to bottom on the left hand side in the most beautiful handwriting I had ever seen. The letters were more than an inch in length and I wondered why my name only was there, when I was informed that there was a name between each of the lines, but they who looked on this book, saw only their name and their sins written opposite. Then I noticed my sins written between the lines in the smallest letters I had ever seen, too small for me to read. Some places they were very dim and some very bright, indicating the degree of the offense. Some places were so thick, they seemed to be almost written on an incline, crowded together. Along toward the farther edge of the book it was thinner and dimmer.

As I looked back and forth over this record of sins I was surprised. I never thought that I had committed a hundredth part of that many sins. I felt sick at heart, and thought that my heart would sink away within me. My knees knocked together. I felt that I should sink to the floor. Then I felt the strong left hand of the angel, as he put it up under my right arm at the shoulder, to hold me up. Then I looked again to my Savior. He turned to the Judge and said, "This is my child. He has tried to keep my commandments, with my blood have I purchased him."

Then the Judge, looking directly at me, said, "Inasmuch as you

have tried, wherein you failed, the blood of mine Only Begotten is sufficient. Your sins are forgiven you."

The angel who had the big book took up what appeared to be a marking-brush, or a small paint-brush. He did not dip it in anything. He set it down on the first word of my sins. It filled the space between the lines, then he drew it across the two pages of the book some ten or eleven feet. It left a trail or streak red like as of fresh blood. When he got to the farther edge of the book he raised the brush off the book, and all the red blood and the writing of sins vanished, leaving the book clean, as though no blood or writing of sins had ever been there. Then that passage of scripture came to my mind, where it reads, "They washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and made them white as snow."

I noticed now, for the first time, that I no longer had on clothes as we now wear; instead I had a most beautiful white robe. It was made rather low in the neck, with a broad, loose band at the waist, of the same material. It was unlike the dead, dull, stiff, starched white linen; but instead it was soft and pliable to the touch, as the finest silk, with a luster far more beautiful than satin, not a dazzling white, but a white most beautiful to behold. I tried to express my thanks to my Savior, but could do so only in looks.

The look he gave me I shall never forget, when he said, "You have done well; enter into the joys of your Lord." Then the angel who held my hand led me around to the right of Jesus, and back of the throne. I was so busy admiring my beautiful robe and thinking of the wonderful things which I had seen and heard, that I did not notice where the white of the throne left off and the green of the grass began, but there were no steps going down at the back of the throne. How far we had gone before I looked up I do not know, but the most beautiful sight I had ever seen met my view when I looked up,—small streams of clear running water and the green grass, the most luxuriant I had ever seen, with tall trees with overhanging boughs, with bright green foliage an hundred times more beautiful than any spring of the year I had ever seen in any place.

I heard a voice, a little to my right, and in the speaker's care I was then placed by the angel, when he informed me that he must return and perform a like service for others, as he had for me. Then I heard other voices. I then saw a person sitting with her back towards me, and another standing by her side. As they turned towards me I recognized Sr. ——— and her daughter, Sr. ———. Then I noticed that there was a vast multitude of people arranged in a half circle, some sitting and some standing. Among those standing I recognized Elders E. H. Webbe, Henry Green (my wife's father), and Harvey Green (my wife's grandfather). I saw that they were listening to some one talking, and I wondered who it could be. When he stepped into view I recognized him as Bro. D. S. Mills. Then the vision passed as suddenly as it began.

SACRAMENTO, California.

AN ARROW FROM THE BEYOND.

BY JOSEPH LUFF.

(From a sermon.)

WE ARE TOLD that when an immense chasm was to be bridged on a certain occasion, an arrow was shot across it unto which was appended a thread, and at the end of which thread was appended a cord, at the end of which cord was appended a rope, at the end of which rope was appended a cable of stronger texture, and thus in the line of development and increase they moved until we are permitted to go to-day from one side to the other and learn and enjoy. If it be confessed that beyond that line that is drawn by death, we can not by the human eye see, we can not comprehend, it is but reasonable to suppose that in this state if it is necessary for us to know in regard to it, there shall be shot from the other side the arrow that shall contain the thread, utilizing which we may gain the stronger evidence, until the line of communication shall be established as shall be determined in the wisdom of the other side, from whence it is claimed the power of our being originated.

. . . . . .

I think I appreciate the statement of Job made away back yonder when the inspiration of God rested upon him and he said, "Oh, that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," and I am ready for the next revealment of this same Spirit as it floated down through the ages and rested upon the Psalmist when he made the declaration that "God shall redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he will receive me." I trace on along the line and discover the movements of the Spirit until it comes later on upon the head and heart of Isaiah and is noted in the twenty-sixth chapter of his book. I am ready to receive that music to my waiting spirit and it is in rapport as he states, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Is there no comfort for me and for other mourning ones from such a statement as this, associated with the claim that, "as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," for in our God's hands rests "the issues that are from death"?

I see that inspiration moving along further until it rests upon Ezekiel. There are a number of people there who are mourning because of their conditions of bereavement, separated from their friends, dying out and seemingly forgotten of God. His promise seems to have died from his own remembrance, and mourning and sad they deplore this condition in which they find themselves, when God by that Spirit comes upon Ezekiel and takes him hastily away

off and puts him in a valley that is filled with dry bones and tells him what this was, what it meant, and after he has accomplished his work he says, "Go now and explain to this people, that though they shall say we are actually cut off from our parts, and our bones are dried and are dead, say to them that the power of the Highest is not limited to the brief period this side of the tomb, but presses its force and dominion beyond it, bursts the fetters that hold the clay, and will bring them forth out of their graves and then unto the land upon the mountains of Israel, and the earth shall know that I am the Lord, the God who hath accomplished this work, that my promise holds good through a thousand generations."

Daniel got hold of the same inspiration and said, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

Following on till the dispensation according to the New Testament record was ushered in, the great theme startled some of those who had not prepared themselves for it, when Jesus as a representative, voicing in practice and in theory the philosophy of the heavens, said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Turn to his statement as recorded in the fifth chapter of John. After he had startled some by the peculiar announcement that some should hear his voice, he says: "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." So this feature of philosophy is expressed all the way through. The gospel of Jesus Christ contains the substance of our hope, and it presents this thought to our minds in such a way as to leave it impossible for man's confidence to be destroyed by the arguments that are arrayed against it in this world.

THE WONDERFUL SOMETHING.

There's a Something that maketh a palace
  Out of four little walls and a prayer;
A Something that seeth a garden
  In one little flower that is fair;
That tuneth two hearts to one purpose
  And maketh one heart of two;
That smiles when the sky is a gray one,
  And smiles when the sky is blue.

Without it no garden hath fragrance
  Though it holdeth the wide world's blooms;
Without it a palace's a prison
  With cells for banqueting rooms—
This Something that halloweth sorrow
  And stealeth the sting from care;
This Something that maketh a palace
  Out of four little walls and a prayer.

—Maurice Smiley.

DESCRIPTION OF A MEXICAN BULL FIGHT.

BY ALVIN KNISLEY.

FOR THE FIRST and probably the last time the writer attended a "grand bull fight" in Mexico on the giddy afternoon of the glorious Fourth [1908]. It is not that I have been a frequenter of theatrical, circus, or other public amusements that took me there by any means; for I think I have the record of not attending more than two or three of either the former or latter in my life. But I wanted while in that country, to witness this relic or remnant of Spanish cruelty and barbarism, ere it, like the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome, becomes a thing of the past and lives only in the history of the wicked and profane, for it is doomed to go, to falter and to fall extinct before the irrepressible march of civilization and the hand of God which is at work among the nations. To this end an agitation is already on foot in Mexico, and though crushed to the ground, it will undoubtedly rise, and rise again, till in its glorious and lasting ascendency, it will emancipate the poor brutes of God's creation and bid their tormentors turn their attention to something more honorable for their livelihood.

ALVIN KNISLEY.

Entering the amphitheater I took my seat on a lower tier not far from the arena, which is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and surrounded by a ring of such height and strength that the spectators are secured against any possible plunge or assault by the raging animal within. Sitting there and awaiting this unique performance, which was to mean the death of certain bulls, probably the goring of one or more horses, and possibly the death of a *torero*, I could not but experience considerable suspense, and my mind reverted to the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain some four hundred years ago, when some one unfortunate for having expressed an honest doubt had to wait his turn of torture and affliction. In the presence of what was before me and in the contemplation of what was about to be, I approached more nearly and more keenly the sensation that must have pervaded those witnessing,—if not experiencing,—the horrifying scenes referred to, as also those who more anciently awaited the fatal thrust of the surviving gladiator.

When the time has about arrived for the fight to begin the *cuadrilla,* or company, march in, in procession. They proceed in front of the grand stand where the band is and where are seated some of the wives of the fighters. After some lifting of hats, courtesying to and scraping before their royal admirers, they retire to their respective places in the arena, where the gates being closed, they await the terrible onslaught of the first animal.

Sometimes upon entering, the company is headed by the *impresario,* who is in splendid costume and mounted on a fine horse; but on this occasion he was absent. The *toreros* are costumed with all the fantasy of circus performers.

All in readiness, the bar is drawn, the gate bursts open, the bull, maddened by his tormentors and the streamers which have been fastened to his shoulders, enters the arena in alarm and precipitation, his eyes glaring like two balls of fire. He makes a furious dart at perhaps the first and nearest object he gets his eye on, which, of course, is one of the *toreadors* with *manteleta,* or red cape, in hand. The *torero* flourishing the *manteleta* in front of him as the bull approaches is himself saved by jumping aside from behind it with trained dexterity, while the bull hits nothing but the *manteleta.* Near the ring at equal distance apart are places of refuge behind which the endangered and hotly pursued *torero* may run; and behind which I not unfrequently saw them driven by—for the time being—their dumb victor. The people cheer the bull as well as the *torero.* And take it along the boundary, especially where the spectators are largely made up of Americans, the bull is vociferously cheered when, as happens sometimes, he has a Mexican upon his horns goring him into eternity.

After the animal has become somewhat discouraged by a number of unsuccessful charges, the *banderilleros* come with the *banderillas* to thrust into the bull's neck or shoulders. They are instruments about two feet long with barbed ends. The performers enter two at a time. If they fail they are jeered by the spectators. Perhaps as many as six of these torturous and cruel instruments are visible in the animal's flesh, ere that phase of the proceedings is ended. It serves to revive the fury of the bull.

At last comes the *matador* with his sword, to wind up the fight by killing the bull, he stationing himself in the fair front of the animal and pointing his weapon directly at its shoulders. The bull makes a rather wearied and subdued charge, whence from the back of the neck as it lowers its head to gore him the *matador* sheathes his sword in its heart and the bull falls dead. Not a kick is observed, for if the sword has not laid him motionless he is further stabbed to the brain, or killed by dividing the spine back of the horns with a stiletto. Following this the *mozos,* or servants, appear with a team of mules and drag him out of the arena.

When the second bull plunges into the ring a *picador* is in evidence, who is astride a blindfolded horse, having a *pica,* or long lance, in his hand, with which he is to defend the horse against the attack of the bull. This seems to be the most cruel feature of the whole business, as the horse is gored to death by the infuriated

bull without allowing him his natural means of defense. The one I saw was not killed, however, but was knocked and injured and thrown down apparently on his rider. If the *picador* is in danger from having been thrown from his horse or the horse being down, the *capas*, as aides to the principals, quickly come to his rescue by diverting the attention of the bull.

Thus I saw four bulls slain, one horse injured, and as it appeared to me, one *torero* nearly killed. If several horses are gored and a Mexican killed it is, of course, "a good fight." Sometimes women faint and are carried out of the amphitheater. Between fights and during the interim the Mexican band plays.

One man said, "I don't go to see a bull killed,—I go to see a bull kill a Mexican."

"Well," I said myself, "if I had any temptation at all to cheer, it would be in the latter case, and to say, '*Viva el toro*' " (long live the bull).

Thus on the altars of passion untold thousands of irresponsible animals are responsibly slain; thousands of dumb brutes are brutally and tormentingly sacrificed. The blood of abused innocence cries from the ground to the great Father who made them for the use of his higher creation. He hears their cry and will lay his hand heavily upon those nations which permit them to be thus treated. He has driven Spain from America and will drive her from the map of the world. Mexico is to-day seething with revolution among her subjects, and war with the mistreated Yaquis Indians. One by one have the old monarchial forms and absolutisms retired from the occidental shore, and one by one must retire their obnoxious traces they have left behind.

Osiris, Isis, and Horus have long ceased to be the objects of adoration on the balmy banks of the historic Nile. Ashtoreth and Baal no longer receive their lascivious worship from the Phœnicians; for they are gone and the Phœnicians are gone with them. Dagon and the Philistines have disappeared ages ago. Moloch no longer stands to be appeased by human sacrifices and the weird fire-feats, for his memory has perished and the Ammonites with him. Argus sees no more, and Hercules no more exerts his strength. We have harps to-day, but no Apollo, and his sister Artemis casts her arrow no more. We no longer look to Odin or Wodin for wisdom, and the Scandinavians will seek them never again. The Oceanides, Nereids, Naiads, Oreads, Dryads, have retired from the mountains, fountains, seas, groves, rivers, valleys, and grottoes, never again to return, and all goes well without them. Some remnants are still left, but let us hope that before the van of automobiles, telegraphs, heliographs, telephones, graphophones, electric cars, and steam coaches, aeroplanes, steamers, the diffusion of language, science, and art, the accessibleness of a world of books, let us hope that before all these, such blots as still cling to Mexico will give way.

Let us equalize; let us lift our hands to emancipate the brutes; let us put our hands in our pockets to emancipate each other. Let let us look forward to the reign of universal peace.

ZAXADANYL, THE TOLTEC STUDENT.

BY EARNEST WEBBE.

(Illustrations by the author.)

IN THE southern country, before the strange white men of the wonderful shining war-coats came riding their awful beasts into the great cities of Montezuma, there dwelt many a little band of zealous devotees to the Toltec teachings of quiet industry and meditation; this strongly in contrast to the great gayety and excessive ceremonials of the people of their time; for bloody were the Aztec carnivals, and reckless their fellow men.

The lakes lay as placid in the mountains, and the heated winds, cooled among the palmy foliage, passed on again in grateful waves over the giant grasses, much as it does to-day; it stirred the shimmering heat as it beat down upon the bowldered steeps of a mountain-side, where scores of dusky figures, chained in gangs and guarded, toiled doggedly, hewing piecemeal great blocks of stone for the temple seen rising, stone by stone, above the distant belt of green, a growing monument to tell of the great city beyond.

"His eyes pityingly follow the straining push and pull of some fifty enchained creatures."

A sauntering youth has stayed a moment, transferring his interest from the Toltec papyrus he still holds, as if his study has not been broken, though his eyes pityingly follow the straining push and pull of some fifty enchained creatures grinding smooth one mammoth block upon another, slave cursing slave if he lagged for throwing additional burden on his fellows. Curiously enough, the muscles of the youth strain sympathetically with each exertion of

the creatures who so absorb his attention; their weariness is reflected in his face—and such a face, possessing a certain fairness only accounted for by purity of life and frugality of fare. Like unto a Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar: thus he fared on naught but what the sunshine brought forth; for was it not of the great Peace God Quetzalcotl, whose doctrines of gentleness and industry men now took pleasure in desecrating by ceremonies reeking of his archenemy's passions, even those of the terrible War God, Huitzalcotl; and in this the priests connived. This youth has sought deeper, led by some better spirit. His habits and meditation in the great heart of nature have brought reward to him esteemed above the revelings and feasts at which his fellows disport their vanities.

A tremor recalls him to the present, and he turns toward the distant city. His face, ever thoughtful, is more so since looking on the group of sweating slaves of whom not one had cared to raise a face from his cheerless task, else he might have seen this pity. But sympathy is unlooked for there. His steps lead onward over the slab-stone roadway by which the great stone blocks go down to the temple. He does not hurry, for his mind is also moving slowly over perplexing ground, and not till the great sun of God is relinquishing his hold, and cooling shadows grow longer, does he realize that about him rise the familiar buildings of the city,—its temples many and prominent as their different tenets. But coming toward him, several score strong, there breaks upon his thoughts a noisy crowd, pressing about a venerable-looking man, and his companion of more sturdy carriage, one in the full flush of life.

As they brush past, he notes the questioning voices, and the frequent halting of the aged man to reply, his voice eagerly presenting his plea; his tone kindly but knowledgeful, soothing in its contrast to the vein of derision evident in the oft blatant queries, he chidingly answers with a gentleness bespeaking more than mere human wisdom.

The youth of the thoughtful face, drawn by some unseen influence, becomes a unit in the crowd, and is borne along till a recess of the temple court is reached, where the strangers, mounting several steps to be the better heard, take a stand; the elder man answering the many interrogatory voices, breaks into a dissertation upon the great eternal Why for all things: why men exist; why worlds exist; why gods exist; why wickedness exists, like the grime and dirt of the mine; why goodness exists, like the precious stones and metals of the mine; why men slave and why men feast; why the lash and the crown; why the vine; why the cup, and why the stumbling down.

While the white beard shakes with the vehemence of the argument, the fair face of the listening youth becomes fairer, 'twould seem, and his soulful eyes lighten up—something within him beats responsive to every thought; conscious is he that these grand words do but describe and reason divinely of the things which he himself hath often pondered over—yea, and wept over in the solitude of his thought; that men ever made gods of stone, of metal, and of wood, and that these gods' heads and hearts must ever be of stone,

of metal, or of wood, and thus could *never* reason of man's condition or love him or aid him.

God must henceforth be to him revealed, a living God of rarified flesh, and a heart warm to feel for sorrow, a mind to abhor the cruelty and misery that the stony-hearted deities surfeited in, of feasts for the rich and famine for the poor, and a plentitude of blood to baptize anew their subjects unto craven fear.

But this Father-God, with warm and throbbing heart, would let nothing stay his knowledge from his people, neither would he stop at sending one such as himself into the world to prove to them his character and being, even though its customs of blood should be turned upon him and he suffer death that he might be witness to that superior existence reserved for the worthy, immortality, yea! better and nobler than the gaudy vision conjured up by gladiator or warrior who thus lay down their lives in blood, tumult, and frenzied faith in a mere chimera, and delusive hope!

"The murmurings break out anew, incited by the whisperings of the temple men."

He finds himself restraining those about him who would threaten the white-haired elder, despite the presence of the younger man; he finds himself glowing with a new-born knowledge; and when, in a moment, he, like Peter of old, is challenged by certain boisterous words from a nearby group of law-men, he realizes that so great a throng is about that the many broad steps are filled, as are the tiered walls which sweep down at each side and support the temple columns. A curious silence passes over the crowd; for he is recognized and known, Zaxadanyl, the Toltec, a familiar figure to them, though negligent of their feasts and roysterings, ever

prone to slight their dearest customs, sports, and devotions alike; and more than once had they suffered rebuke at his hands; now has he put himself into their way when sentiment betrays indications of madness among them—is it a small thing to belittle the dearly-bought glory of the arena?

The murmurings break out anew, incited by the whisperings of the temple-men on the safe edge of the crowd, they in turn instigated by certain priests even more aloof in their dignity. And now the younger of the two advocates takes the elder man's place, and in the very fullness of life and vigor declares confirmation and testimony to all that his companion has said, sealing every argument with a decision and force born of experience and test, his eyes flashing from face to face, to the sky, and to the housetops, yet ever seeming to come back to the youth again. The whispers grow more vicious, till some who have voiced words of approval before now draw out, bidding their friends use like discretion. Not so the youth, who but so lately has tasted of the sincere word of truth. Forward he presses to warn the messengers of the muttered threats of the offended public heroes and their train. As he makes his way to defend them if need be, his gaze meets theirs again with a peculiar sense of recognition as though these were some long-forgotten brethren of another world. Yet, even as he wonders o'er this, the storm breaks—he tries to stay the threatening arms brandished toward them, rebuking the sinister smiles of the withdrawing priests and temple-men; tries to verify with tense and ringing voice the message of the two men whom he feels he could lay down his very life for, if need be, as servants of a God long known but *uninterpreted* till now.

And then he sees amid the shower of stones and staves, one awful piece crash full upon the fearless speaker's brow, and as he passes from sight the world seems lost indeed; yet he presses on while the white-haired man pleads forbearance—on, until he can put his arms about the fallen one and kiss his cheek while murderous blows are diverted by his own fair head and body from every side.

. . . . . .

Afterward, when they draw the still forms out of the temple's shadows into the moonlight, they think by his calm, fair face he must be walking in that other land, hand in hand with the slain messengers, for his eyes look out into a world and a life of which they can not (because they will not) understand.

But there are others among whom the tragedy is discussed with sorrow and lament—those cautious ones who withdrew when the tumult first threatened ill; now they meet in quiet homes and refresh one another's minds with the sayings of that portentious occurrence, till little by little its logic is woven together again and treasured in their hearts.

By and by, as the years go past, there come that way two wayfarers, whose words are like to none but they two who fell a sacrifice to the pleasure-crowd of that sad day long ago.

As they listen their hearts rejoice, for they recognize the same

good news; and they make themselves known with their families who have since learned at the family counsels of communion about the Father-God; and many, many of them go down into the waters with the evangelists who come seeking news of two of their brethren sent before, learning with grief that they would pass that way no more, yet rejoicing in the choice fruits brought forth by reason of their sacrifice, the very first of which lay down his life with them, and for them, yea, even for all those who should come after. Thus did Zaxadanyl, the Toltec youth, seal with his own blood the testimony of the two messengers sent of the living Father-God.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART XII.

A SOUTHERN MOB. IS IT WISE TO KEEP MOVING? IS IT PROFITABLE TO DEBATE?

I WENT to Oregon again and spent a year in work under trying conditions, the nature of which I shall not mention; but after I got back to Santa Cruz I concluded to go to the General Conference that was to be held that year in Kirtland, Ohio. I took train in San Francisco and went by the Sunset route through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana, crossing the Mississippi River at New Orleans, and up through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, a journey of about four thousand miles. I had timed my journey so well that I walked into the Temple just as the congregation had risen to sing the opening song for the conference, and Bro. W. W. Blair, who was in the stand, saw me and stepped down and came forward to meet me. He took me up into the stand to make the opening prayer, which I did under some embarrassment, as I had had no time to tidy myself up; but still it was a day of gladness to me to meet with God's people in his house.

The close of the conference was saddened by the death of Bro. W. W. Blair. We were *en route* from Kirtland to Lamoni, quite a number of us, and Bro. Blair got off at Chicago and said he would come on a later train, which he did, but was called to rest from his long and faithful labor before he reached his home.

After I returned to Santa Cruz I was challenged to a public discussion with a man by the name of Bowen, who was considered quite a champion by his people, the Adventists of the Miles Grant stripe. We had a lively debate for five nights, and it was amusing to see how hard the man worked to prove his points. He had Miles Grant's What is Man, which he often had to consult. I had J. R. Lambert's, What is Man, and our superior equipment gave us the victory. As I had thoroughly digested my lesson I did not have to fly to my book to find an answer to his arguments. I had my book in my satchel, and its contents in my head, and had it ready all the time. Bro. John Lawn attended the debate and made a brief report of it to the *Herald*. I believe the Saints were all satisfied with the outcome of it.

I had also while in Kirtland received a challenge from a man

away in Eastern Oregon by the name of R. B. Sherrill. I had held a debate with this Mr. Sherrill some fifteen years before in Scio, Oregon. We had signed an agreement to hold a six-day debate, but Mr. Sherrill broke down the third day at noon and refused to continue the discussion; but now after fifteen years of investigation I suppose that he thought he had become strong, and could defeat us easily; at least that was the way he talked; but he made a complete failure and was convicted of falsehood, and left the field of conflict in disgrace. The result of this debate was also reported by Bro. Joseph Luff. I learned that Sherrill left his church, quit preaching, and went into the mountains and died. His church was entirely broken up, not a member left, and he ran away, or at least left the country.

After I returned from this Oregon mission I began to see that my children were growing up under a bad influence. As I had been advised to take them east, I made up my mind that I would try to take them to Lamoni, so I soon went to Lamoni, and made arrangements for my family, rented a little house and fixed it up as best I could. My family soon came, and I hoped that as we were now among the Saints and surrounded with a good influence that I should have nothing to fear, and could go when and where I was most wanted or needed. No one but my heavenly Father knows the deep anxiety that I felt, nor the unhealed wounds that I was bearing, but still I hoped it might now be better.

While I was located in Lamoni I was again appointed to the Southeastern Mission, and in charge of Kentucky and Tennessee; M. M. Turpen in charge of the mission.

I found I could not get around in that country as sprightly as I had done thirty years before; but I felt that I had the confidence of the people and they could bear with my infirmities, and I labored whenever and wherever I could.

On one occasion I had been preaching in a country place on a creek that they called Piny. It was in Hudson County, Tennessee. I had preached outdoors in a grove, and quite an excitement was created among some of the people. I baptized five and quite a number had expressed themselves as ready for baptism, when a mob was raised to drive me out of the country. They pinned notices onto the trees with cartridge shells, warning me to leave the country immediately, and never to undertake to preach again in that country. I did not get scared at the notice; we were amused at the diction and orthography of it; but on the following Sunday when I went to the Thompson Schoolhouse where I had an appointment to preach, I found that fourteen armed men were to be my audience, and they followed me as I went toward the house at the point of their guns and knives. They abused me in a shocking manner and told me to leave the country immediately, and if I "was ever seen in that part of the country again my hide would not hold shucks."

There was with me a man by the name of Miles Little. He was one of the five I had baptized a few days before. Bro. Little did not regard the threats and was determined to go into the house,

although they kept warning they would kill him if he did. I begged him to not go in, told him it was selling life too cheap, and I confess I had a much harder time to keep him out than I did myself. Bro. Little was, as they say down South, one of the "blue hen's chickens," and was not a bit afraid, and defied the whole band of them; but I finally prevailed on him to be quiet. Bro. C. L. Snow was not with us at this time, and I was almost glad of it; for Bro. Snow is also a fearless man, and I thought if he and Bro. Little had both been there they would have run the mob out of the country instead of being run out of the country, for they are not of the running kind themselves. After they had called us all the vile names they could, they finally kindly permitted us to go, but again warned me to never undertake to preach again. If I did my "cake would be dough." I told them that I would preach at the Gowers (about a mile from there) the next Sunday.

One said, "No, you won't."

I said, "You come down and see if I don't."

I was fearful that at that meeting there would be trouble. My friends, many of them, brought their guns with them. The mob came also, but did not venture up close to the house, but I suppose was watching an opportunity to shoot some one from ambush.

I wrote to Bro. Joseph and Bishop Kelley about the matter. Bro. Joseph advised me to do as the Master says, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another," etc. But this was not a city, it was in the country. At any rate I did not take the advice; and I discovered some days after that it would have been better for me if I had. The mob that threatened me was of the religious element, and I heard three of them were sons of preachers, and the others were sons of *Belial.*

As a result of not taking the advice of Bro. Joseph, in a few days after the trouble Bro. Snow came and we took his buggy and went down south on a short trip. As we came back I suppose the mob got wind of our coming, some way, and they cut a fig-tree down across the road in order to delay us and they were there to watch results. Bro. Snow immediately saw the situation, and although it was a very bad place to turn out he did so and made his way around the tree, but coming down the steep pitch into the road again, the horse, as soon as he struck the level, turned abruptly to the left while the buggy was still on the side hill. The buggy turned over and I fell on my left side and Bro. Snow on top of me. It fractured two of my ribs on the other side from where I had broken two ribs several years before, in Oregon. The gentlemen (?) that witnessed the mishap seemed much delighted at our turnover, but I suppose that if they had known how badly I was hurt it would have afforded them more pleasure than it did. I did not let on that I was hurt at all, and we soon righted the buggy and drove on.

I soon went to Paris, Tennessee, to the house of Bro. W. N. Griffin. I suffered greatly with my lame side, and was in bed for about a week, receiving the kindly ministrations of his excellent family. I understand that through the energy of Bro. Snow and

others that quite a number have been baptized in that neighborhood. So there is another case where the wrath of man is made to praise the Lord.

If Bro. Charley Snow ever reads this, he will remember how I grumbled at him for his bad driving; and also he will call to mind an occasion when we were to hold meetings in a little log schoolhouse, and Bro. Snow said, "We can't hold a meeting here. The mob is all around the house."

I said to him, "You go on and preach, and I'll stand in the door." The door was so narrow that I would fill it completely up, and as there were no windows in it I thought Charley would be safe.

My labors with Bro. Snow in the South were quite pleasant; for I found him a great companion, and an industrious helper, who always knew his duty and was not afraid to do it. He had compassion on me because of my infirmities, and the most of the work fell on him; he did it cheerfully. May the Lord bless Bro. Charley!

I was so much injured on account of my tip-over that I soon left the mission for Lamoni, where my family was living, where I arrived just one year to a day from the time I left home. I soon set to work as best I could to fix up and put myself in a shape that I could leave home again; for I knew it was my duty to preach the gospel, and I could not do it so effectually about home as I could away from home, though there was much to do both when I was at home and when I was abroad.

For many years I had been a continual sufferer with stomach trouble, and I was getting so bad that I despaired of living; in fact, my suffering at times were so great that I have asked people to pray for me that I might die and get out of misery, and at times I felt that my end was very near, but I would rally a little and then I would want to preach, for I felt that was all I could do. I could not bear to be idle, and I have often preached when so weak that I could scarcely stand up without holding on to the stand. I got an opening at Pawnee, Missouri, about fifteen miles from Lamoni, and I preached many times, and quite a number were brought into the church there. I have heard that the work is prospering there yet.

I had taken treatment for my stomach, but all to no avail; but finally Sr. Weeks, of Lamoni, gave me some medicine that seemed to relieve me at once. At the time of her treatment I had been living on Mellin's food for nine weeks, and had only used a bottle a week, and I was but a mere skeleton of my former self.

I had been administered to several times, and I do not know to whom the glory belongs, whether to Sr. Weeks or to God, but we sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and he often blesses the means that his children make use of, and Sr. Weeks will not be jealous if I give all the glory to him for so wisely and beneficially using his handmaiden.

I soon became much stronger. I labored in the rigorous wind about Lamoni as best I could, always aiming to be loyal to advice of the missionary in charge, till one of my sons got married to Miss Martha Jones, of Lamoni, a most lovable girl, and I felt greatly

rejoiced over this, for I had never been blessed with a girl in my family, and I was to have such an addition to my family.

My son and daughter-in-law stayed in the house with us for a time in Lamoni, but he finally moved out on a farm that belonged to his father-in-law. I took my furniture and went out on the farm and went to work with him, trying to teach him to farm, and worked with him as much as I could, in the meantime preaching in the different schoolhouses in the vicinity. We had not been on the farm long before my son became dissatisfied and left the farm and his wife and went to Kansas City. His mother soon followed. I remained on the farm to dispose of my furniture and books. I took what little I could and moved to Independence and rented a house and began housekeeping again. I spent the winter in Independence and preached in Kansas City and other points in Missouri according to the direction of the missionary in charge.

I stayed in Independence till the spring conference, but before the spring conference my family moved to California. The conference appointed me to a mission in Arizona.

Now I wish before going any further to say a word in regard to moving about. It will be seen that I have done a good deal of it, but I confess that much of it has been against my will. I believe that an elder should stay in a place as long as there is a prospect of doing good, and that an elder and his family should conduct themselves in such a way that the longer they stay in a place the greater influence they will have for good. When that desire to move is gratified, it breaks up all the good that has been done and leaves the ground all to be broken over again, and lots of new work has to be done before one gets as far ahead as they were before. In fact, it is a great backset to all parties. I have been guilty of doing lots of that kind of work, although much of it has been against my will, but still it has been done, and it is a very bad policy. I hope my experience will be profitable to others. I may as well confess still further that I have had much more zeal than wisdom in my work; for instance, I have boasted of my punctuality, having been more than forty years in the mission field and never missing an appointment. This, I consider, even now, something to be proud of, but I can see now that it would have been just as good for the work, and much better for me if I had missed a number of them, perhaps much better if I had not made some of the appointments.

When I was alone, which was for many years the case, I would start in for a week or ten days or a two-week meeting, and many times I would succeed in getting a great interest awakened, but for fear some time would be lost I would have an appointment sent on ahead somewhere, and just as the people had gotten to the very highest point of interest possible, I would pull out and go on to fill the other appointments. Before I would get around to that point again the influence would be dead; and I have found it much harder to work up an interest there again than it was at first, consequently much work was thrown away and a precious opportunity lost. The birds are always on the alert to pick up the good seed

and not give it a chance to sprout. So I can say that I know that many of the elders travel too much altogether, and often leave the field just when their presence is needed the most. It may be true, as an elder told me once, that some do not go out of a place quite soon enough. While this may be the case with some, it might be better if they never had entered the field at all, the church would be better without their help. I used to think when I organized a branch that I must rush out and build up another branch. I did not think then of the saying, "It was quality and not quantity that God wanted." It is now late to learn God's plan. "Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it bear *more* fruit." Oh, is it not deplorable that life is so short that by the time we learn just a little how best to do the duty of the ministry, the evening shades begin to indicate the setting of life's sun? But the Lord knoweth why it is so. I can truthfully say that my love for the work was never so great as now, but I am capable of doing so little of it or for it. Now that much of my burden has been taken away, and I feel free to labor when and where I will, I sigh for the activity of a quarter of a century ago that I might redeem much of the misspent time and atone for many of my mistakes. Before I had bodily strength, but no wisdom; now I have gained a little wisdom, but I have but little bodily strength. It seems I would delight now in carrying the flag into the enemy's camp! But oh, this allows the mind too much speculation! God will do his work just as well without my help.

There is another thing I would write of while the thought is in my mind, and that is, I am sure that as a people we are too fond of debate; that we carry a chip on our shoulders too much of the time. I confess that for a number of years I was very fond of victory, and did quite too much of that kind of work. Not that it is wrong to debate as the Lord has advised us, but one gets too fond of victory, and loves to see the enemy fall before the truth. Oh, yes, it is the victory for the truth that we delight in; but is it not a victory for self that gives us the greatest satisfaction? I judge that I am, in many things, very much like other men, and I found growing within me a desire to be a hero. I was not as humble as I ought to have been, considering the greatness of the work. I know if we could go into a debate with no other thought but victory for God and his truth, that it would be much better; the desire to debate would be much less among us, and more good would result from our efforts.

I have seen some debates where we have gotten the worst of it, decidedly so, and that because of our man not being a debater. There are many who can preach a fine sermon, but in a debate they are failures, and yet as a rule, they do not know it. One hardly ever hears of a man acknowledging defeat in a debate, but men get defeated occasionally just the same. Now while we, as a people, are always ready to meet our opponents on the rostrum, or any other place, is it not bad policy to be continually throwing out challenges? Does it not show a love of controversy rather than the meekness of Christ? There is a proper time and place for these

things, and that should be passed upon by the missionary in charge. My own experience is, that of the very many public discussions that I engaged in, but very few ever amounted to any good for the church, and they were the ones where I went into them as a positive duty to the cause I loved, and not to show anybody what a fighter I was.

What first got me to thinking on this matter was reading from the testimony of Mrs. Ellen G. White, where she admonishes her people that too much debate caused the elders to grow in a desire to dispute, and made them look too much for controversy, and destroyed in them much of that social and genial spirit that should characterize the ministry. I thought I could see that disposition growing in me, and so I tried to correct the habit.

I have noticed also that most all who are brought into the church through debate are always hunting for controversy. A man to be a successful debater must not only be well posted on the subject that he is debating, but to be quite ready with what he has, and then add to that humility and prayer, and God will do the rest.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

CHAPTER 8.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister. McBernie's son, Donald, returns from college. He meets the minister's sister

and acquires a taste for religion. Luther encounters the elders of the Reorganization. Elder Pratt meets with the "conclave" to discuss religious topics.)

BAPTISM: PRAYER-SERVICE.

A HALF MILE north of Mentone ran a little gravel-bottomed creek; in summer-time, merely a series of opalescent pools strung on a silver thread. One of these pools, overhung with maples and alders, Minnie had called the Pool of Siloam.

In the Pool of Siloam, Sidney Luther, his wife, Arthur, and several others who had attended Elder Pratt's meetings, were baptized, Tuesday afternoon.

Prayer and confirmation services were held at the Luther home in the evening. The little house was crowded with a happy, subdued company. Donald, abstracted and thoughtful, formed one of the number.

After the opening exercises, Elder Pratt proceeded to confirm those who had been baptized. Coming to Sidney Luther, last of all, he placed his hands upon his head, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, and with tears running down his cheeks, he said, "Sidney, I place my hands upon your head and confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, known among men as the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In the Master's name, I say unto you, Receive ye the gift of the Holy Ghost. Now, O God, our heavenly Father, I commit our brother into thy care. May he be watched over and blessed. May there be a little circle of light around about him, through which no evil power can break to do him any permanent harm. May his home be a home of peace and light, typifying, as nearly as possible, his idea of heaven. May his life be one of service, and all the glory shall be thine. Amen."

The congregation kneeled, and several prayers were offered. These were followed by testimonies. Sidney Luther, seated in the congregation, became aware of a feeling that he had not before experienced. It was as though some great unseen presence were brooding over the audience.

The presiding elder glanced up quickly, as though aware of the spiritual atmosphere, and quietly opened his Bible and read, "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

With face aglow, one sister struck up a hymn, one recently learned,

"The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth."

At its close the elder arose, and stepping forward a pace, said, in a quiet yet penetrating voice, "Thus saith the Spirit: Sidney Luther, my servant, you are loved of me because of the integrity of your heart. You have loved the truth, and have sought after it; and I have guided you hitherto, and will guide you. Verily, I say unto you, you are called to preach my gospel. Your voice shall be heard in many places. Multitudes shall listen to your counsel. You shall stand high in the church and kingdom of God. Slander and persecution shall speedily come upon you, for Satan even now is stirring the hearts of the people against you. You shall suffer violence because of me. But be not troubled because of that; the servant is not greater than the Master; they hated me without a cause, and they hate you without a cause. But I will be with you to preserve you. Also, it is my will that my servant, Donald McBernie, shall accept this gospel; and if he continue faithful, he shall be ordained an elder, and shall watch over the little flock that shall be raised up in this place."

Luther, watching the man intently, knew him, though how he could not tell, to be truly a man of God, and knew that his words were true.

Scarcely was he seated from delivering his prophecy, when Rose Luther stood upon her feet and began to speak. Her delicate features seemed transparent, as though illuminated by some inner light. Her soft voice, trembling like a silver wire burdened with heavy jewels, was uttering words in a language unknown to them.

The sister who had started the new hymn arose and gave the interpretation, "Verily, thus saith the Lord: If those who have united with the church in this place will be faithful in all things, I will give them the victory. An open door is set before my people in this place, and if they will enter in and occupy, so shall they be established; and from time to time others shall be added to their numbers. Be not fearful if persecutions assail you; you may be harrassed, but you shall not be destroyed."

At nine o'clock the meeting closed, Elder Pratt leading in singing the closing hymn:

"A calm and gentle quiet reigns to-night,
There's not a cloud upon a single brow;
And every heart is thrilling with delight,
While peace is brooding sweetly o'er us now.

"And every bosom feels the thrilling touch
Of the Spirit, filling them with holy fire;
The precious boon for which we pray so much,
In answer to that earnest heart's desire.

"We thank the Lord that we have lived to see
The good he bringeth in the latter day;
Our earnest prayer to him shall ever be,
To keep our feet within the narrow way.

"For we have walked in darkness hitherto,
Or had but just a little ray of light;
But now the blessings fall as morning dew,
And truth is shining as the morning bright."

Indeed, a calm and gentle quiet of spiritual peace reigned over the little assembly; in Christ they had rest, but in the world, days of persecution and tumult awaited them.

CHAPTER 9.

THE ADVENT OF A RIVAL REVIVAL.

The secret session at the home of Mr. E. E. Miller had settled several things: First, that Sidney Luther should never occupy the new parsonage; second, that the old union church should not again be desecrated; third, that an evangelist should be secured to hold services in opposition to Elder Pratt. In fact, it developed that Mr. E. E. Miller had already held correspondence with one who waited only a word to come like an angel of deliverance.

During Monday, handbills began to appear in the store windows. Tuesday afternoon, after the baptism, McBernie, ever alert, casually followed Mr. E. E. Miller to the depot. The incoming train bore the great revivalist; and when that individual stepped from the rear coach, McBernie gave a real start of surprise. It was none other than the Reverend J. Albert Hubbard, a little more portly, but the same bland, smooth, "professional" clergyman of old.

As a successor to Sidney Luther, in the Walnut Street Church, he had been a failure. The contrast had been too severe. His "dry bones" were too much for an audience that had been accustomed to Luther's sermons. This fact had rankled in his breast. The frequency with which his parishioners had quoted Luther, referring to what "Bro. Luther" would do or say, under this or that condition, had deepened his hatred toward the innocent object of his wrath.

Resigning the pastorate of the Walnut Street Church, after it had fallen to pieces on his hands, he had taken up revival work. He was smitten with a desire to be a disciple of Torrey or Sunday. He had adopted certain sensational methods that had secured him a degree of success as a traveling evangelist. He had also added, as a side line, a lecture on "Mormonism." These lectures paid well, the chief inducement to men of his class; they brought a cash consideration in advance. It was his policy to prevent any reply, by methods that will appear later. His motto was, "No back talk."

After Norman Barker had listened to him a few evenings, he came to Sidney Luther and Elder Pratt in deep disgust, taking care that Mrs. Barker was ignorant of his visit.

"That feller," he declared, "is after the money there is in it. He talks to live. I'll swow he makes me think o' Deacon Hardpack's old donkey, that brays all the time, but mostly for fodder. I tackled the old man one time about that there donkey." Barker cheered up a little at the recollection of the encounter. " 'Twas in the post-office, before a lot o' people. I asked him what he kept th' old beast fer. The old feller looked up at me, frum under that shock of eyebrows, in the way he has, and said, 'I think a heap sight more of sum brayers than I dew of some Barkers.' Haw, haw, haw!"

CHAPTER 10.

A DIVIDED HOUSE.

Reverend J. Albert Hubbard soon made his presence felt. With the assistance of Mrs. Barker and Mr. E. E. Miller, he succeeded in stirring up a bitter and malignant prejudice against Sidney Luther, and Elder Pratt and their little following. The feeling was especially intense against Luther, who was regarded as a traitor. Black defamations of his character were assiduously circulated.

The Mentone *Clarion* came out on Wednesday, containing a three-column article on the "Mormon Menace," by Reverend Hubbard. Sidney Luther was simply astonished that so much ridicule, misrepresentation, evasion, and enmity could be condensed into three columns. Elder Pratt was more experienced.

Norman Barker met them on the street the day of its appearance, and, stopping his team, beckoned them to the side of his dray. "It's a dirty deal the're givin' you," he complained. "Can't something be done about it?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Elder Pratt. "We seldom get a fair chance to reply to these articles; and in this case, Mr. E. E. Miller has an interest in the paper."

"I'll tell you," persisted Barker, "I know young Davidson, the editor. He's a pretty square feller. Let's go up an' see him. I'll drop in right off, an' you come on a little later. I ain't ashamed of you, but if Mrs. Barker'd see me along with you, I wouldn't sleep none to-night."

"Well, if you think it worth while, we'll go up; I'll go and get a few books that we may need," replied Elder Pratt.

When Luther and Elder Pratt entered the *Clarion* office, they found Barker engaged in conversation with the editor. Barker was pounding the desk with his fist and bellowing in a subdued tone. Davidson sat with hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his long legs spread over the paper-littered floor of the sanctum. Davidson had a good eye, a square jaw, and a heavy head of hair that evidently was not on speaking terms with any comb in town.

"Well, gentlemen," he declared, "I have been expecting you all day."

Evidently to try their mettle, he argued with them for a half hour that it was not his duty to give space to a reply.

But at last he got up and spat out of the door, and, returning to his desk and to his former sprawling attitude, declared, "I told Mr. Barker, before you came in, that you ought to have a square deal. Mr. E. E. Miller owns half of this paper, and he insisted on that article going in; but I own half of it, and I'll see that you have as much space for a reply."

"That's what I call square!" cried Barker. "I ain't at all religious, but this way some church people have of hittin' a man when his hands 're tied makes *me* sick."

The men arose to go, but Davidson put forth a detaining hand, "One thing I want to ask you before you go," he said. "In his article, Reverend Hubbard says that Joseph Smith was the author

of the revelation on polygamy, and that it is to be found in the book containing his other revelations. Is that true?"

"No," replied Elder Pratt. "It is true that the people in Utah have inserted a so-called revelation, sanctioning polygamy, in the book containing their version of Joseph Smith's other revelations; but they did so after his death, and, though they attached his name to the revelation, we do not believe that he ever saw the document. Eight years after Joseph Smith's death, Brigham Young publicly proclaimed the doctrine of polygamy, in Salt Lake City, Utah. At that time he brought forth this revelation, stating that he had received it from Joseph Smith prior to his death, and had kept it secret all that time. He said that he did not have the original document, that it had been destroyed by Emma Smith, Joseph's wife; but when this report came to her ears, she denied ever having seen or destroyed any such paper, and testified that her husband never taught or practiced the doctrine."

"Then this revelation is a posthumous document, and of doubtful origin?"

"Most certainly it is."

"But did Joseph Smith make no statements, regarding the doctrine, that were published during his life, and are known to be authentic, and properly representative of his views?"

"He did; I have here a copy of the *Times and Seasons*, the official church organ, dated February 1, 1844, just a few months before the death of Joseph Smith. It contains a notice that I will read:

"NOTICE.

"As we have lately been credibly informed, that an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by the name of Hiram Brown, has been preaching polygamy, and other false and corrupt doctrines in the county of Lapeer, state of Michigan.

"This is to notify him and the church in general, that he has been cut off from the church for his iniquity; and he is further notified to appear at the special conference, on the 6th of April next, to make answer to these charges.

"JOSEPH SMITH,
"HYRUM SMITH,
"Presidents of said Church."

"You see that he calls the doctrine false and corrupt; Brigham Young said that it was a God-given doctrine: you may judge as to who wrote the so-called revelation sanctioning it."

"I see. But what was the law of the church during Joseph Smith's life, in regard to the marriage covenant?"

"The law of the church, as found in section forty-two of the book of Doctrine and Covenants, was, 'Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else.' "

"That's plain enough," declared the editor. "Of course I don't indorse all your ideas, but I would like to see you have fair play. Personally, I can't indorse your theories of church organization and doctrine. Changes have come in both, to suit changed conditions."

He picked up a piece of paper and a pencil, and drew a straight mark. "Here," he said, "we trace the course of the church for a few centuries after the death of Christ; then it disappears, during the Dark Ages."

"Pardon the interruption," cried Elder Pratt; "that's a fine illustration. Permit me to complete it." He seized the paper and pencil, and went on, "I draw another line from where the church again appeared, leaving a gap to cover the time of apostasy and darkness. Now, when the church reappears, should it not be the same in form and doctrine as when it disappeared? Otherwise, how do we know that it is indeed the church of Christ? And would it not be necessary for God to direct in the restoration?"

They parted with the best of feeling, and the next issue of the *Clarion* contained a three-column article from the pen of Elder Pratt. How Davidson settled with Mr. E. E. Miller was never revealed.

That evening, at a little prayer-meeting held in the Luther home, Sidney Luther was ordained an elder. Mentone was not then in organized territory, so far as the church was concerned, and Elder Pratt had decided that as soon as possible he would move forward and organize a branch.

CHAPTER 11.

THE REVEREND J. ALBERT HUBBARD LECTURES ON "MORMONISM."

Enmity toward the great latter-day work has made some queer bedfellows. One "league," formed a few years ago to fight the work that God did through Joseph Smith, opened its doors to all classes of members, the one lone, solitary, consequently prominent stipulation, being that the incoming member donate financially to the coffers of the "league.' "Ho! Christians! infidels! pastors! drunkards! thieves! politicians! millionaires! semi-beggars! whoso will may fling a brick at the head of a Latter Day Saint, providing he will help meet the expenses of our brickyard." In the Hebrew language, nineteen hundred years ago, it might have read, "Ho! Pharisees! publicans! Sadducees! sinners! Essenes! Romans! any one can join our ranks who will help buy Judas and down Jesus!"

So here it was again, in Mentone,—the Reverend J. Albert Hubbard was to lecture in the old union church, Thursday evening, on the subject of "Mormonism," while Uncle Billy Stivers was lecturing daily on the street-corners on the same subject. Uncle Billy Stivers' specialties were "old rye" and tirades on "Mormonism"; as one went into Uncle Billy Stivers, the other came out.

Uncle Billy was something of a local celebrity, because of his boast that he had helped to drive the Saints from Missouri and from Illinois; also he was one of that great host of old men who went to school with Joseph Smith as a lad. That school must have been one of the greatest universities ever founded. As a former denizen of the regions around about Zion, Uncle Billy Stivers helped to confirm the statement of the historian Bancroft, that the Saints

in Missouri and Illinois were industrially and morally far in advance of their neighbors.

McBernie dealt with the old man, on the day when the *Clarion* came out with Hubbard's tirade. Uncle Billy was holding forth to a crowd gathered in front of the post-office, a favorite rallying place for the gossips. McBernie listened to him with every evidence of keen enjoyment (he afterward explained that he had a secret but real liking for fiction), and at last broke in, "And ye really went to school with Joseph Smith?"

The weazened old fire-eater detected a note of incredulity, and his wiry beard trembled defiantly as he answered in the affirmative.

"And how old a man are ye? Older than myself, I take it?"

"I was seventy——— years old last December."

McBernie pondered this a moment. "When ye were born, Joseph Smith was twenty-five years old. And ye went to school with him! Ye were fourteen years old when he died; and ye knew him well, and helpt to drive him from Missouri several years before. Ye were the most precocious lad I ever heard of."

Norman Barker also had a dab at the old man the same day. "Yew was actually associated with Joseph Smith as a boy, and he associated with you. Well, that's a *leetle* the wust thing I ever heered agin Joseph Smith! Haw, haw, haw!"

Nevertheless, laugh as they would, Stivers had his part in stirring up that which followed; for, whatever his pretensions were, he was filled with the spirit of mobocracy that had caused trouble in the past; and his ribald talk drew after him a certain following of the baser sort.

Thursday evening came, and the old union church was crowded. All eyes were turned upon Elder Pratt as he entered, accompanied by Sidney Luther, Rose Luther, and McBernie. A silence fell upon the waiting audience; but presently, when they were seated, the buzz began again. Norman and Mrs. Barker came in and took seats as far from them as conveniently possible—Mrs. Barker selecting the seats. Barker looked as melancholy as his big, jolly, red face would permit. Presently, bent old Deacon Hardpack came up the aisle, tapping his cane at every step, followed by his wife. "Set here, Jonas," she commanded, selecting seats. They were the seats that he had already selected, but at this he changed his mind and took a seat further forward.

Ephraim Wilson and Miss Halloway wended their way into the choir. Miss Halloway sat down, giggled, got up, and sat down again, thus attracting attention to her hat and her escort. Then she glanced around to see if Sidney Luther were present. She confided to Ephraim that she never did like Luther's preaching, but she thought Reverend Hubbard "simply divine."

Reverend Hubbard took his seat at the right of the "sacred" (?) desk; Mr. E. E. Miller seated himself at the left. Uncle Billy Stivers marched up the aisle, claimed and was awarded a seat on the platform, out of deference to his services in "the cause."

A stiff silence followed. Mr. E. E. Miller and Reverend Hubbard exchanged whispers, compared watches, cleared their respective

throats, and Mr. E. E. Miller arose and "had the pleasure" of announcing the nature of the meeting and the name of the speaker, after which Reverend J. Albert Hubbard took complete charge of the service. The choir sang "America." It was the Reverend Hubbard's plan to pose all Latter Day Saints as enemies to the Constitution and the flag. An appeal to patriotism was eminently in place in a discussion of religious topics. Mr. E. E. Miller offered prayer, in which he commended the "bold, honest, and self-sacrificing champion of right" to divine favor. The Reverend J. Albert had received fifty dollars in advance for the lecture, besides one hundred dollars for the week's services. Deacon and Mrs. Deacon Hardpack kneeled laboriously when the prayer began, as was their custom; when reference was made to the self-sacrifice of the evangelist, the old deacon got up and resumed his seat, dropping his cane as he did so.

How shall we paint the lecture that followed? It is impossible. No distinction was made between those in Utah who had gone into various evils, and those of the Reorganization who had embraced a pure faith and lived righteous lives; indeed, the errors of the former were used to blacken the name of the latter. Absolutely no effort was made to meet Elder Pratt's teachings on biblical grounds. The attack was upon private character; the appeal was to prejudice and passion. Ridicule and falsehood were the weapons. The gutters were raked for filth to cast at the name of Joseph Smith. The very mother that bore him, and the wife that loved him, were gone over with the dirty hand of slander. That one should stoop to earn his money in such a way is almost inconceivable.

Sidney Luther's first feeling was one of angry resentment. Then he experienced a feeling of humiliation, and almost a sense of mental crucifixion. But presently the words of the Master came to him, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." The words steadied him and comforted him. "I will confess," he said to Reverend Hubbard, afterwards, "that some of the things you said caused me a degree of pain, but not so much as they would have caused had they been true."

Reverend J. Albert Hubbard finished his discourse, at last, and announced the closing hymn.

Elder Pratt got up. "Mr. Hubbard," he said, "may I say a few words?"

"No! The congregation will sing the doxology, after which Mr. E. E. Miller will pronounce the benediction."

"But may I not make a brief reply to some of your statements?"

"No! We have but one lecture announced for to-night. Let us sing."

Elder Pratt sat down. "It's no use," he whispered to Luther. "We are treated this way almost everywhere."

But Sidney Luther sprang to his feet. "Mr. Miller!" he cried, "may I at least make an announcement?"

"No! Not here!"

One or two voices sang out, "Set down! Set down! Put him out!"

At this juncture the long figure of Davidson erected itself in the midst of the people. "Mr. Hubbard," he began, "you can surely extend to Mr. Luther the courtesy that he asks. I object to this meeting closing otherwise." Gathering vehemence, he went on, "I am surprised that you will not permit Elder Pratt to speak. If the things that you have said are true, you certainly can prove them; if they are not true, we want to know it. I notice that no effort has been made to meet the elder on Bible grounds; you simply have assailed the characters of men; and I want to say that, if I were permitted to talk and no one were permitted to reply, I could take the characters of John Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and other reformers, and with the aid of books written by their enemies I could paint them as black as—as ebony."

Luther caught the rumbling undertone of Norman Barker's voice, "Strikes me Hubbard's gettin' his reply, after all." Mrs. Barker silenced further comment.

"Let us sing the doxology!" shouted Reverend Hubbard.

Davidson remained standing. "I want to know what you are going to do about it!" he persisted.

Hubbard yielded with poor grace. "Well, let him make the announcement," he conceded, "but we don't want any argument."

Luther was possessed of enough of the spirit of discernment to fully understand the diabolical look of enmity that was directed toward him when this concession was made.

"I want to announce," said Luther, when he had gained the floor, "that we will fit up the little park adjoining this church, owned by Mr. McBernie, for open-air services. The first of these will be Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. There are no other services in town at that hour, and we invite all to attend and hear the other side of this question."

CHAPTER 12.

THE MOB.

Elder Pratt, Sidney Luther, McBernie, and Donald worked all day Friday and Saturday seating the little park, building a platform, and otherwise preparing for the services that were to begin Sunday afternoon. Norman Barker hauled the planks that were used in constructing temporary seats. He drove four blocks out of his way to avoid passing the Barker home.

Also, Uncle Billy Stivers was busy all day Friday and Saturday.

With the coming of darkness, Saturday night, the men put the finishing touches to their work and wended their way homeward, Donald and his father stopping at the Luther home for the evening meal.

Up town, a little group of men had formed early in the evening; and, when darkness had fully fallen, they took their way, following the devious but determined leadership of Uncle Billy Stivers, down past the old union church. From the shadow of this edifice, another, taller and more portly than Uncle Billy, stepped forth and

joined them. The dark figures entered the little park and were lost in shadow, but presently a torch flamed up to light their work of devastation. Like dancing black shadows, they flitted hither and thither, overturning seats, tearing down the platform, piling lumber in apparently inextricable confusion.

The torch was extinguished, and the men reassembled in the street. A consultation was held, one or two false starts were made, and presently they got away in the direction of the Luther home.

When they neared the little cottage they halted. One stole forward and peered in at the dining-room window; coming back, he joined the little group in the shadow, and all waited for some little time. Presently, the front door opened and Donald and McBernie came out, homeward bound. Minnie, standing in the doorway, held the lamp over her head to light them to the gate.

When quiet again reigned, the dark figures moved forward, divided, and arranged themselves on either side of the door. Presently there came a little, friendly, hypocritical knocking. After a moment, Sidney Luther opened the door, and instantly was seized on either side and jerked out into the darkness. It was so sudden that the dazed family knew not what had occurred. But immediately from the outer darkness came the sounds of a struggle, heavy blows, and curses. "Oh, somebody's killing papa!" screamed little Viola, and threw herself upon the distracted mother.

The heroes of melodrama, single-handed, overthrow regiments; but in real life, the average man, taken unaware, is easily subdued by ten or twelve other average men. They carried Luther a little to the east of the house, where one stood guard with a bundle of heavy whips that were to be used in the further ceremonies.

As soon as her mind recovered from the surprise of the onslaught, Minnie darted out the back door and ran to the McBernie home. At her first call, the old Scotchman proved himself a man of action. Such clan as he had he led to the fray. He seized a club from the woodpile, as he ran, closely followed by Donald, who though a sprinter, could not overtake him. Minnie came sobbing and stumbling in their wake.

Men who go in mobs, to attack one unarmed individual, are ever cowards. The noise of the approaching runners indicated numbers. Moreover, Donald was excited; he could not lay his tongue readily to the McBernie yell, yet his feelings demanded expression, and so he sounded his time-tried college yell. A college yell sounds barbaric under the most favorable circumstances. The assailants scattered a little, and as McBernie came around the house and charged them with his club (he had not yet indorsed the doctrine of non-resistance), they broke and fled.

One of them stumbled over the unconscious form of Sidney Luther, and fell flat upon his face. Almost instantly McBernie was on his back. The attitude that the old man assumed indicated that in his youthful days he had wrestled "beside the bonny brier bush," or elsewhere. He met and foiled every attempt of his captive to turn himself or wriggle from under.

"Bring a light, lad!" called the old man, "we'll be identifying one of them."

When the light was brought, and placed in Minnie's trembling hand, directly over the wrestlers, the fallen one ceased his efforts to rise and burrowed his face into the sod. The old man got upon one knee, planting it firmly in the small of his captive's back, thrust his right leg far to one side to get a purchase, inserted one hand under the fallen one's shoulder, and with a lightning like motion flopped him over, and as quickly pinioned him to the earth again.

The head wagged from side to side in a vain effort to avoid identification. The old man scrutinized the distorted features a moment, and then slowly remarked, "Can these bones live again?"

"Look ye here, Donald and Minnie," he went on; "mark him well, if it should come to the courts."

He released the captive. "Now," he said, "we have three witnesses. If ye should get a higher call, elsewhere, say early to-morrow morning, ye might do worse than to take it."

(To be continued.)

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

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MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

SEPTEMBER had brought AUTUMN LEAVES in a soft, yellow cover to match the month, but as yet the summer beauty of the earth remained, only heightened by the asters and clematis that were bursting into bloom, and by grapes that hung in rich clusters from the vines. One could scarcely tell that autumn was at hand but by an added freshness in the morning air, and by the seats in the church that were filling with bright young students, for the college year was opening.

These young people added beauty to the Sabbath day for me, and I was glad that they were there, where I was glad to be. As I sat enjoying the air from wide-open doors and windows, I thought of the refreshing from the Lord that is our constant need, and from

my heart there rose a prayer for him who was to break the bread of life for us that day, that we might be fed with "food convenient" for us.

He chose for his text, "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." The thought is one that I love—this, of the children of God made as fruitful branches by the life force that comes to them when they abide in the vine by keeping his commandments, and the desire grew large within me that all who heard might love it, and that we might glorify our Father by bearing much fruit.

With the preacher's opening words, I noticed my neighbor, a college girl, who held some books in her lap, and just when I began to think how good the sermon would be, she laid open a work of fiction and began to read. I felt so sorry to have her miss what might be helpful to her, that after a few moments of hesitation, though she was a stranger to me, I decided to speak to her.

As I reached out my hand to draw her attention, I touched a soft arm where a light sleeve was pushed back from it, and there was love in the touch, whether or not she knew it. I said to her softly, "Daughter, there are better things for you just now," and presently she closed the book and placed it in the rack before her. And then, questioning as to what might be her thoughts, I said to myself, "Oh, dear, I wonder if now she will feel that she is under surveillance, and so be hindered from the good she might receive." But on further thought, I added, "I am sure it was the kind, right thing to do, so why not leave it with the Lord and not be worried?" And then I prayed, "Dear Lord, do make her mind free that she may hearken to the counsel of thy word."

After that, for a time, I could give undivided attention to the teaching the speaker was making so plain, and I tried to examine myself as I followed him in these thoughts: By means of the Holy Spirit we may abide in the vine and bear fruit, and we receive the Holy Spirit by keeping the commandments. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace," and all that brings happiness. Jesus said, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another"; and love is that charity that "suffereth long and is kind," that "envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly"; that "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil"; that "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth"; that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"; love is that charity that "never faileth." Jesus said, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." And I thought, "Blessed gospel of peace and of love that is sent to give us joy!"

But my neighbor had a neighbor, also, a girl friend at her side. And in the midst of the sermon this friend reached out and took the book, and opening it, began to read. She, evidently, did not know what had occurred with reference to it. I could not do for her what I had done for my next neighbor, and she continued to read. And

then I wondered again, whether the one who had relinquished it considered it a misfortune or a favor, that her companion instead of herself was reading her book.

At the close of the service I turned to her and said, "You won't lay up anything against me because I spoke to you? It was just a bit of love that wanted you to have the best."

"Oh, no," she said, "I'm glad you did it."

I wish she might know how much comfort she gave me by the sincerity of her answer. As she turned away I leaned over and said to her companion, "Your friend was reading the book and I told her I thought there were better things for her, and when you took it, I wondered what she would think about it"; and then I added, smilingly, "She ought to have passed the word along, oughtn't she?"

Couldn't we help each other more if we were more ready to pass good words along? We are timid about intruding upon our neighbors. It is well for us to have a great regard for their rights, but are there not times when we would do better to overcome our timidity enough to suggest to them some better course? Think how much young people could do for each other, if their best impulses were voiced, or were manifested by the actions that sometimes speak louder than words. Are they not good words, spoken by the Savior, that remind us that his Father's house is to be a house of prayer? When a group of young people grow forgetful and whisper during prayer time, are there not some among them who have treasured these good words in their hearts, who could turn the tide by quietly refusing to engage in conversation, and by observing the time reverently; or even by forgetting their fear to the extent that at some proper time they could speak in favor of seeing every head bowed and of engaging in the whole service prayerfully. Jesus wept over Jerusalem and said, "If thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace!" Are not these some of the things that belong to our peace, and ought we not to be willing to help each other to secure it?

How many of us have thought of what might be accomplished if each of us would help his neighbor in the little ways that are constantly presenting themselves; if each of us would accept the trust that is implied in the words, "I am my brother's keeper"!

PAPA'S KISS.

"Why don't you tiss like mamma?"
  Asked the little maid of three,
As she ran to greet her papa
  And climbed upon his knee.
"Her tisses taste like tandy
  And is dood enough to eat,
But your mouf do taste awful,
  And ain't the least bit sweet."

"That is so," replied the father—
  Her eyes he dared not meet—

"There's no reason why, my darling,
My kiss should not be sweet."
To him the thought was galling
That each evening, with his kiss,
He had thoughtlessly polluted
Those innocent young lips.

Come here, dear wife, and mother,
And help me take this vow:
Neither liquor nor tobacco
Shall touch my lips from now.
And oh, dear heavenly Father,
Thou who art good and wise,
I thank thee for this angel
Who has opened my blind eyes.—Selected.

COURTESY.

We owe so much more of it than we give to one another, do we not? Courtesy is "elegance of manners, civility, politeness"; and courtesy is "true kindly feeling for others."

"Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

One time I visited a church in a small town and went into the Sunday-school class of a man from the country. His clothing was worn and shabby, but his mind was stored with good things; and he was so kindly thoughtful for those about him, so kind and courteous, that I have never forgotten him.

I love to sit "outside" in the street-cars. I want the fresh air, but not contaminated by tobacco smoke. One Sunday morning I sat on the front seat, and a man sat down on the long seat, directly in front of me, and puffed cigaret smoke in my face the rest of the way down town. He would spit across the car, out of the door, or try to. When a lady was getting off he spat on her dress.

Coming home, three men stood in the aisle beside me, smoking; one of them stood a little behind me, and another finally sat down beside me. If it became too disagreeable I could leave them and stand by the door. Of course I wouldn't stay there and sputter about it. That would be discourteous.

What is the sign for, about the "two rear seats"? Why do not men observe rules? It is not only on one or two cars, but many every day that one may meet this annoyance. Why are men so discourteous? It must be because of the lack of the "true kindly feeling for others" that makes courtesy. Does it come from a lack in their home training?

I do not think it discourteous for a man to keep his seat while a woman stands. He has just as much right to it as she has. But it is an act of courtesy to relinquish his seat, and especially to older women;—that is, if it springs from a "true kindly feeling" within and not from a petulant observance of outward forms.

If I had been sitting in the rear seat I should have expected to be surrounded by a cloud of smoke. But I am always in the place that is mine by right, and I look for courtesy on the part of the men around me.

A lady wrote a letter of appreciation to a poet, being deeply

stirred by the beauty in his poems. Afterward she regretted it, for some people are continually seeking for autograph letters, and she did not wish to be thought one of that kind. But he did not reply, and she felt much relieved.

Two months after that he sent his newest book, with her name inscribed, followed by "with most grateful esteem," and the author's name, together with a stanza of a poem. Was not that an act of courtesy? Was not that "true kindly feeling for another"?

In a letter of thanks for the book, the lady quoted from one of his poems and said, "I saw that it was sent by 'one who knew our common human need of kindliness?' "

Two boys were sitting on a settee together, on the veranda, and one of them got his foot up over his knee and against the other's trousers.

"Don't put your feet all over me," said the tall boy quietly.

"Pardon me," said the short boy, quickly lowering his foot to the floor.

It wasn't only in the words. It was the manner of the one toward the other. These boys had been chums from babyhood, almost; and sometimes those who are very intimately acquainted with one another, think there is a license for discourtesy. An interested, unobserved listener said, "Good! that was true spontaneous courtesy! When a boy is as ready to be polite to one of his fellows as that, it's something to be proud of." Right here let me say that I heard this boy remark with deep disgust, that he never could see how "any one with the least bit of neatness about him could ever chew tobacco."

Possibly there is more discourtesy among members of the same family than among strangers. We fall into habits of impoliteness and discourtesy without meaning to.

William Wesley quotes an old woman as saying to Dean Hole, when he rebuked her because her children were ill-behaved in the home, "Lor' bless you, sir, boys and younguns must have some place where they can enjoy themselves."

Home is a place for relaxation, but not a place to throw off restraint to such an extent that discourtesy to one another is the result. Courtesy to strangers, courtesy to friends, is commendable. But courtesy in the home is of the most vital importance. It reacts again upon the outer world.

"Bad home manners conduce to unhappiness and crime, and unhappiness and crime are conditions of the people."

"The larger part of matrimonial dissension, including divorce, is due to the bad manners of husbands and wives in homes. A discourtesy, a challenging criticism, an ironical retort and the row begins. Then there are rows and rows that develop into mutual bitterness and estrangement."

An atmosphere of unkindness in the home, even if there be not pronounced discourtesy, tends to moral laxity, and moral laxity has damaging effects upon citizenship.

HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

THE RELIGIO OF THE FUTURE.

AN ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT J. A. GUNSOLLEY AT THE INDEPENDENCE STAKE REUNION.

I ANTICIPATE that we will all agree with the thought, that the future of the Religio is to be shaped largely by and will be the result mainly of present ideals that are being held by us. In other words, the ideals of the present shape the realities of the future.

I remember when I was a boy that I was like some other boys in some respects, unlike all other boys in some respects, and that my mind would seem to reach out and widen with reference to the future, and I have found myself dreaming. If any of you go to dreaming this morning, I will go to shouting or do something to wake you up. I have found myself having day-dreams. We boys (there were only seven of us, you know,) used to talk over what we might expect or hope or desire to be, when we got to be men.

Once I was talking to a class of boys in Sunday-school. I always tried to get the boys to do some of the talking, so I asked them what they were going to be. One boy, a little fellow, put up his hand.

"Well, what are you going to be?" I said.

"I am going to be a man," he answered.

No dream about that—a matter of knowledge, for if he grew up at all, he would certainly be a man. About these dreams and visions that young people have. I wouldn't give a fig for a boy that didn't dream. It means that his mind is active and he is building ideals for himself. I would not give two cents for a girl that doesn't have air-castles. I don't think she would be worth having. I don't care if she has an ambition to be mistress of the White House. She may fail of reaching her ideal, but she will reach a higher mark than if she had not had her ideal so high.

I used to think I would like to be a lawyer or a governor or something of that kind, and I believe that I put forth more effort than I would have done if I had not looked to something high. Then I used to think if I could just get to be a country school-teacher, the end would be attained. That was about as high as I could look at that time. When I got to be a school-teacher, my ideals had changed.

I thought I would like to be a preacher. I never told anybody, though. I wanted to be a preacher, not because there was a vision in my mind of any great salary, or a big church with a high steeple, or anything of that sort. That was not my thought of a preacher, but I had a sort of suspicion that if I got to be a preacher, my circle of operation for accomplishing good in the world might be enlarged somewhat, so I believe it was an honest ambition.

So I say to you that I believe the Religio of the future will be governed largely by the ideals that we have to-day of Religio work, and the conception that we have in our minds of what the Religio should be and what it may be. I do not think there is any question about that, but there is something about these ideals—they are to be controlled and governed a good deal by the influences that are around us. In order that our ideals may be right, it must needs be that we have controlling influences that will help us in the shaping of our ideals, it seems to me. You never saw an individual in this world who had reached the development of his ideals that ever made any progress after that. I heard an individual once say that she was living just as good as she could live. I felt sad when I heard her say that, because I saw that she had reached the limit of her development and growth. Just the moment that we think we have reached the place where we are satisfied that we can not go any farther, just then we have reached the limit of our improvement. So I hope that we shall have our ambitions and ideals set high, so that though we may undershoot the mark, we will aim high, and accomplish more than we would had our mark been set low. I was accused one time of holding the ideal a little too high in the matter of religious life. One said, "You are holding the ideal too high. It is beyond the reach of the people. They can not attain to that." That set me to thinking, and I wish I could set some of you to thinking.

I was talking about shaping these ideals. I remember distinctly the influence that came over my life when I came in contact with the truth, and I think the greatest factor in this world is the truth. I remember when I was a stranger to the gospel. I had been somewhat interested in sociology. I thought I would like to be a lecturer. I see they have me down for a lecture this morning, so you see I am in my sphere. That was an ambition that I had, and I wanted to study for the platform, but the gospel came to me, and I then had another ambition. I saw that in the gospel provision was made for all that I had been able to see in my fancy, and that I could not only engage in building up my fellow men in this world, but build them up in a spiritual way and teach them the way of life and salvation, which comprehended all the other. So my ideals changed immediately in consequence of coming into contact with the truth. The light of which John bore testimony was to lighten every man that came into the world, and that light was Jesus Christ.

I do not care whether an individual is a devout Christian or a profane infidel, if he understands anything of the light that pervades this universe, which we call truth, he is indebted to that

source for it, and the closer we can come in contact with that, the more perfect will be our ideals, because it will teach as no man can teach. Our ideals may be shaped by our association with one another. We can not come in contact this morning in this little hour's interview without being affected by it. I don't believe we can come together and talk together without there being an impression made one way or another.

I was a boy like other boys, and liked to have a good time, liked fun and frolic and all those things. I remember once my brother and I had planned to go away from home and spend the winter visiting and having a good time—both of us young and gay—not overly handsome, of course; that is, he was not very handsome. We thought we would go to Illinois and have a good time. Our time was set when we were going to leave, and I just thought I would go over to school before we went. So I went over there, and got to talking with the teacher.

"Now, let me tell you something," he said. "You'd better stay at home this winter and go to school. You attend school this winter, then go to normal institute, get a certificate, and teach school." He knew something of my ideal to be a school-teacher, and knew just how to appeal to me, through my ambitions.

It just lifted me right up. I told my brother I didn't believe I would go to Illinois. The end of it was that neither of us went. I went to school, got my certificate, and went to teaching. But by that time I had come in contact with the gospel, and my ideal had changed, you see. But I feel to thank that man from the bottom of my heart to-day for the words of advice and counsel that he gave at an opportune time when they were needed.

And don't you know that with every individual there comes a time in his life, a critical moment, the moment of decision, the supreme moment of choice, and so I say that it stands us in hand always to be ready to exercise upon one another that kind of influence and power that will help throw that decision in the proper way. I don't know what I might have done had the proper words not been spoken. Of one thing I am sure, we would both have spent the winter in idleness. I don't know what the result might have been, but I do know there was a man that evaded no opportunity to say the right kind of words to one who was in need, and I know the effect of the counsel was for good.

So we don't know but what in the class that is before us to-day there may be some one halting between two opinions, and if we will move out, we may be able to help them make the right kind of decision.

We had, in our Sunday-school, a class of young ladies, bright girls fifteen or sixteen years old, being taught by a brother in the church, and they had excellent interest—thought a great deal of him and he of them. But there came a fatal Sunday when this brother, yielding to the persuasion of some of his friends, went on a Sunday picnic and deserted his class. Now, you can predict the result. It was not six months until that class was gone to pieces, disorganized.

So that I say that it is a very important thing to us—this having our ideals shaped by the association of every one, and the influences that are around us. Not only may they be moulded and shaped by the counsel of men, but the counsel of God comes along as a factor in this shaping of perfect ideals. I remember when one of God's servants approached me and urged upon me that I ought to go to school. He stirred within me a new thought, and made me believe that it was possible for me if I had a sufficient determination and will power, to accomplish something. And on another occasion, an elder in bidding me good-bye, said, "Jerry, you have ability to do good in this world." I could not question that, but I saw that as he looked into my eyes that there was something back of it. It seemed to me that I could see that his words were prompted by our heavenly Father.

Not only does the Lord use his servants in this way, but in his great goodness he, secretly, by direct communication, gives us similar assistance. The Lord has spoken to us and told us that he had a work for us to do for him. Now, while may be he has not said it to you personally and directly, he has said in his word that the work is intrusted to all—intrusted to *all*—and "whoso will, let him thrust in his sickle and reap." It means that we have a work we can do for the Master, and therefore it is well for us to set our ideals high that we will be one with our brethren in the ministry, in the Sunday-school, one with all having a hand in accomplishing and carrying forward the work of God here below.

A great many young people are looking forward to a time when they can become of use in the Lord's hands, and they are overlooking the fact that they are here for the purpose of making preparation. Now don't you know we are just that blind in a good many things? I hear the Saints praying for wisdom. Has not the Lord told us how to get wisdom? You read section 86 in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. If we keep these things and work in harmony with the commandments, we shall have wisdom, knowledge, and bodily strength, and even the destroying angel will pass us by. Yet we go before the Lord and say, "Is there not some other way?" The Lord said we should seek learning by study and by faith. We should seek out of the best books words of wisdom. Are you doing that? If we want wisdom, why don't we practice the things that he has given us? He does not want us to go around with a long countenance, never smiling. He has told us we should be cheerful in our warfare. We should be cheerful. We should avoid excessive laughter, though. We should not let people think that because our mouths are always open, our heads are empty.

If the Religio of the future depends so much upon our ideals of the present, what is the standard of our ideals? Some one says, "The standard of right-doing."

Don't you know I think those words, "Do right," are about as explanatory as the sectarian preacher when he says, "Come to Christ"? What is right? We do not believe as a people that conscience is the monitor. We believe that our consciences are creatures of education. We turn back to the teachings of the New

Testament, and the righteousness of God as revealed in the gospel there. And I don't care where you look, you will not find now in any system of law or government or theory any principle of right that does not conform to that revealed in the gospel. Wherever there is aught of right, it is in harmony with the gospel revealment, and just as far as a thing is out of harmony with that, it is not right. You have God to define the term, what it means; so I say that in our work, looking toward the Religio of the future, it is necessary that we point constantly to the only standard of rectitude that has ever been given to the world—that revealed in Jesus Christ, in the gospel. That is the only place we find it.

In the work of the Religio, we have certain objects before us, and the development of our ideals—those objects—will depend upon the course we pursue. I don't think that needs any argument. The purpose, the ultimate purpose of all our work, is preparation. As defined in the constitution, our object is to qualify ourselves for usefulness in the church. Develop character—character-building is the aim that all our work seeks to attain. Did you ever stop to think about that? And the attainment of that object depends upon our working in harmony with the true standard, or the word of God. The word of God tells us some things that will help us to reach that standard. I have referred to some of them already.

The Lord told us in section 119 that it would be pleasing to him that the young men and maidens should cultivate the gift of song. So they might become famous singers, or fitted to join the angels in the heavenly choir? I think there is a deeper motive in the mind of the Almighty than that. I believe that back of that is to be found this principle that in the cultivation of these gifts of music and song there is something to do with character-building. Take our fine musicians and they will tell you the effect of music upon character—the effect of music in controlling and cultivating the finer sensibilities, the fine elements of our nature that will make us men great and Christ-like. I think the Lord wants us to cultivate these, not for the pleasure we may get out of it, but because of it and underneath it is the development of character. We know the more intelligence we possess, the more of the glory of God we are able to bestow because intelligence is the glory of God, or the glory of God is intelligence, and the more intelligence a person is in possession of, the more he partakes of the glory of God.

He tells us to study all good books. What for? That we may develop characters more right and true. We trust our work will develop along these lines of study. I turn back in the beginning of God's word, and I read about a little circumstance that transpired between two brothers in which one of them lost his life. And the Lord said to Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" Do you remember the answer? "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And I would like to put the question to you to-day. "Where is thy brother?" Where is he? Are we interested in the welfare of our brother as to his condition in this world? Have we anything to do with it? Have we?

The question was once asked: "What is a boy worth?" A woman

made this answer: "He is worth everything to a mother." That is so—"worth everything."

It is all right to be learned, but learning is only a stepping-stone to help in the accomplishment of the great end, and that end is character. What have we got to do with it? Have we anything? What will the Religio of the future do with reference to these responsibilities and this work? If you want to know what the doctrine of the future church is going to be, go down into the Sunday-school and hear what is being taught those little ones now, and you will know what the church of the future will teach. Study the ideals of the Religians to-day and then you can predict as well as I can what the Religio of the future is going to be. I don't think ideals are any too high with anybody, and their perfection rests on the harmonious development of all our powers. It does not mean simply to be religious, in the meaning commonly given to that word now. We want our boys and girls to have recreation that is wholesome and necessary. We want them to have an experimental knowledge of God. We want to encourage and promote all these things to-day so that in the Religio of the future we will have always a proper ideal. Our standard should be in accordance with the one standard of right, and that shall serve as encouragement and strength in its accomplishment.

I spoke about praying for wisdom. What is the use for us to pray for our young people that they might develop into workers if we do not throw around them the proper kind of influence, so that their ideals may be correct, so that we may come to it as nearly as we would like for them to live. The Lord has told us how. The only thing to do is to work to that end, and work in harmony with the standard which has been revealed to us, and the future of the Religio will be bright. I trust that we may have his guidance continually with us.

I once heard a young man testify that he had never had any great blessing, but he had been reared by consistent Latter Day Saints. And I thought, "My soul! Never had a blessing! What greater blessing could any one want than to say that they had been reared by consistent members of the church."

Let us see to it that when our children have grown to maturity that they can point to us and say, "We were trained and reared and educated and taught by consistent Latter Day Saints."

THE LAMB FOR SINNERS SLAIN.

(Tune: "Annie Laurie.")

There's joy in courts of glory
When sinners heavenward flee,
When the sweet, old gospel story
Sets one more prisoner free.
Sets one more prisoner free,
And cleanses every stain;
Oh, the precious loving Jesus,
The Lamb for sinners slain.

Our hearts o'erflow with gladness
When earthly cares assail,
To know that over yonder
There's love that ne'er can fail.
There's love that ne'er can fail,
No tongue can e'er explain;
How I love the precious Jesus,
The Lamb for sinners slain.

Oh, then let us work for Jesus,
All our ransomed powers employ,
To spread the glorious gospel
That we so much enjoy.
That we so much enjoy,
Which will break the captives' chain;
Oh, I love the precious Jesus,
The Lamb for sinners slain.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

WHAT SHOULD WE READ.

Read the Bible every day. It is the best of books.

1. Because it contains the best code of fundamental laws known to mankind.

2. Because the Law-giver is Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father.

3. Its precepts observed will beget the greatest peace and happiness that can be secured while in this probation.

4. It is the bounden duty of every son and daughter of Adam to know what it contains before their days are spent.

5. The most worldly-minded have resorted to the Bible for the best moral instruction,—that foundation laid down by the Lord of glory. Read and reread that notable sermon on the mount (see Matthew 9; also Paul's address to the Hebrew saints), consisting largely of inspiration all the way through; something adapted for every condition of benighted man, without regard to race, color, or condition upon the footstool of God, if we but comply and obey the tenor of its instructions.

Many good books have been written. We should read what we can, especially history of men, nations, places, and things; but we should study the Book of books, some parts of which are enfolded in deep mystery.

Lord Byron, who lived in the beginning of the last century, wrote in his Bible these lines:

"Within this awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh, happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace,
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

How readest thou? Lackest thou wisdom? Ask of God in faith, and he will give it thee. Is not the author of our being, yea, even

this great universe, all wise, all sufficient, and his mercy and loving-kindness great enough to reach and to make ample provision for his creatures? Do not let us arbitrate or defy the instruction of the Almighty. Look! See all nature! It appeals to our senses! How infinite! How complete are all his mighty works! How beautiful, how majestic, how divine, how perfect! Nothing can be added, nothing taken away—enduring for ever. Hear what he would say to thee, O man. In the volume of the Book it is revealed of him. Can we not trust his guiding hand, when he leads the way? Add virtue to your faith. Herein is grace bestowed. Neglect not to obtain knowledge and understanding; for these are as a strong buckler to the weary soul, and will delight your pleasure. Forget not to be patient, remembering that time and patience worketh all things; but be godly in your ways,—long life with great contentment will it bring, a loving, devoted Saint to be. Further, brotherly kindness is one of the secrets of success. Be kind to your fellow man whom you have seen. It is a blessed privilege to do good to fallen man. Consider charity your life work. Have not your heart-strings been touched when exercising this crowning of all Christian graces? Be full of charity. It covers a multitude of foibles in your own dear selves. Do we love our enemy? Christ the Great Teacher did so. Have we those who despitefully use us? Let us pray for them. Jesus did as much. Let us give to those who would take from us, and from those who would borrow of us turn not away. In fine, whatsoever we would that men should do to us, do even so to them, and we shall obtain treasure in heaven. The Master has said it. Are we afraid to trust his word, the which it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for his word to fail.

Do we value peace and happiness? Has immortality appeared to our comprehension in a pure and sinless state? Is it not enough for us to accept so great provision, be the sacrifices what they may? The Son of God sacrificed his life, to be sure, and herein is our hope. He would not deign to trifle with men when he said, I know that his commandment is life everlasting; and what he said to Nicodemus will apply to men in our day.

Christ manifest in the flesh! His passion, his victory, his benediction to us-ward, it is incomprehensible—too much for sinful man.

Plato, who lived before the Christian Era, described the Christ being; but was too proud to abide such a character. Proud man, who art thou that thou shouldst withstand God and the record which he has given of his Son.

Look at some of those who wrote of him, such as Moses, the meekest of men; Job, most patient of men. Job said he knew that his Redeemer lived, etc. A Daniel, ah, dauntless man of courage, dared to do right, trusted the God of heaven. And David, man of confession—O, beautiful thought—inspired poet that he was; and the blessed Abraham, who trusted in God, when well stricken in years. And later, Paul of Tarsus, the valiant apostle to the Gentile nations, when converted, immediately conferred not with flesh and blood, but came to visions and revelations of Jesus Christ.

Many reformers have given their lives rather than deny their faith. The world has been bettered by those stars of light, found in the great galaxy of glory, surrounding the heavenly throne. The time was to come; yea, has come, when the angel must come bringing the everlasting gospel, with all its privileges and powers and blessings accompanying. (Read Revelation 14: 6; Matthew 24: 14, 31.)

The gospel power has great assurance, and we are bordering the time; yea, we are now living in the dispensation of the fullness of times. He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God. His unchangeability of purpose is assured; and we dare not try to live on bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of the Lord.

My friend and brother, let me say in all candor, Read and obey the sacred law. The gates are open. Choose the straight gate, and the narrow way; and see that the wide gate does not prevail against thy soul. Yours for immortality,

LAMONI, Iowa, July 28, 1908. G. M. JAMISON.

TALK ON HOW TO DEVELOP THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT IN THE RELIGIO.

A few Sundays ago, at a rally-day exercise at Armstrong, I was unexpectedly called upon to play a solo. Our worthy president was there and remembers the occasion.

I remarked before playing that no matter what we were called upon to do, whether prepared or not, we should respond promptly and cheerfully and without fear of criticism, as this is a school of development, and we in this great work are all of one family; and which one of us is capable of judging our efforts though we stumble through a musical piece or falter in a talk?

I met the president afterwards and he remarked to me that he would remember what I had said. I am sure he remembered this to-night when calling upon me to handle a subject so foreign to me as this subject of literary development; so "it's up to you" as members of the family to demonstrate that we do have charity toward each other in cases of this kind.

The subject I have been called to talk upon is, "How can we improve the literary department in the Religio?"

There are different lines of work in the literary department.

The Standard Dictionary defines *literary* as follows: "Of, pertaining to, or used in literature; included in, appropriate to, or worthy of, literature in its highest sense." Its definition of literature is, "The written or printed production of the human mind collectively, especially such productions as are marked by elevation, vigor, and catholicity of thought, by fitness, purity, and grace of style and by artistic construction." Subdivisions are named, such as oratory, representative discourse, poetry, etc.

We wish to consider the subject to-night in its broadest sense, to include even music, which in the stricter sense of the term does not come under this head of literature.

The first question is, Have we the talent? Sentiment naturally says yes. But have we? I am sure of it. Development along lines of a similar character which it has been my experience to witness will bear me out in this assertion. I remember a case in particular in which a young boy whose circumstances had not clothed him with an abundance of this world's goods, and who was seemingly without special talent in any direction, became interested in Religio work, attended regularly, but did not come to public notice until later, when he took part in parliamentary debate. In a remarkably short time he developed into an executive officer of no mean ability, and I have witnessed since an audience of two to three hundred Religians try unsuccessfully to tangle him up.

No doubt all of you have witnessed similar development in others. Now, how can we discover and develop this latent talent?

Possibly the officers of the larger schools are not in quite so close touch with each individual pupil as in the small schools, but what I have to say of one is applicable equally well to the other. Discovery of this latent talent can most easily be made in the classes by the teachers.

Let each teacher study his or her pupils as well as his or her lesson; study the habits, the likes and dislikes of the scholars.

Begin with the youngest classes in the schools; do not wait to begin with the—say fifteen-year-olds. Let the teacher discover in what line they may be developed. For instance, let each write a thesis on the lesson or some subject easily understood by those of the class, and have them read before the class, or let each make a short talk before the class, then from these select the best to be presented to the school. In that way you may develop an essayist or possibly an orator.

Have a debate between the classes held before the school. (Of course the subject under consideration should be in harmony with the ages of the participants.) In that way demonstrate the truth that debate is a necessary asset in literary development.

When our programs call for a paper, or an essay on some special subject do not, as has been the habit, turn it over to the older ones, who invariably treat the various subjects in a masterful manner, it is true, but still are too deep for the average run of us; but rather turn such subjects over to the embryo essayists and let them handle them. In this way develop and bring us all up to the higher plane where we can appreciate the efforts of those who are past-masters in the art of handling deep subjects.

It is to the teacher we look for the discovery of talent by this method.

I see one of our teachers smiling now, I sympathize with her, for I know something about the make-up of her class; but we expect none and will look to her for great results in the future. She may by her undying energy and her good influence develop a wonderful array of orators, authors, writers, etc. Elocution is a valuable asset along these lines that has been spoken of here to-night, and it is one of those branches of the literary department that may be developed by this method.

J. A. ROBINSON.

Before Independence Stake Convention May 16, 1908.

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

Sometimes True.—On leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, the pastor of a church in Brooklyn saw a little boy, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was he saying to you, Dick?" asked the divine as he came up to the youngster.

"He just wanted to know whether Doctor Blank was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," responded the lad, with dignity, "that you were the present incumbrance."—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

And Custom Dies Hard.—She—"I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?"

He—"Ah—that has been my custom!"—*The Sketch*.

NORMAL LESSON ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON IV.

Review of Part 4.

1. Tell what is said about the Jaredite religion.
2. Concerning the Nephite religion state, a. Its origin. b. Of what did it consist? c. How the priesthood was provided. d. What change was made at the coming of Christ. e. What of idolatry.
3. What meeting place or sacred buildings are mentioned? How had the Nephites the synagogue? What were their temples like?
4. What religious observance did the Nephites keep? What can you say of the altar? What three kinds of offerings are named? How many offerings were there? Describe each one.
5. What feasts and sacred times were observed? How are they classified? Describe each one.
6. Tell what is said of the government of the Jaredites.
7. How were the Nephites governed in different ages? What did their laws provide?
8. Name and describe their moneys.
9. Give the different ways that the people reckoned the time.
10. What is said of the Nephite year? Tell of the Jewish year.

OUTLINES OF NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

(Corrected after the Lessons were finished..)

PART I.

Six lessons on the Book and its books.

Lesson 1. The Book of Mormon, name, manner of writing, authors and authenticity.

Lesson 2. The divisions or groups of books and numbers in groups.

Lesson 3. The sets of plates.

Lesson 4. The Urim and Thummin, and sacred things.

Lesson 5. The translation of the Book.

Lesson 6. Review of Part I.

PART II.

Six lessons on Book of Mormon history.

Lesson 1. The five periods. The first, the Jaredite period.
Lesson 2. The second, period of migration.
Lesson 3. The third, period of Nephite unity.
Lesson 4. The fourth, the period of the reign of the Judges.
Lesson 5. The fifth, the period of Nephite Christianity.
Lesson 6. Review of Part II.

PART III.

Five lessons in Book of Mormon geography.

Lesson 1. The lands of the Book of Mormon.
Lesson 2. The land Northward.
Lesson 3. The land of Nephi.
Lesson 4. The land of Zarahemla.
Lesson 5. Review of Part III.

PART IV.

Four lessons on Book of Mormon institutions and worship.

Lesson 1. The religion and places of worship.
Lesson 2. The offerings and feasts of the law.
Lesson 3. Secular institutions of the Book of Mormon.
Lesson 4. Review of Part IV.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The president and vice-president having been out of the city, meetings have been in charge of the secretary, Sr. Blanche Ammerman, who did well. The officers appointed various committees to arrange for programs which have been very much enjoyed.

The social committee gave a social July 31. Wires were connected, and two rows of electric lights beautified the lawn. Fifteen gallons of ice-cream were sold. The flower, good literature, and relief committees have given excellent programs. The *Indefinite* was edited by Bro. and Sr. T. J. Elliott.

The officers have returned, and will take up the work of the future.

Your sister in Christ,
E. M. PATTERSON.

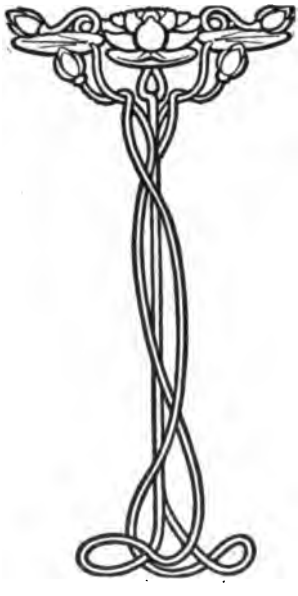
Lamoni, Iowa.—Last month we were treated to a pleasant surprise one evening at our regular session. After the lesson study a little slip of paper, with the first or last half of the name of a Book of Mormon character written upon it, was handed to each one present. We were then told to find the individual having the other half of the name, and after doing so were invited into one of the small Sunday-school rooms in groups where a refreshing drink of lemonade was served. From thence we proceeded to the next room where all were seated. Each teacher was then asked to respond, when his name was called, by describing a favorite Bible

character, continuing in the description till the name of the character was guessed by the listeners. A week or two later the same idea was carried out in a Religio session at the reunion, the teachers responding with a Book of Mormon character.

Our home class superintendent reports a membership in her department of 139, and ten classes, and a deep interest taken by many in the work.

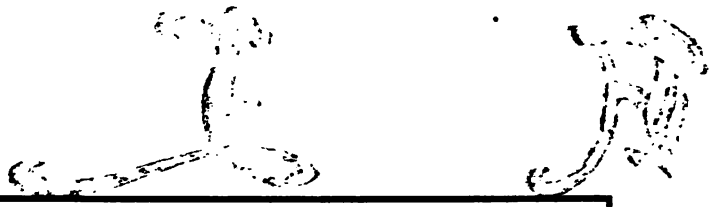
New classes have already been organized since the opening of college. CORRESPONDENT.

Second Kansas City, Missouri.—There are seventy members enrolled on our books, but we have only an average attendance of about half that number; but those that attend are alive and active in the work, and we feel like pressing on. Good work has been done by many of our members, and we hope to be able to carry on the Religio, and we feel it a special work, on our part, to arouse a greater interest, so that those that are negligent may be brought into the work and realize what the Religio can do for them, and that they may appreciate the privilege they have in learning. We have six classes, and our meetings are regular, and the programs as outlined in the *Quarterlies* have been followed very closely, and with the talent we have much good can be accomplished in our local. ANNA KEPLINGER, Secretary.



Autumn Leaves

NOVEMBER, 1908



AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CREATOR, GOD, AND FRIEND.

BY FRED H. JOHNSON.

IN hours of greatest need;
in times of deepest grief;
We come to thee, O God!
and weeping seek relief!
When skies above are lead; when souls are filled with fear;
When friends have turned away; we come to thee, for cheer.

No earthly foe to grace; no power of flesh or mind;
No ills that we must bear;—so great but thou canst bind!
And so we come to thee; Creator, God, and Friend;
And bring our broken hearts, that thou alone canst mend!

In hours of greatest bliss; in times of deepest joy;
We come to thee, O God! and words of praise employ.
When from the skies of blue, the blessed light descends,
We thank thee for thy care—for life and love and friends.

No little joy of earth; no wondrous glimpse of heaven;
No answer to our prayers,—but thou hast freely given.
And so we come to thee; Creator, God, and Friend;
Lo, from our brimming hearts, love doth to thee ascend.

Chicago, Illinois.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 21 NOVEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 11

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

BY ONE WHO WAS BEFRIENDED.

THE apostle and church historian, Luke, throws a beautiful light upon the purpose and reason for giving unto his disciples what we call the Lord's prayer, but which was given of the Lord to be an example of prayer, to be offered by his disciples. "And it came to pass, that, as he [Jesus] was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples."—Luke 11:10. And he said unto them," "When ye pray, say, Our Father, . . . give us day by day [marginal reading "or for the day"] our daily bread."

The request made by those followers, servants, of Jesus Christ, was, "Teach us to pray." And he [Jesus] said unto them, "When ye pray, *say*," etc., giving them a sample of prayer to be offered, practical, sound, without repetition, adapted to the needs of that day. "Give us this day our bread,"—not to-morrow's bread, but that which is needed to-day.

To-morrow you will be just as needy as you are to-day. So when another day dawns upon you, the same prayer is applicable. Give us this day—to-day—our *daily*, not weekly, monthly, but daily bread, dividing the duty between the Creator and the creature, the creature to ask, the Creator (Father) to give. Or the child to ask, the Father to give.

The disciples manifested a child-like, teachable, disposition: "Teach us to pray." The Master encouraged it, and tried to teach them the lesson of dependence upon God for every common need. This was supplemented by a promise: And I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you; but ask, pray, unto your Father who is in heaven, and you will be heard of him, your bread supplied. Your Father knoweth you have need of all these things before you ask him, but ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

The lesson in the splendid "Story from life" in AUTUMN LEAVES for August, suggested these thoughts and a very similar experience of my own, which I will relate.

In the year 1885 there was in the East a depression of business and I was made to feel the effects of it financially. Matters had gone from bad to worse when I found myself almost destitute of the common fare of bread and butter. I had tried very hard to support my wife and two little ones, and keep the wolf from the

door; but upon this occasion I felt I had become a prey to him. I was one year old in the kingdom of God, and was having my experience of test and trial of faith.

With my little family I sat down to our humble repast, asking God's blessing upon it, thanking him for my daily bread. After partaking of our evening's meal, I was specially impressed to go to the attic to pray. As I closed the door after me and tried to approach the flight of steps which took me to the attic, a power, strong, mighty, and dark, tried to force me back, so that I had to use about all the physical strength I had to make headway against it. But I was determined to perform the duty I had set out to accomplish.

When I entered the attic and closed the door, it seemed for a time the powers of darkness would overpower me. Realizing it to be the power of Satan, I called mightily upon the Lord for relief; at the same time I resisted the power of darkness, and rebuked it in the name of my Master. It suddenly left me, and just the opposite came to me,—light and peace of soul.

I poured out my soul in gratitude to my heavenly Father for his goodness in coming to my rescue. I then placed before him my temporal condition, asking him for work for my hands so that I could provide for my companion and little ones. As I prayed, my faith increased so that I felt I was just talking to my best and truest friend. I felt I was in his presence, and I said, "Lord, I demand of you help at this time." I did not feel I had been presumptive in my demand, but my faith led me to make that demand.

When I had finished my prayer I returned to my wife and commenced to read the *Herald* to her. There came a sudden knock at the door, and as I opened it, two good sisters stepped in, each with a basket laden with provisions; newly baked bread, butter, meat, flour, potatoes, pies, in fact everything we needed to carry us over that trying experience.

I invited Sisters Nellie and Kate to take seats, they apologizing for bringing the provisions, hoping I would not feel hurt. I said, "It is all right. I know whose hand is in this matter."

Sister Nellie then related a dream she had the night previous, wherein she saw my oldest boy climb upon my knee, asking me for something to eat, and I with tearful eyes had to tell him I had none. This was sufficient and the sequel showed their largeness of heart and willingness to follow the directing hand of God.

I was proud of heart, and had learned but little of the love that existed among God's children, so I was brought low and the Lord heard my cry and showed me his willingness to hearken unto the cry of his needy child, and to reveal through dreams as of old, that which would be helpful to his children and the work committed unto men.

One other experience happened about ten years after the one related. I was then in better circumstances. One morning as I was going to my business, the still voice of the Spirit said to go to such and such a widow's home and help her, for she was in need. I could not shake from me the influence that came upon me, and

I immediately went towards the home pointed out to me, about three miles distant. I stopped at a provision store and ordered what I felt directed to purshase and ordered it sent to the home of the widow and her four children. I gave no name of the sender, but instructed the storekeeper to tell her they were paid for.

Her suspicion or some intuition pointed towards me and a letter came in a day or two, informing me she had just come from her knees to answer a knock at the door and receive what had been sent, after pleading with her God for help. She knew of no one who could have sent them until I was presented to her.

"Give us to-day our daily bread," is as applicable to-day as when Jesus taught it to his disciples. When we have it to give to others, let us not wait until the cry comes to us from the poor suffering child, but seek opportunities to be used to convey God's answer to the needy.

INSPIRED DREAMS AND VISIONS OF MODERN TIMES.

III. ONE WHO WAS CAUGHT UP TO THE KING'S CITY.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

WE FIND many statements in the Scriptures which fully warrant us in the belief that man is a duality; that the intelligences which look out of our eyes, out of these "windows of the soul," are indeed beings that have and will have separate existence from the outward man; that the power which sets these hands in motion, which moves these feet upon the earth, which governs the body to make all necessary efforts for the common good of both body and its tenant, which is so intelligent here, so capable of comprehension and of instruction, which is so irrepressible in the pursuit of knowledge under all circumstances, and so able to act in wisdom, in truth, in purity, in honor, in righteousness, and in the true dignity of life, is indeed the intelligent spirit which God made, and which does not cease to exist when the mortal part decays.

. . . . . .

The idea of a conscious existence when separated from the body is expressed in 2 Corinthians 12: 3, 4, where Paul says that a certain man, who, whether in the body or out of the body, he could not tell, was caught up into paradise, and there heard things that were unlawful for him to utter upon earth. Though not permitted to speak fully of those things that he saw and heard, yet he plainly shows that his spirit in that state had superior privileges and there received knowledge of heavenly things, such as he had not been permitted to receive while tenanted in the body on earth; also that the real man, the sentient, intelligent entity was caught up, (whether his body went along with that spirit was a matter of no special importance). It was the spirit that saw, heard, comprehended, and remembered, and that came back to earth and still held in memory what he saw and heard.

So likewise the Lord has shown to other individuals some wonderful glimpses of the life beyond, so that we have not only the testimonies of Paul and other ancient worthies, but we have the living testimonies of men and women of our time who have had like experiences. I have myself known several most worthy and reliable men and women who have solemnly testified that in times of prostration, when they were nigh unto death, yes, when there was no apparent life in the body, the spirit was taken away to

ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

view the city of the great King, and that great and eternal truths were unfolded to them, and promises made that were afterwards fulfilled.

As one instance, I well remember one dear old sister in Plano, Illinois, whose funeral-sermon I preached some fifteen years ago, —Sr. Heroine Randall. Her testimony I wrote down from her own lips, which was, that while young, soon after her marriage, while a member of the Baptist Church, she was stricken with a consuming fever and to all appearance died, so that her friends began preparations for her funeral. She related to others as well as to me, that at that time her spirit departed from her body and

rose above it, and that she looked down and saw her husband and friends weeping over it. Then a personage of beauty received her into his charge and conducted her beyond the confines of earth, even she realized to a great distance, until they came without the walls of a beautiful city, one that shone in splendor. The gates were open, and she looked within and saw its glory, and the throng of bright ones, a company of life, activity, and intelligence.

As she gazed upon the glorious scene, she desired to enter, but her guide said that she could not go in, that she was not yet prepared to enter there. When she asked him why she was not, he answered: "You have not yet received and obeyed the gospel in its fullness, but if you return to the earth, to your mortal body, the time will come when you shall have opportunity to hear the gospel of Christ preached in its completeness, and if you accept it and live faithful to the commandments, you will have right to enter into the city that you have seen."

He then conducted her to earth again. She entered the room where her body was lying, and her spirit entered into it. Then her astonished friends saw her move, and her eyes open, and she spoke and said that they should not weep, for she would get well and remain with them. And very soon she received strength and speedily recovered from her sickness.

This occurred in the state of New York, about the year 1830, and a few years later the elders of the latter-day work came into that neighborhood, preaching Christ's gospel restored with its full doctrines and blessings. For a time she would not attend the meetings, but finally went; and when she heard the plan of salvation unfolded as preached in New Testament times, when she considered its evidences, the words of her heavenly guide came to her memory, and as she listened her heart was filled with the divine Spirit, and she realized that the truth was being preached. She obeyed it; and all who knew her can truthfully say that she lived faithfully and reverently, and that she bore as clear a testimony, sustained by as able arguments as very many of the elders can state in giving reasons for the hope that is within them when called to answer. And she continued ever in the hope of the promise made her by the bright attendant when her spirit was "caught away" to see the city of God and be instructed.

EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE, IN SOUTHERN SEAS.—PART I.

(Second Series.)

BY CHARLES H. LAKE.

LEARNING THE NATIVE LANGUAGE. A NATIVE FUNERAL. FATTENING THE MISSIONARIES.

SPEAKING about the language reminds me that it may not be amiss to mention some of the peculiarities of this strange tongue, therefore we will begin by saying that there are but thirteen letters in the alphabet, which include all the vowels and only a part of the consonants. They are, *a, e, f, h, i, m, n, o, p, r, t, u, v,* with one sound only to each letter: *a* as *a* in *father; e* as *a* in *fate; i* as *e* in *me; o* as *o* in *go; u* as *u* in *rule;* while all the others are sounded the same as in the English. All the letters of our alphabet are used in spelling different words, taken from different foreign languages, but are pronounced differently, as follows: *b* is pronounced *p;* and *d, g, k, c, s, z,* are all pronounced as *t; l* as *r; w* as *ua; ph* as *f.*

In the formation of Tahitian words, the consonants must be invariably separated by one or more vowels, and when Tahitians write or pronounce foreign words, they always insert vowels between the consonants. Every syllable is invariably terminated with a vowel. *E* and *te* are commonly (not always) what *a,* or *an* and *the* are in English, viz, indefinite and definite articles, as, *etaata,* a man; *te taata,* the man; the words *na, mau, tau, pue,* and *hui,* are prefixed to nouns, to denote plurality in such nouns, and to limit and restrict in a manner well known to the natives, but not easily attained by a foreigner. *Na* is prefixed to nouns to denote, in general, a small plurality, two or three, but sometimes it may denote a great number, when it is uncertain. *Mau* is an unlimited plural, as, *mau taata,* men, any number. *Tau* seems to be used to denote a small indefinite plurality in the noun; yet it does not seem to be used exactly as synonymous with *na.* The same with *pue* and *hui.*

The adjective is commonly placed after the noun to express its quality, as *e taata maitai,* a good man; *parau paari,* wise speech. In some few instances the Tahitian adjectives correspond in number with the nouns to which they belong, as, *e taata maitai,* a good man; *taata maitatai,* good men; *e taata ino,* a bad man; *taata iino,* bad men. It is equally proper to write the word denoting plurality before the noun, as, *te mau taata maitatai,* or *te mau taata iino;* it would not be proper, however, to write *te mau taata maitai,* as the adjective must be pluralized as well.

There is nothing in the adjective itself to denote comparison or degrees of quality; this is done by the aid of the particles, *i, ae, hau, roa, ino,* and *e,* as, *e mea maitai,* a good thing; *e mea maitai ae,* a better thing in a small degree; *e mea maitai roa,* a very good thing.

The personal pronouns are used in the Tahitian with peculiar

precision, they are of three sorts, singular, dual, and plural. The singular pronouns are as follows: *O vau*, I; *oe*, you; *oia*, he, she or it. Dual, *taua*, thou and I, or we two; *maua*, he and I, or I the speaker, and another; *orua*, you two; *raua*, they two; the plurals are, *tatou*, you all and I, or our party; *matou*, we three or more; *outou*, you, three or more; *ratou*, they, three or more.

The possessive pronouns are rather perplexing at first, as *na'u*, *no'u*, *ta'u*, *to'u*, *a'u*, *o'u*, answer for the possessive pronoun mine; the same with *na oe*, *no oe*, etc., answer for your or yours; *na'na*, *no'na*, *ta'na*, *to'na*, for his, hers, or its. To know when and how to use the different forms of speech is the difficult part to the beginner.

The verbs in Tahitian are of three sorts: active, passive, and neuter. A verb active is such as *amu*, to eat; *hinaaro*, to love. A verb passive is commonly known by the particle *hia* being added to it, as *hinaaro hia*, loved. The verb neuter is such as, *noho*, to sit; *tia*, to stand.

Besides being distinguished as active, passive, and neuter, most Tahitian verbs have a causative active, and a causative passive form, resembling the Hebrew conjugation termed *hiphil*, and its passive *huphal*. All the regular active verbs may therefore be conjugated four different ways, as, for example: *ite*, to know; *faaite*, to cause knowledge, or make known; *itehia*, known; *faaitehia*, to cause to be known.

The singular letter *a* has seven different meanings, when used as a word; *aa* has six different meanings; *aaa* has three different meanings, and *aaaa* means laughter or ridicule. The definition given in dictionary for *aaaa*, is an interjection of laughter or ridicule.

The little word *ao* has twenty-two different meanings, as given in the dictionary; and the word *au*, twenty. The little word *e* has fourteen different meanings. It is used for the conjugation *and*, also for the disjunction *or*. As, "*Te tane e te vahine*" the husband and wife; "*Teie e tera*," this or that. Some definitions as given in dictionary are obsolete now.

Well, perhaps this had better end your first lesson in this language, but am thinking it will not be the last one for some of you that may read this. Who will it be?

Wife and I arrived at Faaa in due time, and were given a *nidu* house on the opposite side of the path from the chapel, which was nearer than we really wanted to be; but felt that it would be better to accept it and say nothing. Time proved our misgivings to be well founded, for sometimes we were kept awake until eleven o'clock at night by the natives singing and talking in the chapel. They were never known to disperse at the close of a service, but must stop and talk it all over, have a *matutu*, or a sing; they are indeed a very social people, but, withal, are very jealous one of the other. This is especially noticeable between the different islands, and the different branches. The "green-eyed monster" makes himself very conspicuous in these parts, and talking against it has just as little effect as with all other evils. The only way seemingly to

curb any evil is to take their office away from the evil-doers; but of course that will only apply to those holding the priesthood.

While living in Papeete, we had let Bro. and Sr. Burton do most of the entertaining, as we could slip off into another room and continue our studies; but in this little room there was no chance for shirking: we must entertain and study at the same time. That, however, was an aid in learning the language, but in many other little things we would want to do at times it was of no assistance at all; in fact was a serious hindrance. If our company had been limited to the number of our chairs, there would be no difficulty in making our way about the room, but when there are ten or twelve natives sitting on the floor of a fifteen by fifteen room, in which must be the bed, tables, food-box, stove, etc., you will see at once there was not much room left for us. But when I would get my typewriter out and try to write to friends in America, it was necessary to school myself not to mind a few noses almost touching the machine, and the constant jabber of wonder and surprise. *"E mea nehenehe tera"* (a fine thing that); *"e mea oioi atoa;* (and fast too).

The natives had planted a great number of muskmelons, and as they did not like them so well as the watermelons, they were brought to us by the half dozen at a time. None went to waste, however. In December the mangoes began to ripen, and we enjoyed much of that delicious fruit.

We had not been living there very long when an old man died, and we had our first opportunity to observe their customs at a funeral. There was a great deal of mourning by the immediate family, quite audible, too; but it had a hollow sound, as though it was custom and not grief that caused it. After meeting that evening we went to the house to express our sympathy, and I must tell you what we saw. The corpse was stretched out on the ground, with the brother of the deceased sitting at its head, stroking and caressing the face, all the while telling in a monotone of his good qualities during life. Seated all about the room were the dusky-faced natives, and a flickering firelight made a scene both weird and unearthly. Early next morning was the funeral. The grave had been dug within four feet of the house, which is quite customary with this people when living in the country, and the whole village had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead. One of the native elders preached a good sermon; the coffin with the man's pillow and mat was lowered into the grave; each one present took a handful of earth and sprinkled it on the coffin, saying, *"Iaorana, i to oe haereraa."* (May you have life in your journey), or, as some would probably translate the words, "Peace be with you in your journey."

Not long after this a little baby boy died, and the whole village mourned. Its parents had taken it to Tiona for a short visit, and while there it was suddenly taken sick, and more than half the village at Faaa walked over to see it and escort it home. The baby's uncle carried it all the way, and when he arrived at our house, the perspiration was streaming from his face, and he was nearly

exhausted with his exertions in the heat of the day, together with his concern for the child. How helpless they were, trying to help the little one; they would rub it with oil, bathe it in hot water, and keep it going all the time. When told to let it lie quietly, it just seemed that they could not do it; we must be doing *something*, seemed to be their thought; no matter what, we must be doing *something*. The whole crowd stayed near the house until about eight o'clock that evening, when the baby died.

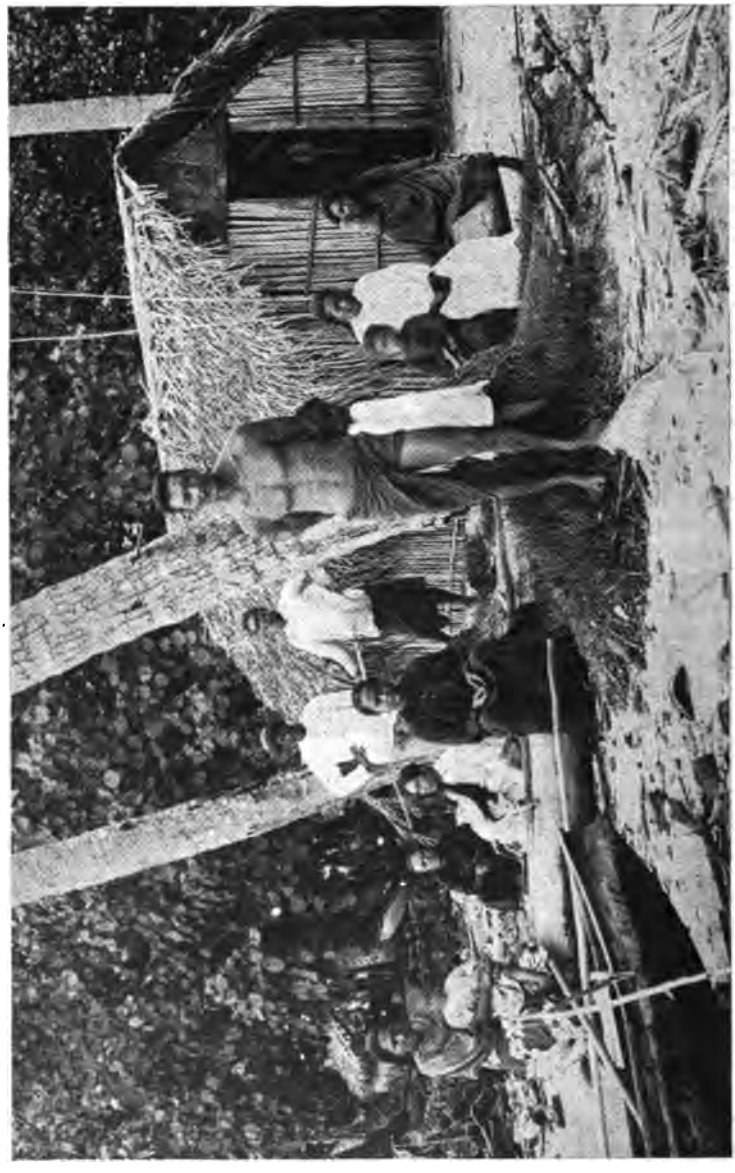
We truly sympathized with the family, for it was a dear little boy, and we knew they loved it; but the wailing and moaning were carried to such an extreme that our sympathy was turned to disgust. Surely, they must have expert mourners; it certainly has that appearance, when you hear one, unrelated to the dead, making more noise than any other, and keeping it up for so long a time as they often do; it would make you think of the professional mourner that we have read about. How much different was this funeral and that of the old man a short time before. At that time none but the near relatives showed much concern, but now, it would be hard to tell which were the relatives, as all seemed to mourn alike. How this people do love little children! There is but little they will do for an old person, but nothing they will not do for a little child. The baby is king here. They certainly rule the parents.

We had an experience one night which needs but a little stretch of the imagination to make it very interesting. The sun had just disappeared beyond the horizon, and darkness was rapidly creeping upon us from the east, when the gong sounded for a meeting of some kind, of which we had not heard. There was no light in the chapel, and we were wondering what it was to be, when there came silently from out the shadows, two or three men who squatted upon the ground in front of our house. We curbed our curiosity and awaited developments. Soon the natives began coming within our range of vision in the starlight, by twos and threes, unannounced, and as silently as had the darkness a short while before, ranging themselves in a semicircle on each side of the first arrivals, until practically the whole village was present. No light but that of the stars, and as I looked upon the scene, those dark skinned men, their heads uncovered, and bodies nearly nude, with nothing in sight to remind us of civilization, visions of Stanley in Africa, when oftentimes his life hung on the conclusions of that council, came before my eyes.

However, this was a peaceful council, and although we could not follow all they said, we could tell that they were talking about the land they were trying to buy, and no one interfered with us when we retired and closed the door.

Sometimes I would be walking along the path through the cocoanut groves, and see a boy quite a distance ahead of me; that is, I would just catch a glimpse of him, when he would disappear as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. Why he should hide himself, I know not, but it would seem to be the savage instinct within him. I have seen them creep along behind the low bushes, so close to the ground, that did you not know it was a boy, you

would easily mistake it for a dog or a pig. I have had no close acquaintance with the American Indian, but from what I have read in books and papers, I can tell that these islanders have many traits



A GROUP OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

"There are still to be seen among them many perfect specimens of physical manhood."

and manners in common with that people. If it were not for the diseases and vices introduced among them, this people would compare in perfectness of form, in strength and endurance, with any

people on earth; and there are still to be seen among them many perfect specimens of physical manhood. When we see them standing motionless upon the reef, spear in hand, waiting for a fish, we think of the bronze statues of Adonis we have seen in the art institutes of America. They are even stronger than they look to be; many of the men can carry five sacks of flour at a time on their shoulder, and do so, often, and so easily that I am sure they could carry seven for a short distance. There seems to be no limit to the amount they can carry on a pole across the shoulder. I have seen children, ten and twelve years old, carry more cocoanuts than I would care to lift.

But the ravages of disease are apparent everywhere among them, many dying of consumption. I have asked some of the older ones how they account for the fact that their race is dying off, and that there is so much sickness among them, and they answer that it is because they have been wearing the clothing of the white man. But I tell them it is because they do not wear them regularly, that they will wear a heavy black woolen suit during the heat of the day, then when night comes, strip down to a *pareu,* which is more especially true on Sundays, when they have been dressed up for the meetings.

If they catch a little cold, or have a headache, the head will be bundled up in a large turban, while the body and lower limbs will be bare. They will not follow the directions of the doctor, or any one who tries to help them; and if the medicine prescribed does not give instant relief, it is cast aside and some native remedy is substituted. It is wonderful what faith they have in their own concoctions, when really there is no more virtue to them than there is to the charms of a witch doctor among the Indians of America, or the savage tribes of Africa. A haphazard choice is made of some root or leaf from the forest, it is steeped and applied externally or internally, as may be determined by the location of the pain. If not speedily relieved, another search is made for some new remedy that has not been "tried and found wanting." That more are not poisoned is indeed a miracle.

Each and every one is a believer in spooks, and every once in a while we will hear of a *tupawau* (ghost) having been seen in the neighborhood. I am often warned, by some that I consider our smartest men, not to gather firewood from certain localities, because of graves being near there. They believe that should they disturb anything near a grave they would be haunted for the rest of their lives. Since they have been having so many storms or cyclones among these islands, every unusual appearance of the sky is a sure sign of another one coming soon. "That is just as the sky was before the great storm of 1903 or of 1906." Only last night one of our missionaries and his wife took turns in keeping awake, because they said the moon looked the same as it had before the last great storm. Withal their being so easily frightened, they can not be induced to leave these low islands and locate in Tahiti. "Too much work, and too little food there."

The French government issues a monthly paper, printed in both

French and Tahitian, a copy of which is mailed to each of the different governors of the islands. Not long ago there was an article warning the farmers against an obnoxious weed which was spreading rapidly and threatening to cause much trouble, and asking the coöperation of the natives in wiping it out. The Tahitian words used for trouble was *Ati rahi* (great trouble). The same word is used in speaking of these great storms, and so, when a certain native governor had read of the *ati rahi* that was threatened, he dropped the paper at once and started the story that they had all been warned by the government to prepare for another great storm, and as the wind happened to be quite strong that day, every one was frightened. Their fears were calmed, however, and the governor made to feel quite small, when a white trader read the article to them and explained what it meant. Just now they are expecting another to reach us next Sunday, and a little lightning and thunder last night only adds to their fear. Then they will all be at the meetings, especially if it is cloudy.

While living on the hill, all our water had to be carried from a large spring about a mile down the hill, and most of it was carried by the children. Quite often have I seen the pails, filled with water, sitting beside the road, where the dust from passing teams must fall into it, while the boys would be playing marbles. Every time one of the children felt thirsty, they would take a drink out of the pail, not with a dipper either. If we should suggest that it was not a good place to leave the pails, we would be told to get a cloth and strain the water, or they would offer to do it for us. Anything that will not go through a cloth is not dirt to this people.

Not much of importance happened those days, it was one continual round of meetings and the study of the language, until Christmas, when we all went in to Tarona for the festivities (*mahana oaoa*). This was our first Christmas in a warm climate, and as it comes in the middle of the hottest season, it was quite necessary to draw upon our memories, and picture to our mind's eye a winter scene, with rosy cheeked children collecting at the chapel to meet jolly Saint Nicholas. How different here; with a scorching sun beating down upon us, the glistening sands burning our feet, the warm winds tanning our faces, and dusky grown-up children assembling to enjoy themselves in their own peculiar way! There was nothing whatever in common with a Christmas day in our home land; no giving of gifts, no tree, no Christmas songs with which we were familiar, no children's exercises, no little recruits making their first bow before the public, no expectant faces and craning necks trying to get a glimpse of Santa. There was, however, the same spirit of gladsomeness, and we found pleasure in witnessing their "day of rejoicing."

Yes, Aunt Emma cooked us a nice chicken dinner, with what of the "fixin's" that could be obtained here; but "where, oh where, is the turkey with cranberry sauce, the pumpkin, mince, and apple-pies, and the ice-cream?" And again, "Where is the family?" It was "us four and no more," this time.

Christmas over, we went back to our little *niau* house on the

hill, continuing our studies until March, when we thought it would be a good idea to move into the old missionary house at Tiona, so that we would have a place in which to leave our surplus furniture and trunks while we visited the Tuamotu, or Low Islands, which was to be soon after conference. We spoke of the expected change to some of the leading men at Tiona; they seemed very much pleased, and said they would repair the house for us at once. When they said that, I fully expected to get moved within two weeks at most. At the end of that time I asked one of them how they were getting along with the house, and was told that they were waiting for a certain brother to get out of a job, when he was going to do the carpenter work. I began inquiring, then, as to when that was likely to be, and learned that it was very indefinite indeed, so suggested that they get lumber, nails, and tin for roof, and said that I would oversee the work. A day was set for me to begin, and the promise made that everything would be there ready for the start. I walked the two miles to Tiona that morning only to be told that the material was not there, and that there was no way to get it. I had to appeal to Bro. Burton to send it out from Papeete, and when it arrived do a good share of the work myself in order to have the house ready before conference.

At last we were ready to move, and one Friday at about noontime came a two-seated wagon with a cover on it. That of course meant three or four trips, not because we had so much to move, but because they would not fit in well on a covered wagon. We had about half our things moved that day, and supposed of course the remainder would be along the next day; but we did not know this people. That Saturday was set apart as a day to collect food for the Sunday following, and was just as religiously observed. The consequence was that we had to wait until Monday for the remainder of our things, and then pay a dollar for the team. I began to think that we were not well liked, and that they were not very anxious to have us move into their midst; but after nearly a year's additional study of the native, I have come to the conclusion that it was for the want of system and some one to take the lead. Their treatment of us after we were finally located among them told us more plainly than could words, that it was not because we were disliked. The truth is that each one feels that the work should be attended to, but that it would be ever so much better if the other fellow would only do it. You can not hurry the natives of these islands. Often we have our things all packed, as per previous instructions, ready to take boat for another island, only to be informed that for some reason, or no reason, we would not go until next day, with the probability of hearing another excuse for not leaving then. The boat may be obtained for our especial purpose, and have no other business, but that makes no difference, it would never do to start on the appointed day.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART XIII.

MY FAMILY went to Kansas City and temporarily located there, and as they soon began to need my assistance, I disposed of our household goods as best I could and went down to Kansas City, or to Independence, and rented a house and fixed up as best I could for the winter, and went to preaching in Kansas City, Holden, and other places, under direction of the minister in charge. About the time of the spring conference some of my children moved to Los Angeles, California, and as my wife was anxious to go to California, I fitted her up and sent her on after them. At the conference I was appointed on a mission in Arizona. As soon as the conference was over I started for my mission field, and landed in Bisbee, Arizona, where there were a few faithful Saints that received me with gladness. I soon began to try to work, but because of the sulphur fumes from the great smelter in Bisbee I found I could not live there. In the meantime my family had entered into a deal in which they needed my help very much; and so I soon pulled out and went to Los Angeles and labored there and in the surrounding country until I was put on the superannuated list of ministers and was allowed to choose my own mission. Since that time I have led a pilgrim life and made my home abroad, but have been actively engaged in the Master's work, and I can say I have been much blessed in so doing. It is true I have had times of despondency, but have always been able to draw comfort from the fountain that is opened up in the house of David.

After being superannuated I again went to Arizona and made a short stop, and from there I went to Texas and stayed for a season with Doctor Hansen at Vernon, his wife being a relative of mine. I stayed with the doctor till near the time of General Conference, and then we went to the General Conference at Independence, Missouri. I went back to Vernon, and there I met Elder John Moore who was just going to start for his field of labor in Oregon, by the way of Montana and Washington, and I concluded to go with him.

We stopped at Bozeman, Montana, a few days, and I was permitted to visit some old friends in the work. We made a short stop at Spokane, Washington, and from there came to Condon, Oregon, where we began work. I had planted the work there several years before, and had organized a little branch of the church then, but it was not fully organized for lack of material.

I went from Condon to Portland and stayed a couple of days, and from there fifty miles south to Independence, Oregon, and was cared for by Bro. H. H. Jasperson and his most excellent wife. I preached in his parlor to a goodly number of his friends, and as Bro. Jasperson stands high in the society of his town, my hearers were of the best class, and they were very attentive.

From Independence, Oregon, I went on to Looking Glass, Douglas County, and found a home with Bro. O. H. Buell and his good wife, whom I had led into the waters of baptism many years ago.

My objective point was Myrtle Point, Coos County, which was west of the coast range of mountains, but it was raining almost continually and I was forced to lay over for a time, hoping the rain would let up; but after waiting several days, I took passage on the deck of a little old wagon that they accused of being a stage. It had no top and I think the bottom was about knocked out of it before we got across the mountains. Now I wish to say that I have been traveling for many years, and have traveled in all kinds of conveyances, from "shank's ponies" to a palace-car or an ocean liner, but my ride over the Coos Bay road on the Coos Bay stage was the worst ride I ever had. The road could not have been any worse and been traveled at all. In fact we only got as far as a little post-office called Dora and had to hang up. It rained nearly all day, and the cold rain and the bumping and thumping and jumping of the stage had bruised me until I was so sore and lame that I could scarcely get into the house. It was ten o'clock at night, and we had only made thirty miles.

The next morning I got a chance to go down the river off the stage road where a Sr. Minard, a widow lady lives, who always has an open door for those that bear the gospel banner. I was kindly received and entertained till Sunday when although hardly able to stand up I preached twice to quite a nice congregation. Considering the rain, the mud, and the sparsely settled country, my congregation was very good.

From there I worked my way down to a Bro. Hansen's where I again had to lay up waiting for the roads to get passable. This Bro. Hansen is a brother to Doctor J. H. Hansen.

In a few days the roads were so improved Bro. Hansen ventured to try the trip to Myrtle Point, about eight or ten miles. It was very rough and muddy, but after a little more bumping I was at the point that I had been aiming at so long, Myrtle Point, Coos County, Oregon, here where I planted the standard many years ago. But oh, how changed is everything! Then it was a heavy forest of cedar, fir, maple, myrtle, and many other kinds of timber. Now here is a large town with electric lights and many other modern conveniences, and much of the timber has fallen before the stroke of the woodman's ax. Rich farms and dairies spread out on every hand, whereas when I was here last you could see but a few yards for the dense growth of timber. The wild elk that then were in great numbers have given place to the herds of domestic animals, and even the snort of the locomotive is here, where then only the scream of the panther or lynx was heard.

I was soon ushered into the presence of Uncle Dan Giles, and I found him, although changed in his physical appearance, the same Uncle Dan, the very soul of honor, and still holding the faith that he received so long ago. His place has always been headquarters, and for many years he was the only staff for the elders to lean upon while in that country.

When I got to Bro. Giles' I just gave up and threw myself down to rest, but I found such a demand for preaching that I did not rest long. I found Bro. E. Keeler here with the harness on as usual,

and I went to work with him in Myrtle Point and also at Bandon, down on the coast.

We labored there till the reunion of the Central Oregon District which was held in August, 1906. It was a joyous time for me to meet with the Saints of that place after so many years of absence. Quite a number I had not seen since I brought the message to them when I was young and strong. In one of the testimony-meetings an old lady said, "Bro. Clapp baptized me when I was but seventeen years old." My heart was often melted to tenderness to hear the expressions of confidence and tenderness expressed towards one so erring, but still it strengthened me in my determination to press on to the goal.

As I was an *old* new comer, it fell to my lot to do a little more than my share of the preaching; but I stood it quite well, and at the close of the meeting I took passage with Bro. S. J. Culver to again cross the mountains, but this time by way of Camas Valley. Bro. Culver telephoned on ahead to where we expected to stay the first night, and told them that if they would get out an appointment that we would have preaching at night. We got there after a hard, dusty ride, about six o'clock, and when the time came for the meeting we had eighty-six adults besides a few little ones, and again, it seemed a mystery where they all came from, the country is so thinly settled.

We landed in Camas Valley the next day; Bro. Keeler also came by stage, and we immediately set about holding some meetings, and we did hold several, but failed to work up an interest.

Bro. Culver brought us to Roseburg, Oregon, where I took the train for California, and Bro. Keeler took the north bound train for Washington, his mission-field.

When I landed in Chico, California, it was very hot, and so I had a warm reception. I tarried but a short time and then made my way to Irvington to attend the big reunion where I had a most enjoyable time. My roommates were Brn. Fred A. Smith and F. M. Sheehy. We also had Elder R. C. Evans with us, and all seemed to enjoy the meetings. I can say for the Irvington Saints that any meeting they have anything to do with is bound to be a success.

I went from there to Tulare where very much against my inclination I accepted the presidency of the Tulare Branch. I saw that something was needed to save the branch, and was willing to make the sacrifice. I am sorry to say I found it a useless task, and after serving them six months to the very best of my ability and seeing no good results I resigned my office and tried to occupy wider fields that were opening for me on every side.

(To be continued.)

EVENING BREEZE.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

'Tis good to feel the evening breeze
  Flow upward through its dreamy banks
Of swinging grapevines, and of trees,
  Majestic in their somber ranks.

To feel it bathe the fevered face,
  And flow along the weary form,
As some fond lover's soft embrace
  That makes the heart grow young and warm.

To watch the forest as it stands,
  A tawny hulk, that swiftly dims
Into the far-off twilight lands
  Of shadow trunks, with shadow limbs.

To feel the soul grow weak with awe
  At the far-shining stars of night
Unhampered, yet controlled by law,
  And each to each a welcome light.

O Savior walking by my side,
  Whom all the day I failed to see,
Extend thy patient hand to guide,
  That I may tread the night with thee.

AUTUMN.

BY EMMA MARMADUKE.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

—Bryant.

How beautifully the poet has described our feelings in his well-known and loved autumn poem. It seems only natural for us to consider autumn as a sad season; and yet, when we give heed and

deeper thought, there is no cause for sadness. Nature is not dead, but sleepeth.

Personally, we have always loved autumn a little more than any other season of the year. And as the years so silently and swiftly glide by, leaving with us the pleasant or sad memory of deeds done, or left undone, this feeling is intensified. Spring is gay and beauti-

"Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead."

ful, and we love it; everywhere life, happy young life greets us, both in the animal and the plant kingdom. But somehow there is a sweeter, perhaps a sadder feeling we enjoy more in autumn. At first glance, we feel like death is written everywhere; but the

wisdom and goodness of God is so plainly revealed, we are made to rejoice.

A visit to the woods in autumn is as full of inspiration and pleasant anticipation, as one in the spring. We no longer need the protecting shade of the tree, so God ordained that it prepare for the coming blasts, by spreading its leaves as a mantle over its feet, where its life blood is protected by Mother Earth. The tree was beautiful in summer, clothed in verdure, laughing in sunshine, ever responsive to the whispering breeze. Now we behold it stripped of its verdure, lifting its bare branches toward heaven, a symbol of strength ready for the conflict with winter. The grass is brown, the flowers have gone to sleep, to be awakened by the soft south winds of April.

This death or sleep only means life, "a more abundant life." We contemplate with keen delight the silent preparations for this future life that have been going on in field and wood, and are led to exclaim, "O God, how mindful thou art of man." We come home with gladness in our hearts, and a song of praise on our lips. This is a good season for seriously considering our own lives. Are we imitating nature by getting ready for the future life? since the autumn shall surely come when we, too, shall sleep like the flowers. Yet if we are humbly doing our best, even this thought need not occasion a feeling of sadness.

"Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear."

THE CREED OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

BY MAX CARMICHAEL.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was read before the Religio Society of Lamoni, Iowa. It will be followed by others from different writers among our young people briefly setting forth the creeds of the various prominent churches.]

THE SUBJECT as stated includes the creed of the Lutheran Church; but in order to give anything more than the mere category of the Augsburg Confession, I found it essential to give some of the early history of the church, especially that that has any connection with the development of the creed itself.

The predominant cause of every great schism in the world's ecclesiastical history, has been generally some existing evil, which the revolutionist has picked out and made his hobby. The separation, however, if permanent, effected in time other differences in doctrine, and thus the creed was devolved. Such it was in the case of Martin Luther. Luther was naturally of a religious turn of mind, and his zeal being increased by the death of a near friend, he decided to become a monk. In 1511, he made a pilgrimage to Rome in true medieval Christian spirit, but returned to Germany horrified at what he had seen. It was the practice of indulgences; but not until 1517 did he begin preaching against it from his Wittenberg pulpit.

This was the time that he nailed the famous ninety-five propositions or theses, denouncing indulgences, upon the door of the castle church,—the nucleus of Protestantism. These theses were one continual harangue against indulgences; but throughout Luther seems to sense the need of true Christian repentance, rather than a sort of a Mosaic or formal one, such as the Catholic Church was then practicing. He declared that true repentance was not shown by external signs of sorrow, and that any Christian, through sufficient contrition, confession, and absolution, could receive forgiveness directly from God, without any other intervening human contrivance. He further averred that God alone could forgive; for he alone could judge the heart.

Unconsciously and involuntarily at the time, in these theses, Luther struck a blow at other doctrines of the established church. In claiming that intrinsic repentance of the soul was valued for more by the Master than the extrinsic, and that forgiveness could be obtained without human mediation, he attacked not only indulgences, but confessions, and indeed the whole Catholic system of formal worship. Persecution compelled him to examine the ancient history of the church, and the consequence was an open and unctious denunciation of the invocation of saints, clerical priesthood, and episcopal and metropolitan pretensions. None of these could he defend in face of the Holy Scriptures.

Other of his doctrine was brought out in his private interview at Augsburg, with the legate Cojetan, whom the pope had sent to settle the dispute. These two propositions he would neither abjure

nor recant,—"that the treasure of indulgences is not filled with the merits of Christ, and that he who receives the sacrament must have faith in the grace offered." Later, his public controversy with John Eck, at Leipsig, evinced more of his ideas. The discussion began first on indulgences and repentance, but drifted onto the papal authority. Luther claimed that the pope was as dependent upon the church as the church upon the pope. He believed that a common layman, who had the Holy Spirit, was more reliable than popes and councils who had it not. He did not altogether deny the primacy of the pope, only so long as he did not act in harmony with the Scriptures, and in accordance with the spiritual welfare of the people. This debate brought about Luther's final breaking off of connection with Rome, and he now came forward with the doctrine of "Germany for the Germans." He denounced the sending of money to Rome. He further demanded a civil government uncontrolled by church, and that clergymen should be allowed to marry.

Finally his whole doctrine was summed up in the Augsburg Confession in 1530. Some of the main points of its doctrine are:

1. That there is one divine essence, which is called, and is God, eternal, incorporeal, indivisible, infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness, and yet that there are three persons who are of the same essence and power, and are coeternal; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

2. That the Word, that is the Son of God, assumed human nature in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary, so that the two natures, human and divine, inseparably united into one person, constitute one Christ, who is true God and man.

3. That since the fall of Adam all men, who are naturally engendered, are born with a depraved nature; that is, without the fear of God, or confidence toward him, but with sinful propensities.

4. That the Son of God truly suffered, was crucified, died, and was buried, that he might reconcile the Father to us, and be a sacrifice not only for original sin, but also for all the actual sins of men. That he also sanctifies those who believe in him, by sending into their hearts the Holy Spirit, who governs, consoles, quickens, and defends them against the Devil and the power of sin.

5. That men can not be justified before God by their own strength, merit, or works; but that they are justified gratuitously, for Christ's sake, through faith.

6. That this faith must bring forth good fruits; and that it is our duty to perform those good works which God commanded, because he has enjoined them and not in the expectation of thereby meriting justification before him.

7. That in order that we may obtain this faith the ministerial office has been instituted, whose members are to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments (viz, Baptism and the Lord's Supper). For through the instrumentality of the word and sacraments as means of grace, the Holy Spirit is given, who in his own time and place produces faith in those who hear the gospel message,

viz, that God, for Christ's sake, and not on account of any merit in us, justifies those who believe in Christ.

8. That at the end of the world Christ will appear for judgment; that he will raise all the dead; that he will give to the pious and elect eternal life and endless joys, but will condemn wicked men and devils to be punished without end.

The liturgies of the Lutheran Church in Europe agree in main points with those of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but in the United States more of an option is allowed the ministers. The church observes Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, the Ascension, and Whitsunday. Infant baptism and confirmation is practiced, also extreme parity among the clergy. Anything like secular interference in their religion, the Lutherans oppose strongly. The chief body of the church is the General Synod, whose action is merely advisory; as each congregation holds powers similar to those of the Congregational Church.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

BY D. S. RICHARDSON.

"In this canyon once aflare with the joy of life and hope."

Downward from the great plateau,
  Where the Painted Desert creeps,
Breaks a canyon, deep and lone,
  Where a ruined city sleeps.
Not such city as ye know
  Where the noonday splendor falls,
But dark eyries, row on row,
  Swallow-nested in the walls.

If it had a name, no man
  Ventures now to speak the word;
Where its history began
  None may say, for none have heard.
Yet it was a dwelling-place;
  Here men lived and loved and died;
This was home to some lost race;
  Here was crib and fireside.

In this canyon, once aflare
  With the joy of life and hope,
Slinks the gaunt coyote where
  Hearth-stones crowned the rocky slope.
Lizards flash from bank to bank,
  And the stealthy rattler crawls
Where the chaparral grows rank
  Over stone and crumbling walls.

Written in these stones I see
  Pass again in long review
Life's pathetic tragedy—
  Man's old story, ever new
Records of a savage day
  When the right to life was guaged
By his strength who stood at bay
  In the sleepless conflict waged.

Oh, the pathos written here
  In these long deserted cells!
Oh, the tale of toil and fear
  Which their mute persistence tells!
What the story? Did the sun
  Dry their springs and parch their lips?
Did relentless famine run
  Through their ranks in dire eclipse?

Did the fierce Apache sweep
  From the heights—a human flood—
Charging down the rocky steep
  In an ecstasy of blood?
Did the pestilence at noon
  Stalk unstayed and taint the air?
Did they, 'neath a dying moon,
  Curse their gods in their despair?

Who shall answer? From the past
  Comes no voice. The great round sun
Swings in silence, and the stars
  Keep their councils where they run.
Nothing but these crumbling stones
  In the desert, stark and gray,
Tell of them who struggled here,
  Made their flight and passed away.

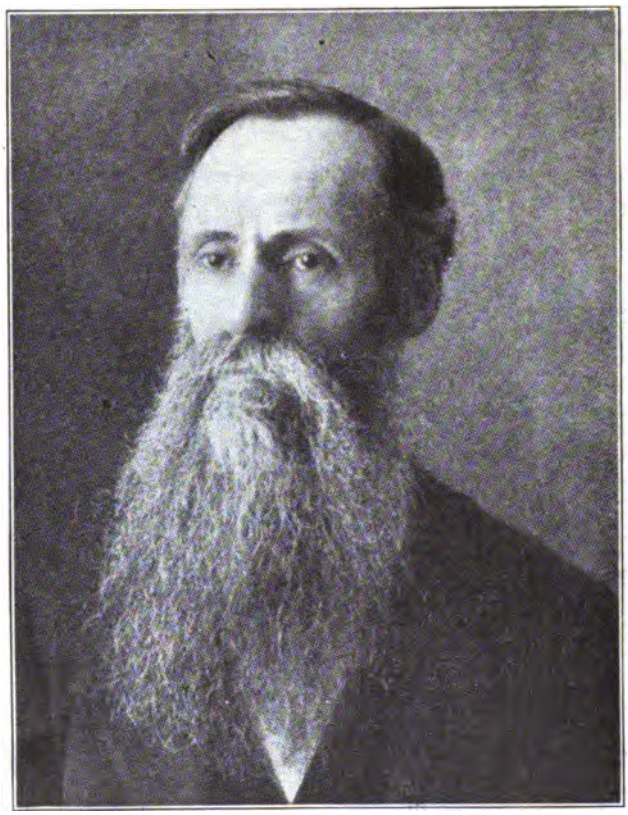
—*Sunset Magazine.*

TEACHING AND PRACTICE.

BY JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

(From a sermon.)

WITH reference to what we are to teach, the New Testament clearly shows that we are to teach the gospel, the doctrine of Christ, the truth. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants clearly shows that we are to teach these things; that we are to bring our children up in light and truth. The great purpose of the gospel is to bring us back to God, from whom we have strayed through transgression and sin; hence



JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

"Everything that is found in this divine plan is in harmony with God's character."

everything that is found in this divine plan is in harmony with God's character, and everything imposed on us in this plan will bring us, when rightly performed, nearer to our heavenly Father. But I am inclined to the belief that as a people, we have not taken

the comprehensive view of this work that we should have done. We have been comparatively satisfied with what we term the first principles of the gospel, and have not taught those principles of truth and righteousness, that should enter into the life of the individual Saint, as clearly and forcibly as we should have done.

We are surrounded by the evils of Babylon; we partake too much of them. There is, it must be conceded by every close observer, a lack of integrity among the people of God. There is a lack of that honesty that God requires in order that they may enter into his rest and enjoy the promised blessings. We need more of the Spirit of truth; that Spirit alone can qualify us for duty, and the work will be hindered, and its movements will be slow, until we attain unto that degree of righteousness, that we can safely trust one another, and there will be no disposition upon the part of any brother or any sister to take advantage; but honestly, moving in harmony with the character of the great God as he has clearly revealed it in the revelations of the Bible, the revelations in other sacred books, we becoming more and more like him, and accomplishing the work that he has enjoined upon us.

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Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE MINISTER WHO WAS DIFFERENT.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Sidney Luther is an eloquent and able minister, in charge of the Walnut Street Church in the city of P——. His study of the Bible leads him to teach some things that are not in harmony with his church creed. Two "pillars" of the church call upon him to remonstrate. He is out and they are met by the minister's wife. They claim that they have the right to say what he shall preach because they pay his salary. The wife tells them that they can not hire her husband to preach anything, that he can not be bought and sold. At the Sunday night service Luther decides to resign his pastorate. He is comforted by Mr. McBernie, an aged Scotchman, who assures him that the Lord will take care of him. McBernie visits the Walnut Street Church some months later and finds a new man in the pulpit. He hears a sermon on "dry bones" and decides that the sermon is quite like the subject. He meets a man in blue overalls and learns that it is Sidney Luther, now engaged in manual labor as a tanner. Luther continues his search for truth and light. He becomes nominally connected with a more liberal church. He is surprised to receive a letter from McBernie who urges him to come to Mentone and engage in church work. He accepts the proposition and moves to Mentone where he becomes very successful as a minister. McBernie's son, Donald, returns from college. He meets the minister's sister and acquires a taste for religion. Luther encounters the elders of the Reorganization. Elder Pratt meets with the "conclave" to discuss religious topics. Luther is converted and baptized. The Reverend J. Albert Hubbard appears and begins a rival revival. He lectures on "Mormonism" and refuses to per-

mit Elder Pratt to defend himself. Luther announces a series of open-air meetings. He is mobbed.)

CHAPTER 13.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

IT WAS Sunday afternoon. Donald and Minnie came down the front walk and out the gate, bound for the afternoon services.

Why must we at this point chronicle a misunderstanding that separated these two young lives and caused great anxiety and heartburning? Yet 'tis an accepted adage that the course of true love never did run smoothly. Many books of fiction are written on the basis of this theory. Always there comes a quarrel, a jealousy, an accident, or an illness that destroys or threatens the happy culmination whither the fond reader would fain hasten.

Ephraim Wilson passed them as they came out of the gate. We repeat, Why must we chronicle a separation? Why break the little cord of love that has run like a golden thread through this story?

We will not! Donald and Minnie were not posing behind the footlights, or in one of the "six best sellers"; they were simply an ordinary young man and an ordinary young woman (either would have scorned such a statement about the other), and, like average mortals, they pursued the even tenor of their ways,—no heartbreak, no estrangement, no tragedy, no tears,—put the book away unfinished, if you will, 'tis true!

The sun was shining brightly, and Minnie raised her little lace parasol,—just as great a protection against the summer sun as is the average lady's parasol, or the average lady's hat against the winter's wind; just as self-sufficient as the average lady's four inches square of lace-bordered handkerchief.

When first erected, after the manner of its kind it tilted Donald's hat to one side. He straightened the hat. Minnie held the parasol a little higher, apologized, and a moment later it caught the hat from above and tilted it to the other side.

Donald took the parasol, with a smile, and calmly pursued his way, holding it so that it shaded a minute portion of the surrounding landscape and left Minnie exposed to the wilting rays of the sun. As he possessed himself of the offending parasol, Minnie looked up and gave him a pretty little grimace.

He looked at her, smilingly, and declared, "That makes me think of the first time I ever saw you. I'll bet you don't remember."

"Your language is shocking," she chided; "but I do remember. It was in the old Walnut Street Church, ages and ages ago, when we were young. You came to meeting with your father."

"Yes," he said, "and you were chewing gum. You made a face at me. Any way, an old theory is exploded."

"What theory?" she inquired.

"That gum-chewing spoils one's looks," he replied.

He was rewarded with another grimace that he mentally labeled, "Adorable."

A little silence fell upon them. At first it was quite delightful. Presently, as they walked along, it grew strained. With feminine intuition of impending matters of importance, Minnie's heart began to thump; but she could think of absolutely nothing to say to relieve the situation.

No proposal of marriage ought ever to be written down and published. At this crisis in two lives, the deepest and purest of emotions appears but meanly clad in the halting words that come to abashed lips, and ought not to be paraded in such dress before the curious public.

However, we may divulge this much of the answer: "I—I made a vow once—that—that may prevent."

"A vow? What vow?"

"I—I vowed that I—I would never—marry a preacher; and I'm just sure you will be a preacher. You—you know you said you would—when—when you grew up."

"But, don't you see!" protested Donald, trying to get a look at the flushed face under the wide-rimmed hat, "that's all the more reason why we should not delay! I'm not a preacher yet!"

CHAPTER 14.

SIDNEY LUTHER'S DEFENSE.

A special preaching-meeting had been announced for three o'clock Sunday afternoon, in the old union church; but none was held. It was given out that Reverend J. Albert Hubbard had been suddenly called away by telegram. There were no services to conflict with the one in the little park.

The better element of the town resented the attack that had been made upon Luther. A crowd of men, led by Norman Barker, came down early Sunday morning and rearranged the seats. Under the immediate and tender ministrations of Rose Luther, who wasted no time in identifying McBernie's captive, Sidney had been speedily restored to consciousness; and, though scratched and battered, he was on hand at meeting time. It had been decided that he should deliver the first sermon; word had gotten out that he was to make his defense, and the attendance was all that could be desired. Even Mrs. Barker came, mainly to watch Barker.

The sun shone merrily down through the maple boughs; the birds twittered overhead; the pine boards smelled of the far northern pineries. Sidney Luther was in fine spirits, and went here and there, shaking hands with every one, choosing to overlook affronts, feeling no resentment toward any living being. All in the world that he desired was an opportunity to tell people what he believed—like one of old, he thought, "*Strike*, but *hear* me!"

As he stepped upon the platform and took a seat by the side of Elder Pratt, he noticed a little coincident in the formation of his audience. The Saints, coming first, had taken seats to the extreme right, clustering around Rose Luther. Among them he saw the

smiling faces of Donald and Minnie, and discovered a new light thereon. Others, coming later, had rather avoided the little group, and sat or stood to the left and in front of him. Even McBernie, for some inscrutable reason, had not joined the group of Saints, with whom his lot had been cast of late.

What a splendid place in which to preach, thought Luther. A moment later he was diverted by the maneuvers of Deacon and Mrs. Deacon Hardpack, who were seeking seats. "Jonas," cautioned the wife, "you must set here in the sun, so's to not ketch cold." The old deacon settled the matter by taking a seat in the densest shade to be found.

How shall we describe the sermon? It is useless to attempt the task, because we can not convey in words the spirit of it, more than we could convey the opposite spirit that had seasoned the Reverend J. Albert Hubbard's attack. The latter gentleman had attacked character; he had placed it within Sidney Luther's power to reply in kind, but instead, Luther passed by personalities, and taking up Hubbard's discourse, point by point, answered him with biblical and historical evidences. With logic and evidence he fell upon him in mass, crushed him in detail, marched through his ranks, cut him to pieces, captured his outposts, stormed his citadel, spiked his cannon, overbore his colors, routed him, devastated him, and did other things. His most poignant regret was that the Reverend Hubbard was not present; but, in any event, that could not have been expected. "He missed a fine funeral-sermon," declared Barker.

Having answered Hubbard, he turned his attention to the second division of his discourse, which he had announced under the head, "Why I am a Latter Day Saint." He gave them a history of his search for truth during the past years, and of the evidences that had been given to satisfy him that he had at last found that which he sought.

It seemed that he was preaching for the first time. The gospel had come to him "with power, and with assurance, and with the Holy Ghost." True, his eloquence and personal ability were valuable accessories, but 'twas the truth, now well in hand and used as an instrument of precision, that gave him a power that day that caused people to marvel, and hewed the way through prejudice and ignorance.

When at last he was quite done, having talked for two hours to an audience that never moved, opportunity was given for remarks, replies, or questions.

McBernie arose slowly to his feet, and turned to face the audience. "Friends," he began, "Let me give you a thought: I have decided in my mind that no man must pray for God to lead him into the right church unless he is willing to enter the Latter Day Saints' Church. I mind telling Mr. Luther before he came here that he would find some sheep and some unruly goats. I read in Matthew 25, how they were divided, and the sheep were placed on the right hand, while the—the others were to remain on the left. Now I thinket that Mr. Luther has anticipated that day, and he has a little flock of the true sheep on his right hand. I want to be one with them. I have

searchet the scriptures true and faithful, and I know they have the right way. Who will follow me?"

With shining face, the old man made his way across the little space and sat down among the Saints. There were others who followed, in ones and twos, honest men and women who had attended Elder Pratt's meeting and were fully decided. Norman Barker started to his feet, but a firm hand on his coattail drew him back. Mrs. Deacon Hardpack stood up, glanced apprehensively at the deacon, and sat down. The deacon got slowly to his feet and made his way across and sat down by McBernie; his wife followed with alacrity.

The tide had turned. These were the first of many who were led to the truth during the meetings that followed; the first of many who were to hear the gospel under the ministrations of the minister who was different. The series of meetings closed only to make way for the little church that was erected under the maple-trees, on ground donated by McBernie.

"I wandered long in darkness, yet sought the narrow way,
And my life was like the surging of the sea;
But now I am rejoicing in this the latter day,
Since the precious angel message came to me."

THE END.

AN AFTERWORD.

The chief events that figure in the story of The Minister Who Was Different actually occurred in the life of Elder ———, one of the most prominent of the early elders of the church. He was pastor of one of the prominent churches of the city of Pittsburg. He found himself out of harmony with his church creed, resigned his pastorate, and secured employment as a tanner. Afterward he became nominally connected with a more liberal church, moved to distant fields, and resumed ministerial work, at the solicitation of friends. He became exceedingly popular, and built up a flourishing church. The congregation purchased a tract of land and had a residence in course of construction, intending to present them to him, but he was not destined to enjoy these fruits of his labors. Elders of the Latter Day Saints' Church visited him and were invited to preach in his church. He was converted and baptized. Later he was ordained an elder, and in time came to occupy a high position in the church. At one time a mob took him from his home at night and beat him nearly to death. However, the story of Sidney Luther does not pose as an historical document; it does not invite criticism as such. In the story a later date is given to events than that at which they actually transpired and new characters and scenes are introduced to fill in the drama of life where history is silent.

E. A. S.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

**"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."**

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, secretary, 630 South Crysler Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. E. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

TOILERS.

THE other night, or morning, it was half past three, I was very restless and wandered about the house trying to get sleepy. I sat down in the library, and looking across the room, out of the window, I saw a lonely figure coming up the other side of the street. As he came nearer I saw that he was a policeman going his rounds.

Presently the street-car went by, down at the corner, without a single passenger, just the conductor and motorman. I remembered seeing a man with a lunch-box going to his work early that evening. And the postman had collected the mail at twelve. And then I began to think of the hundreds of people who were working the whole night through, while the rest of the world was sleeping; and sleeping more peacefully and quietly because the guardians of our peace are known to be abroad in the land through the dark hours of the night. I thought of the hundreds that are working through the night that the world may be better accommodated—on street-cars and railroad trains, and at countless railway stations. How many men, women, and children are toiling through the night, in mills, factories, mines, and elsewhere, to eke out an existence; to carry on the world's work, though perchance to help the wealthy fill coffers that are overflowing now. How many, many people are working where the heat is so intense that their eyes are affected in a short time; where lint flies till the lungs are filled; where there are all sorts of unfavorable conditions, that we may have the finished product, perfect, beautiful. The world demands so much. We may live simply, quietly. We may do all the work about the house and yet how many are working for us. Always they are making, and we are consuming.

I read the Van Vorst's book on The Woman Who Toils, and I said over and over, "What *can* a woman do? I want to do something to help."

I read parts of the book to my family and one of the boys said, "Mother, you only get us all wrought up about it, and what can we do? We can't do anything."

"But, dear," I said, "I want you to think about it, and feel bad

about it, and perhaps sometime you can do something. You will be a man some day. We ought at least to take off our hats to those who labor."

"I have had young men tell me that when the fact of the brotherhood of man first dawned upon them, their warm beds tortured them into sleeplessness, through the thought that some of their brothers were cold. Here the trivial and the sublime mingle together, for, though the young man's sleeplessness avails not to solve the ancient problem of the rich and the poor, yet it is precisely because there are always coming to manhood those who are capable of such feelings that we can hope for progress towards the righting of entrenched wrong." (Doctor George Coe.)

Whenever I think of pickles, now, since reading Mrs. Van Vorst's account, I see bottles and bottles and bottles and corks being hammered in, and sometimes flying glass and cut fingers, and weary workers.

I have bought a great many things ready-made; and long before I read the book, I commenced to think about the people who made the dozens and hundreds and thousands of garments with which the counters of our stores are piled. When I see things that are reasonable in price, my first thought is one of pleasure in them. And then I never fail to think of the tired fingers that made them, and the poorly paid workers.

I was buying some little wash dresses one day, and I said to the girl, "This one is so crooked. Please see if you can find one that is straight." There was a point on the collar, and it was not even with the middle of the yoke.

When we remember the speed with which some of these things are made, the speed with which they *must* be made, it is small wonder that they are not straight and even. How could any one get anything straight with that mad, galloping thing, the electric sewing-machine? I couldn't.

Sometimes when I am stitching on the machine I run crooked a little bit; or when I think I have taken great care things don't come out just right. Then I take time to rip the imperfect seam and rectify the mistake. I am not racing for bread and butter. Whether I finish the garment this day or the next our meals will be regular. And besides, when I sit down to my machine, I can look out upon beautiful lawns with fresh, green grass and flowers.

Oh, the hundreds of garments that are offered for sale. Oh, the weary fingers that made them, the aching eyes that looked and looked upon all those rows and rows of stitching; the aching backs; the nerves unstrung. The cotton goods that we use—that look so attractive, draped in the store-windows! Did you ever stop to think where they come from? Did you ever think of the toilers, and especially the women and children who make such goods?

I have tried over and over again to imagine my two precious little girls, half clad, bare-foot, dirty, unkempt, working in a mill, ill-ventilated, noisy, the air thick with flying particles of cotton, to cover the hair and clothing and to be inhaled; tired, sleepy, with

some one always to say harshly, "Go on," instead of, "Dear, creep into my arms and rest!"

I can't do it! Here they are, sweet, fresh, healthy, and happy, though in a modest home. With wholesome food, plenty of sleep, fresh air, shady lawn, green grass, sand pile, books and playthings; here they are, glad and free! And those other children are being cheated of their birthright. Those other mothers are being cheated out of the fairness of life that is their right as well as mine.

Shall we fail to add our mite, that public sentiment shall be aroused to such an extent that conditions *will* be bettered?

HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

There came to me a stricken soul, in the anguish of longing for the comfort of a mother taken suddenly away. And while we wept together she said, "My mother was so good! Why wouldn't the Lord heal her? I know, I have my husband and my child, but it seems to me there's nothing that my heart can feel except how much I need my mother! A few more years of her mothering would have helped me so much, I am sure. I have been watching the weaknesses of others who profess to be children of God, and so I have been letting my faith slip away, and now when I need it so much, I feel unworthy of his help. Oh, dear; I want my mother! In her love for me, she told me I was proud. I wouldn't believe her then, but I can see it now. I have been caring more for the world than for the love of God, and there is nothing else that matters now, for she is gone,—and I feel so far from him; but I'm going to try to do better."

"Yes, she is gone, but, in a way, she is with you still, for don't you see she is helping you?—helping you to realize as perhaps she could not have done if she had stayed with you?"

"Do you think," and a little hardness came into her voice, "that it would be right for the Lord to make the rest suffer, just to punish me?"

"I do not think it would come as a punishment. The sorrow came, and he is letting it work for your good. Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden.' It is his love that causes us to examine ourselves, and to put away anything that keeps us from coming to him. He is reaching out to draw you to himself. He wants you to come where he can comfort you. He says, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' "

But the grief was too new and had come too unexpectedly to give room at once to the trust that could lay hold of the promise, and I could only pray for her and for other sorrowing ones that the ministry of pain might bring the good that loving friends were powerless to give them.

And this, I thought, is only the individual instance in the continuing wail of sorrows because of death in the world.

The national day for the giving of thanks is at hand, and Scrip-

ture language counsels us, "In everything give thanks." Facing the distress that is in the world, not only from death but from oppression and sin, how often the question has arisen, "How is it possible to give thanks in everything?"

God is true, and for this we can give thanks always, knowing that the evils in the world are from the violation of his laws, which work always for the happiness of his children. We can give thanks for all that we have enjoyed, even when only the memory of it is left to us. We can give thanks for the hope of the resurrection and the joys of the life beyond. We can give thanks that influences are at work in the world to better the conditions for the toiling, suffering ones, and that God is over all and will bring the day of peace and righteousness. We can labor with him to this end, rejoicing in the promises, "In the world ye shall have tribulation but in me ye shall have peace," and "All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord."

SING AS YOU GO.

"God never would send you the darkness,
If he thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

"'Tis true he has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

"So he sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet.—
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

"Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so."

LIFE.

To me death has always seemed a new life. The pathetic sorrow of a person passing away from us into that life of which we know not, of going out and away from us, of being untouchable, of being where we can neither speak to nor hear them is something inexpressibly sad to those who are left.

But what of those who go? Do we ever stop to think that the pointing to a life by God's hand is never done amiss? Do we ever

pause to think that their life work here may be done and it were better that they go on to their other life? That to have stayed would have meant unnecessary suffering and sorrow wherein nothing was to be gained in God's great purpose?

That thought has always robbed death of its terror regarding friends of mine, not of the sorrow of parting, but the gloom in which so many envelop the word of death.

I have a friend who feels so much this way that I wish to pass on to you what she gave me. Quite around the world now are known the quaint little "Sunbonnet Babies." Their "mother," as most have come to know, is Bertha L. Corbett, now of Chicago. Seldom can one find sweeter devotion than existed between her and her mother. At times they had been separated and their correspondence was a source of beautiful comfort. They had counseled upon the final separation when they could no longer write; when one would simply go on a little way ahead of the other; one's life work would be here, one there. There was nothing to mourn about; the one who had gone would simply be released into a more beautiful, fuller life, for which the other would be glad.

So when the fateful day came and Bertha's mother was called first, it just seemed to her a going on for which she could not mourn. The funeral day came. Not a ray of gloom pervaded that home. The shades were raised, the sun shone in, the birds were singing in cages, flowers were everywhere, and Bertha herself, with a smile on her face, met the friends who came.

"Some thought I was 'crazy,'" she said, "but it is one of the most beautiful memories of my mother's leaving us, that our final farewell was among flowers, birds, and smiles. It was as she wanted it; there was not a shadow of gloom to mar the beauty of her passing into the life she had looked forward to. We were to miss her, but we were glad to have had her so long and to have her realize the life she had anticipated,"

Is there some one to whom this seems sacrilegious? Have you had death in your family? Have you had the going away of one single dear one for whom you were not thankful that you had had so long, and for whom you did not feel a little ray of thankfulness that they were out of their suffering, were in their brighter, better world?

In every fabric of your daily existence are woven the sweet threads of their life while you had them, and as time flies, every color brightens, and more and more you live over the sweetest of their lives with you and more and more you feel the justice of their release from the Now to the Beyond.

The Springtime of their new life is at hand for them, while the fading summer and the coming autumn is our part. For us there is a little more working and waiting, a little more time to prove ourselves worthy of a place with the pure and the true, and then, the realization with them of the happier, fuller life.—Selected.

"Above all, gather into your soul the sweet friendship of Jesus Christ, and let his words bless your life and fill your heart."

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THANKSGIVING.

Let us be thankful—

For the education we call life, which only incidentally enables us to gain houses and lands and possessions of many kinds; but, in ways and by methods planned beyond our wisdom, if we accept it, leads us step by step to purity, freedom, and power;

For the scourgings and buffetings that smite and sting when we strive to turn a training for spiritual efficiency into a mere skill in making ourselves comfortable;

For the calls to work and danger that constantly awaken us out of sleep and summon us to those perilous and arduous tasks which make us men;

For the defeat of ambitions and plans which, if realized, would wreck the highest possibilities of our natures;

For the pressure of work and responsibilities which holds us in our places and steadies us under the allurements of ease and luxury;

For the pain that follows upon untruth and impurity, for the thunderbolts that strike us when we break the divine law, for the bitter punishments that overtake and arrest us when we stray into the paths of dishonor;

For the trials which deepen our affections and enlarge our sympathies;

For the sense of the manifold sorrow of humanity which breeds in us infinite compassion and gives us the power of sympathy;

For those deeper experiences which, in hours of anguish, make us aware of the greatness of life and its immortal significance;

For the sweetness and happiness of love, the inspiration of duty, the joy of self-denial and service;

For the privilege of forgetting ourselves in devotion and loyalty to others;

For divine love which seeks, not our comfort, but our growth; and spares us no trial if only it can bring out the best in us;

For the joy of loving God and the peace of trust in him;

For the companionship of One who has lived through all our

experiences and shown us how to be liberated and enriched by them.—*Outlook.*

WHAT WE CAN DO TO ADVANCE THE RELIGIO WORK.

The special object of the Religio is to interest the young people in the work of the church and to fit them for active duty in its service.

In order to accomplish this purpose, it is evident that there must be some certain method adhered to, whereby the work can be performed systematically and to the best advantage. Our constitution and by-laws provide for this, by assigning to each officer and to each committee specific duties and powers for which they alone are responsible; and the fact must not be lost sight of, that each member also has duties and responsibilities to render an account. A knowledge of what these duties comprise is very essential and yet I doubt if very many of us have a clear understanding of what they are.

As for myself, I did not realize there was so very much for a member to do until the past week, when I gave a careful reading to the first copy of our constitution and by-laws I ever came in contact with.

Each one has some talent, and it is the duty of each to find and cultivate this talent for the best good. All are capable of taking some part and should make an honest effort to do so.

If assigned to write a paper, asked to recite or sing, or do any other thing, it shows more of the Religio spirit to say, "I'll try," than to say, "I can't"; and when you make a promise, show up at the time appointed, ready to "make good."

In looking the field over it seems to me that our great immediate opportunity and need is for better directed and more united committee work (something which has been sadly lacking in our local, for sometime past, and which is probably the greatest cause of the present low interest in the Religio work).

First on our list of committees is the program committee. Its special field is to take charge of the general exercises of the society, to assign to the members their respective parts of the program, and to give such aid and encouragement as may be necessary to enable each member to fulfill his part in the exercises when called. It requires very good judgment and a large amount of tact to make a success of the programs and I think the present committees are better qualified by previous experience to know what is needed than an amateur. However, I would suggest that they have a follow-up method of keeping posted as to progress, when a member is assigned a part, so as to minimize the chances of a disappointment in case of failure, or rather to prevent the possible failure of the completion in time set. It also seems we have more or less latent talent that could be developed if proper steps were taken.

Upon the lookout committee the success of our Religio largely depends. If we have a wide-awake lookout committee, we have a valuable asset and the success of the society is within reach.

In looking the situation over, it appears that the most important work, like charity, should begin at home, where most of our members seem to have been staying lately. I am not aware how many members are on our rolls, but we should have a larger proportion out to each session. Those who do attend may be left to the other committees, but those who are absent, and do not attend regularly should be visited, and if possible we should find out why they have not attended.

Wisdom should be used upon visiting them so as not to injure their feelings. Let them know we are interested in them and that we miss them from the society, and if possible get them to attend each session. This is one of the most important duties that falls to the lot of the lookout committee, as well as being perhaps the most disagreeable. The above class of members we always have with us, so that there is always something to do, and if we are not doing our duty we are in as bad a condition as they in neglecting theirs.

Another important duty is to use what influence each may possess in getting the young people among our friends outside the church interested in our societies, and to encourage those who give promise of being good and efficient helpers to become enrolled as members with us.

All future growth depends upon these efforts. A member once enrolled will usually take greater interest, and as the other committees coöperate with their portion of the work, will ofttimes become an active member. When a stranger attends any of our meetings, it is also a duty to make him feel "at home" and try to interest him so he will have a desire to return. There has been much faultfinding on this point in times past, and we should see that we are free from adverse criticism in the future, although perhaps this work more properly belongs to the social committee.

The lookout committee should also see that harmony exists between the members and endeavor to bring about a reconciliation where offense has occurred.

There are three other of the more important committees not yet touched on, and we have already taken more space than was intended at first, so will briefly outline what is expected of each.

The duty of the relief committee is to do what it can to cheer and aid the sick and destitute, including the bestowal of material comforts, if necessary and possible, and to coöperate with the church authorities in cases of this kind.

The social committee is interested with the duty of promoting acquaintance and good fellowship among members, to welcome strangers and visitors to our meetings, and to provide entertainments and socials as good judgment directs.

The good literature committee might be called the advertising medium of the society, its special purpose being to do all it can to encourage the reading of the church publications, as well as other good books and magazines, and to promote the general accumulation of the church literature. In this brief paper we could only touch, in a general way, some lines along which room for improve-

ment appears to exist and which are in need of immediate attention.

CALVIN SEARS.

(Read before the Boston, Massachusetts, local.)

A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

A man will run as fast as he can to cross a railroad track in front of a train. Then he will watch it till it goes out of sight. Then he will walk leisurely away. He seems to be all right and probably is. That is a man. A woman in a street-car will open a satchel and take out a purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel, put in the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will give the dime to a conductor, who will give her a nickel back. Then she will open the satchel and take out the purse, put in the nickel, close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse, close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she will feel for the buckle at the back of her belt.—Kansas City *Journal.*

BUSINESS; YOURS AND MINE.

"Nobody's business, but my own!" How often we hear this statement made as an excuse for not taking the advice of well-meaning friends as to quitting some bad habit! Our weaker brother uses tobacco, drinks, plays cards, "shoots craps," dances, and indulges all the baser passions to his heart's content, and finally to its discontent; or perhaps he confines his false liberty to dancing, card-playing, and a few other harmless (so called) pastimes, and does not care to have you mention the propriety or impropriety of his course to him; and if you are not careful, he will probably answer you with the above statement.

But, now, is it true that it is nobody's business but his own? In one sense it may be. God has given man his free agency and allows him the privilege of choosing right and life, or wrong and death. That is, if he chooses the good and does right, he reaps eternal life and peace and happiness; and if he rejects the good and chooses the evil, he must reap the consequences sooner or later. For there is no true happiness only in doing right. We may mistake excitement of worldly pleasures and other sensual pleasures for happiness for a time; but we soon see its shallowness and vanity, when perhaps our attachment to it has engendered its pride into our lives to such an extent that we have not the strength or courage to throw off its powerful influence over us.

Granting, for argument's sake, that it is none of my business what you do, just so you do not infringe upon my rights—not considering the influence your course may have upon my younger brothers, sisters, and friends—it then leaves it as "your business." Now I will state "my business" and that of every other truth-loving Religian, Sunday-school scholar, and church member, which is to warn you of the wrath to come, and of the consequences

that you will have to take if you choose and continue in a downward course, and to show you the way to obtain that peace of mind that every human heart longs for.

Now, dear Religians, turn with me to the third chapter of Ezekiel, seventeenth to twenty-first verses. The Lord is speaking to his servant. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; *but his blood will I require at thine hand.* Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; *but thou hast delivered thy soul.* Again, When a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumblingblock before him, he shall die: because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul." Here we are plainly told a part of the "business" that we should look after.

Having learned the necessity of looking after "our business," the next step is to learn *how,* and what will be the most effectual line of action. Before I begin on this, I wish to state that I have no hopes of exhausting the subject, but will feel well repaid for my effort if I succeed in drawing or provoking some of our experienced and talented members to give us the benefit of their useful store of knowledge on this most important subject. I believe that a human heart beats in every man's breast; and that his actions are controlled mostly by prejudices and sympathies which are fed by the kind of education he receives as he goes through life's uneven journey. Each and every one of us exerts a greater or less influence of some kind on every person with whom we come in contact, directly or indirectly, and it is so far-reaching that no one can limit its possibilities. In fact, I believe influence to be a part of the spiritual or unseen forces. Who knows how much good a godly example accomplishes in this vain world of ours? Hence, the Savior's admonition, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." And as Paul says, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." But we must have the "light" and "moderation" with which to "glorify" our "Father which is in heaven," before we can expect its influence to be felt and realized by our fellow men. The Savior's admonition direct to us is that "no one can assist in this work, except he shall be humble and full of love, having faith, hope, and charity, being temperate in all things"; and "put your trust in that Spirit which leadeth to do good; yea, to do justly, to walk humbly, to judge righteously, and this is my Spirit." (Doctrine and Covenants 11: 4; 10: 6.) The Lord, speaking to Oliver Cowdery, tells him to "admonish him [Joseph] in his faults and also receive admonition

of him. Be patient; be sober; be temperate: have patience, faith, hope, and charity." (Ibid., 6:8.)

See how the Lord instructs these "first" and "second" elders of the church in that only science that is successful in building each other up. But we all are so prone to resist advice, especially when it hits our worst faults, by saying to ourselves, if not to the giver, that we do not need his advice, or, let him take it home to himself, which he should do. But the wise man says, "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning," and counsels us to "hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not," yet, "reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee." "He that *winneth* souls is wise." Here is the central thought expressed: "He that winneth souls"—to know how to win souls, to Christ! "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. . . . A time to keep silence, and a time to speak." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So let us not be afraid to approach our wayward brother, but go to him in the right spirit, having nothing in mind but to do him good, and our efforts will not fail although we, ourselves, may not see the seed sown bear fruit.

Your wayward brother,

J. T. W.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air,
The wind is sweet and the flowers are fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If our door is wide he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one;
He has made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul. Let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit will be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.—Selected.

BOOK OF MORMON VERSUS SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

It is wonderful how learnedly science will discourse on the discoveries of archæology and anthropology, and also devote generously of time and means to unearthing the unwritten history of an unknown people by the finding of ruined cities that reveal the magnificence of a lost civilization, but, with tiptilted nose and scornful air, refuse to accept the true history of these ancient races as portrayed in the Book of Mormon, even though it is plainly evident that every scientific discovery brings stronger proof of the truthfulness of the book, in spite of the controversy that rages around it.

To believers in the Book of Mormon, there is a pathetic as well

as historical interest in these once living, struggling masses, as there stands revealed the thoughts, purposes, passions, ambitions, social aspirations, joys, and sorrows of the teeming millions who lived and loved and died on the continent of America. They left many evidences of being a highly cultured people, as is proved by the many discoveries made by science. But to the great majority the history of the Book of Mormon is simply a jumble of religious ideas, partly copied from the Bible and partly the product of an erratic imagination.

At the time of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, there was little to support the thought of an ancient civilization having existed on the American continent; but at the present time many societies are being formed for the purpose of collection and research. In almost every State of our Union, discoveries of far-reaching importance are being made. The national Government is taking steps for the preservation of antiquities for the benefit of educational and scientific institutions. The United States Department of Archæology has been invited to establish a school of American Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for finding and preserving relics. Not long since "mounds," cliff-dwellings and pueblos were supposed to be all that North America could boast in anthropological findings; but each discovery in the scientific world is bringing stronger proof that the history of these ancient people can be read in the Book of Mormon.

This enthusiasm on the part of the scientific world is very valuable to us; the proofs are becoming stronger that the history of these people is not a legendary myth, but the true history of a nation, of which archæology furnishes many proofs.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* tells of the finding of two large cities, in South Mexico, with magnificent buildings, temples, and palaces, covering an area of several square miles, in the midst of a forest, the growth of centuries. This is not only interesting, as proving to the world that a highly civilized people existed here, but that the slanderous misrepresentations brought against the book can be refuted and hurled back at its prejudiced foes. Surely, it is more than a mere coincidence that science is bringing to light the hidden secrets of bygone centuries, and proving the book spoken of by the Prophet Isaiah to come forth as being the Book of Mormon, and the work of God. "Behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men [scientific men] shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."—Isaiah 29: 14.

The mighty hand of God is behind this work and will guide it till it is finished. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." The puny hand of man is powerless to stop the plans and purposes of the Almighty.

MRS. A. MCKENZIE.

ST. CLAIR, Michigan.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

During the Columbian Exposition, when the street-cars were thronged, and everybody was tired with sight-seeing, a gentleman entered a street-car in company with three ladies, and fortunately, after having found seats for the ladies, there was one vacant seat remaining, which he took. A few moments later the car stopped to take on a number of young ladies, and as many gentlemen rose to make place for them. Nearest to the man who had last taken his seat stood a fine, intelligent looking young woman, who, as he arose to offer her a seat, said:

"No, thank you. I have as good a right to stand as you."

"Well, I don't believe in woman's rights," he said, still motioning her to his seat.

"Then keep your seat," she replied, smilingly, "for I do."

"Not that kind," he added quickly, and she could but accept the proffered kindness, so gracefully insisted upon.

❁ ❁ ❁

MORE THOROUGH STUDY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

The first question that might suggest itself to some is, Why study the Book of Mormon at all? It is one of the traits of human nature to want to know the why and the wherefore of everything. And this is right; we ought to have a reason for everything we do. Too many of us do things because we are told to, not knowing why, and when this is the case, it matters little how. So if we can show good reasons why the Book of Mormon should be studied, there certainly will be no question in the minds of any as to the necessity of thoroughness of study. For anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

The Apostle Paul in his second letter to Timothy says: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." To rightly divide the word of truth, means nothing more nor less than to make proper explanation and application of the law. How can this be done without a knowledge of the Book of Mormon? It is impossible. For instance, how could one not conversant with the Book of Mormon correctly explain Isaiah 29: 4, "something to speak from the dust"? also the 11th, 12th, and 18th verses of the chapter, "a sealed book to come forth"; Psalm 85: 10, 12 and 13, "truth shall spring out of the earth"; or the blessing of Joseph in Genesis 49: 22 to 26; or the statement of Christ in John 10: 16 where he says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold"? Of course people may conjecture what those passages refer to, but the Book of Mormon only can give us the proper interpretation, and make their meaning clear.

In Doctrine and Covenants, section 85, we are instructed to study good books. Section 90 exhorts us to obtain a "knowledge of history and of countries, and of kingdoms . . . for the salvation of Zion." Knowledge of the history of what country, kingdom, or people could contribute more to the glory of God, the salvation of Zion, than the history of the inhabitants of America before its discovery by

Columbus? If any one knows of a record of this kind, we should be glad to know of it; it ought to be adopted as a substitute for the Book of Mormon in Religio work.

In the foregoing we believe we have shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Book of Mormon has a place, a place that no other book can fill. It is the only book that unlocks the mystery of America's past.

To prove more conclusively that the Book of Mormon is intended to be studied, refer to Doctrine and Covenants 83: 8, which says, "And your minds in times past have been darkened because of unbelief, and because you have treated lightly the things you have received, which vanity and unbelief hath brought the whole church under condemnation, . . . and they shall remain under this condemnation until they repent and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon."

Nephi, the third, in 4: 11, in speaking of the terrible destruction that comes upon the people at Christ's crucifixion, makes this statement: "He that hath the scriptures, let him search them, and see and behold if all these deaths and destructions by fire and by smoke . . . are not unto the fulfilling of the prophecies of many of the holy prophets." Of what benefit to them would it be to know that these awful happenings were a fulfillment of those predictions? Answer. To prove that God is true, and to beget faith within them. It will do the same for us.

In referring back to Doctrine and Covenants 83: 8, which has already been quoted, you will note that the statement is made that their minds were darkened because of unbelief, because they had neglected the Book of Mormon and former commandments. How many of us have darkened minds and are afflicted with unbelief? If you are, apply the remedy the Lord has given if you wish for cure. This is not all; within the lids of the book itself are found words of condemnation because of failure to become acquainted with, and disbelief in, its teachings. On page 470 you will find these words: "And if it so be that they will not believe these things, then shall greater things be withheld from them unto their condemnation." While this may refer more especially to the people of which this book is a history, at the same time it would apply with equal force to us,—if for no other reason than that it is to go forth to them through the Gentiles, and how can this be accomplished without our being thoroughly acquainted with it? One can not explain a matter intelligently that he knows little or nothing about, and the better the understanding, the more complete and clear the explanation.

Having proven conclusively that the Book of Mormon was intended to be studied, and that thoroughly, it might not be amiss to make a few suggestions along the line of how this may be done.

Without doubt this is an important question, for if care and system are not exercised, much valuable time and energy will be lost; and few if any can well spare any of either. Life is too short.

In the first place, if I knew nothing of the Book of Mormon, the first thing I would do would be to post myself as to its origin, what

it purported to be, and its mission in the world. Having accomplished this, my next move would be to read the book through thoughtfully and prayerfully from beginning to end, so as to get a general idea as to what was in it, its teachings, etc., and at the same time noting its comparisons or disagreements with the Bible. In this connection it also would be well to have some work on objections to the Book of Mormon. This may be had at either the Herald or Ensign Offices. Then the next step would be to take up the study of the book as outlined in the *Quarterly*. In making this preparation, I review back as far as possible and at least review the last lesson so as to get the connection. Then read the lesson text through very carefully; not only the present lesson, but the last one also, and then I am ready for the *Quarterly*. Then I study this through for additional points, such as biblical and archæological references and evidences. These above all things should not be overlooked. The Bible and archæology are the only means by which we may prove to the world that the Book of Mormon is true, so you will see how necessary and important these points are. Maps are also useful in studying archæology as we ought to be able to locate as near as possible on present day maps, places and things mentioned. This adds interest to the study. Much more might be said along this line, but this will suffice for the present.

It is to be regretted that so few Religians can see the necessity of more careful study of this wonderful book. I doubt very much if twenty per cent ever look at the lesson outside of the class, and less than half of that twenty per cent do it justice. An officer of one of the largest locals in the association in talking of the Book of Mormon suggested that the story of the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel was in the Book of Mormon. This brother is a priest and also a Sunday-school pupil. No wonder condemnation was pronounced upon the people for their failure to become acquainted with the Book of Mormon. Why should we as Religians neglect these duties when surrounded with such great opportunities for obtaining information? Let us profit by the experiences of those gone before and not make it necessary for the Lord to speak words of condemnation to us. HARVEY SANDY.

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

We may search in vain for a more interesting subject of thought than the story of ancient man. The relics of his handiwork, his successive adventures and retrogressions in the scale of enlightenment, his migrations and appearance in lands far removed from the accepted cradle of the race, all go to make the most captivating study with which the human mind can be concerned. By the lay mind or by those who have given the subject no special thought, the present is regarded as being the apex or highest point yet attained in the march of human progress toward Utopia. But to the archæologist, the aspect is far less flattering, as he sees many

signs in the relics of prehistoric man, that justify the thought, if not the assertion, that in at least some of our boasted sciences, arts, and inventions, we are but imitators of the past.

That man existed, and by slow and intermittent advances ascended the ladder of civilization to a high estate centuries upon centuries before the dawn of history, is now an acknowledged fact. Pyramids, mounds, canals, fortifications, ruins of temples, cliff dwellings, cities, and villages found in such profusion in various parts of the world, and particularly in America, proclaim his work. Since its discovery, America has offered a fertile field to the student of archæology and ethnology.

Columbus found a land inhabited from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn,. and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with millions of people, speaking, as estimated by some authorities, six hundred different dialects in North America, and eight hundred south of Panama. Two of the nations had, according to Doctor Draper, attained a civilization "that might have instructed Europe, a culture wantonly crushed by Spain, who therein destroyed races more civilized than herself."

Here also were found ruins of former civilizations—temples, cities, and pyramids—rivaling those of Egypt, many of them stupendous, that to-day are architectural wonders, on which tradition casts but a dim light. Science has been able to read in these relics much of the pursuits, customs, habits, religious beliefs, and ceremonies of their builders; but as to the people themselves, who they were, or their connection with Europe or Asiatic races, when and by what means and route they reached these shores, or their final destiny, they are silent.

What is now Southwestern Colorado, Central and Northern New Mexico, Northern Arizona, and Southeastern Utah, comprising a territory of two hundred thousand square miles, was at one time the home of a race of people engaged in the pursuits of life, who from the peculiar location of their dwellings are known as Cliff-dwellers. In describing one of the "seven cities," Castenada says, "It is built on a rock and the houses are four stories high, with terrace roofs all the same height on which one can go around the whole village without stepping into a street." Another, he says, "is on a perpendicular rock so high that a bullet could hardly reach the top, and approached only by a stairway of three hundred steps hewn in the rock."

Professor Holmes, one of the first to study the ruins from a truly scientific method, makes the following classifications:

1. Lowland villages in which dwelt the agricultural class, the sites chosen being always in the most fertile valleys and close to rivers.
2. Cave dwellings, caves artificially enlarged, often closed and strengthened with stone or kneaded clay dried in the sun, such as are still used by the modern Pueblo Indians for building their huts.
3. Cliff houses, which were true fortresses.

The lowland cities and villages were inhabited by a different people from those of the cliff-dwellings. This for the reason that

the style of architecture and material used is very similar to the modern pueblo. These valley towns were laid out with great regularity, usually in the form of parallelograms or circles, apparently with the intent of affording the best protection from the invader or the sandstorms peculiar to that region. The houses were built of cut stone carefully laid, and the crevices filled with clay or mud, and sometimes with a mixture of clay and charcoal; usually two to four stories high, although a few are six and seven stories, with as many as two hundred and fifty rooms. That the inhabitants of these ruins were the agricultural classes, there seems no doubt, for we find evidences of their irrigation works as well as a city water supply. The arid deserts were reclaimed through a system of storage reservoirs by damming the mountains streams and conducting the water to the lower plains in canals. These canals, portions of which were often cut through solid rock, are ten, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred miles in length, and capable of carrying fifty thousand inches. The cliff-dwellings were constructed almost entirely of stone by the natural crumbling and wearing away of the softer strata. Caves of all shapes and dimensions were thus formed, which, when partitioned off into rooms, formed an abode safe from fire, storm, or flood, warm in winter and cool in summer. These "caves" or "cubby holes," as some call them, are sometimes artificially enlarged. A few contain but a single room; others ten, twenty, and as many as fifty; while one palace embraced not less than one thousand rooms within its walls. One on the Mesa Verde covered an area of four hundred and eighty thousand square feet, and contained one million five hundred thousand cubic feet of masonry. The mummified remains of the Cliff-dwellers show them to have been of ordinary stature. These mummies are found in the remote, dark recesses of the caves, usually in a sitting posture, with knees drawn up under the chin, and hands clasped around the lower limbs. The cave or cliff-dwellings are found at elevations varying from two to eight hundred feet above the bed of the stream.

A list of interesting remains of war and peace have been found among which may be mentioned war-clubs, arrows, spears, stone hatchets and mauls, bone needles, needle and feather work, ears of corn perfectly preserved, and various assortments of household odds and ends all going to show them to have been an ingenious and industrious people.

Of all the relics found in the cliff-dwellings, pottery is the most abundant. The ground in the vicinity of almost every ruin is strewn with fragments of various colors and designs; while occasionally a whole vase, jar, or bowl is uncovered. The coloring and decorating of the pottery is truly wonderful.

In nearly every one of the ancient communal buildings can be found towers and lookouts, with small windows or loopholes commanding all approaches. Usually the towers are a part of the main building; but occasionally they are detached, and stand off at some distance, and are built sufficiently high to afford a view of the country on all sides. One of these remarkable structures has been found in the Mesa Verde National Park, in Southwestern

Colorado. The tower still stands on top of a sandstone cone about thirty feet high, and is perfectly cylindrical. By the aid of steps worn in the stone it is possible to climb to the tower and even to walk around it. The walls are twenty-four inches thick, and, although their original height is not known, those now in place are over nine feet high. This tower arising from the bottom of the canyon to an elevation above the surrounding ruin, commanded a view of the adjacent mesa, and was undoubtedly the view-point from which warnings of an approaching enemy could be sent out to the cliff-dwellers in the canyon below.

Another remarkable lookout is "Gibralter House" in Ruin Canyon, just across the Colorado-Utah line from the Mesa Verde National Park. What is supposed to have been the first inhabitants of Iowa and the Mississippi Valley are the "Mound-builders." Some very interesting mounds were found near Davenport. There were ten mounds in the group. Several of them were opened, and found to contain sea-shells, copper axes, hemispheres of copper, pieces of mica, pottery, and copper spools. Many of the axes were wrapped with coarse cloth, which had been preserved by the copper. All of the mounds contained skeletons and ashes. Two contained altars of stone. In one tablets were found on which were hieroglyphics representing letters and figures of people, trees, and animals.

It is evident that the historian of to-day, without any positive knowledge concerning these prehistoric races, forms conclusions that are strikingly similar to the positive facts as they are recorded in the Book of Mormon. JAY FIELD.

DUNLAP, Iowa.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES

Terlton, Oklahoma.—Our local is still in a very prospering condition. It is carried on entirely by the young. Some are young in years, and others young in the work. We feel that none of us are too old to learn valuable lessons from the Religio work. The attendance and attention from non-members are very encouraging. We feel that an intermediate *Quarterly* would be a great help. There are so many small folks that attend.

We recently turned over thirty dollars to the branch officers to help buy lots on which to build our church.

We carried out the programs last quarter as nearly as we could, interspersing the papers and talks with songs and recitations. When we undertake to have a special entertainment or supper to raise money, we can count on the people being there for miles around to help us out. A. MCGEORGE.

St. Louis, Missouri.—We have found the last quarter's lessons interesting and instructive, and start the new with a desire to get all the benefit possible from them. Programs have been good and enjoyed by all.

Friday, the 25th, a fine program in charge of the vice-president, Sr. Anna DeJong, was arranged, the Mite Society having a fine supper and bazaar that evening which brought a good attendance.

The programs for the next three months have been arranged, and copies have been placed in frames in the basement and upper auditorium of church, so no one will have the excuse of not knowing of their appointment. Your sister in Christ,

E. M. PATTERSON.

Toronto, Canada.—Our society is making steady progress in numbers, having nearly one hundred and fifty members on the roll. This is about double what it was three years ago. Most of our recruits are from those recently baptized, and they are in the great majority young people, so that our Religio is distinctly a young people's society.

We held our annual rally Sunday, October 4, morning and evening. The Book of Mormon was well canvassed by the speakers, and the importance of the Religio to promote the study of the book emphasized. One finds such efforts well spent sometimes. The Saints frequently are far too indifferent to the value of the Book of Mormon, and shamefully ignorant of it as well. An occasional brushing up on this subject has a good effect. Our president and vice-president, as presiding officers, acquitted themselves well, considering it was the first appearence of both in that capacity before Sunday congregations which range from three hundred to five hundred. This is one of the many ways in which the Religio is making for the development of its members along the line of public work. May its blessedness increase.

ERNEST A. OLIVER.

Pottawattamie District, Iowa.—The Pottawattamie District Religio association was organized February of this year at Crescent, Iowa. There was at that time but one live Religio, the Council Bluffs society, and one or two societies that have since reorganized. We now have six good societies and a home class department in the district. We desire to keep our motto always before us and move ever "Onward and Upward."

FLOY WIND.

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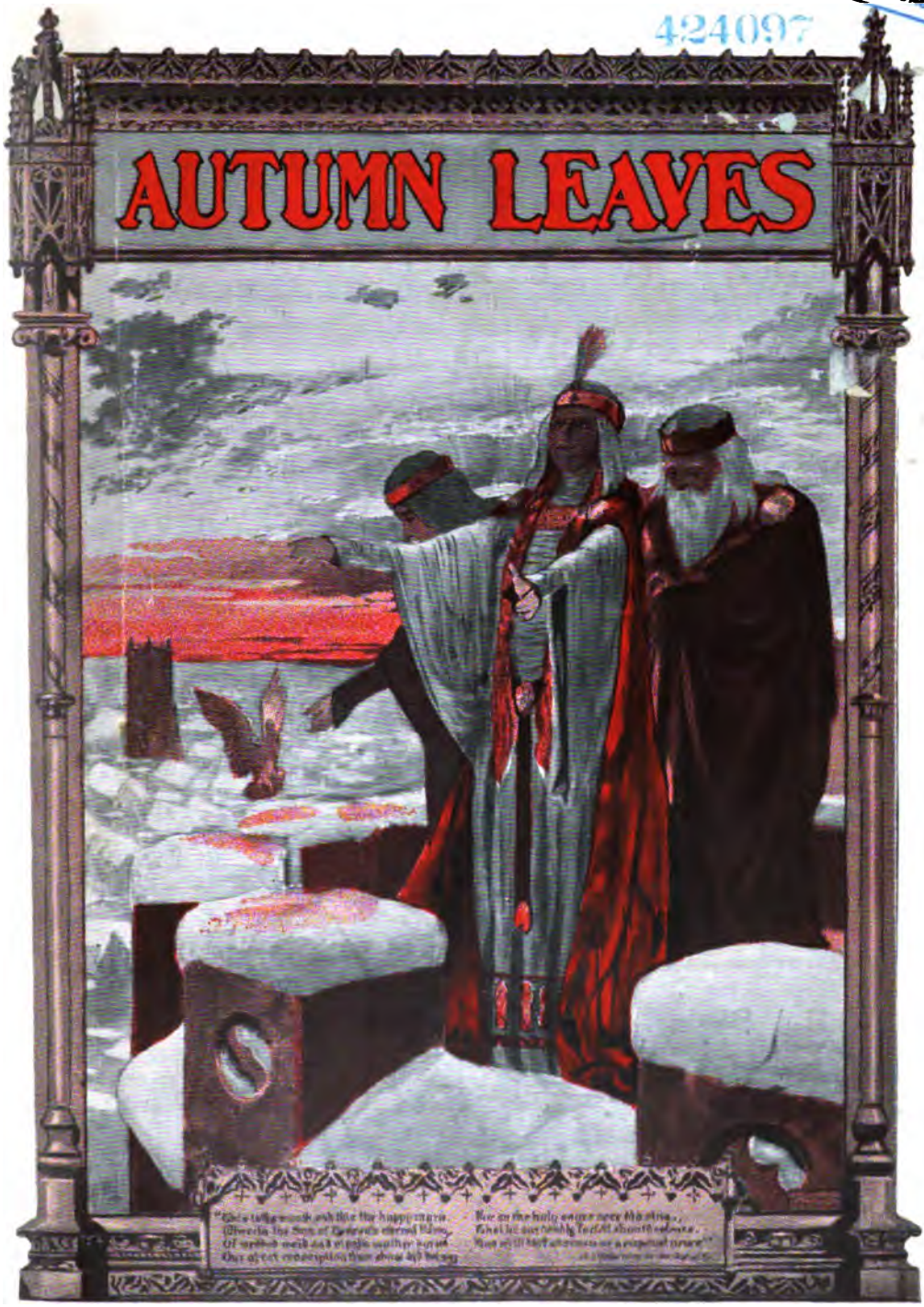

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

BY JAMES F. KEIR.

Our Father is above, his all protecting care,
His mercy, and his love we witness everywhere.
He knows our every need, and will those needs supply;
If we his word will heed, and on his strength rely.
Our faith will open wide the storehouse of the Lamb,
When we in him abide, our King,—the great I Am.
Let not our yesterday loom up as though a wall,
To hinder us to-day from heeding mercy's call.
Go forth, obey his will, and his commandments keep;
His promise he'll fulfill and you reward will reap.

"THE CLARKS' CHRISTMAS."

BY T. S. BROWN.

"I WISH I could find anything where I leave it."

Farmer Clark's just before bed-time trip to the barn to see that the stock was all right had apparently been unsatisfactory, from some cause; and, as he stamped the snow from his feet and shut the door with vigor, he expressed his mind in the language quoted.

"What is wrong now?" asked Mrs. Clark, as she placed a chair for him before the glowing fire. She knew that before its genial warmth the clouds would soon melt out of her husband's usually good-natured countenance.

"What's wrong!" repeated Mr. Clark. But the frost was already melting in his tone. "The wrong is that I can't find anything lately, the boys scatter things around so; and to-night it's the hay-fork. I left it in the stack when I fed the cow this morning, but of course it is not there now."

"Are you sure you left it there? It seems to me when Will Seely drove along and called you down to the road you had the fork in your hand."

"That's so," said farmer Clark, thoughtfully; "I did take it, and it sticks in the drift by the turn in the road; for I went down to the creek with Will and cut holes to water the cattle and forgot it when I came up. So, for once, the boys are not guilty; but there are plenty of times when they are."

"Perhaps they are; but we ought to be careful how we accuse them," said Mrs. Clark. She glanced at her husband and saw that his face was now serene, as usual. "You know when you looked

for your scythe-stone to sharpen the hay-knife a few days ago you could not find it and then you were positive the boys had lost it; and Bert and Arthur felt quite badly over it. You were so positive; but when you were looking for an extra rivet in the tool-box of your mowing-machine you found the scythe-stone just where you had used it and left it last September."

"Yes, that's so," said Mr. Clark; and he even smiled a little sheepishly to think he had twice tried to lay his own forgetfulness at his children's door.

"And then," continued Mrs. Clark, "you forget that you now give the boys more or less of your work to do; and of course they will need and use the same tools that you would for the same purpose; and you know you don't always put everything back just where you find it, and you can not expect more of them than of yourself."

Mr. Clark gazed thoughtfully into the fire, and, after a moment's silence, he said:

"Yes, I suppose our boys are just as good and just as careful as anybody, and they have worked well this summer, for such little chaps. Yes, and playdays have not been very plenty either. But day after to-morrow will be Christmas Day; I suppose they will have a grand time then."

"Yes, they may have; but how? I have puzzled my head what to do for them, and I wish you could tell me. The little fellows, Eddie and Willie, will be satisfied with such as their stockings contain; but Bert and Arthur have got beyond that, and yet they will expect something."

"And, they deserve it, and ought to have it," said Mr. Clark, warming up to the subject; "and it ought to be something they can get some fun out of. I don't think it right to give them at such a time just what would prove a necessity anyhow; or something to wear that winter weather is sure to demand. We ought to get up something to play with."

Mrs. Clark heartily agreed with this view of the matter, and after a few minutes of silence she asked:

"Do you know if they have a sled?" There was a mild sarcasm in the question, a shaft directed at Mr. Clark's habit of becoming so interested in his own affairs that he found no time to notice how others were faring. But the sarcasm was lost on him, for he answered serenely,

"Yes, they've got one of some kind; it's out here back of the house."

"No, it isn't. Bert brought it into the kitchen and was going to mend it. Shall I show it to you?"

Without waiting for a reply Mrs. Clark opened the kitchen door and drew in the article that was under consideration. It proved to be a curious affair. One runner was an oak board an inch thick, and stood straight up and down; the other was a piece of pine scantling, which had been two inches thick but had been thinned down by the enterprising brothers, "so the tracks wouldn't look so queer," as the boys explained afterward. Then there were awkward, ill-made "beams," and altogether it was a sorry looking affair

to be called a sled. "Won't slide at all," said Arthur, when it came up for discussion a few days later; "that pine runner keeps rough and runs hard; the oak one runs easier, and so it keeps turning round with a fellow."

"Well, that is a nice looking thing," said Mr,Clark, after a critical examination; "and that's where my nails go to." This as his eye fell upon the manner in which the beams were fastened to the runners.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clark, calmly, "there are some nails in it. But it has carried the boys' steel traps and hatchet over the prairie from slough to slough, and the money that Barkham the fur buyer paid them bought Arthur's boots and Bert's geography and arithmetic."

"Guess we can get up something better than that; but what can it be made out of? Everything is under the snow."

To this question Mrs. Clark ventured no reply, and after a few minutes of silence Mr. Clark resumed:

"Now, there's that old-fashioned bedstead in the corn-crib; do you ever expect to use that?"

"Not as long as we can have our lighter and more convenient ones," was the reply.

"That's just the thing; good hard maple sides and post. I want two sides and one post; where's the lantern?"

"Why, you don't intend to get them to-night, do you; why won't to-morrow do?"

"Too many eyes. I'm going to surprise them with something good in the sled line this time."

After a long delay Mrs. Clark opened the door, admitted a man, a lantern, sundry parts of a bedstead, and a wide, dark-colored board.

The man laid down his load carefully.

"That's the board I had saved to make a little table; but we may as well use it for this purpose as any. Pretty fine, though; it is solid black walnut. Mighty lucky," continued he, "that I put the work-bench down cellar in the fall. I can work there now and not wake up the boys; besides it would be pretty cold in the kitchen."

The Clarks had come to their Iowa home three years before, and had managed to make themselves a comfortable home. And, by close economy, they had managed to secure what are termed "the necessaries of life." But, at the time we write of, the war had just ceased, and few luxuries found their way into their humble home.

"You take the light and lead the way," said Mr. Clark, again gathering up his load. Down the cellar they went, past the bins of turnips, carrots, and potatoes, which were carefully stored according to variety, Peachblows and Pink-eyes and Goodrich.

"Wish that bin was old York State apples," said Mr. Clark; for, like others from the East, with him this king of fruit was sadly missed. "Set your lamp on the pork-barrel and turn that box over for me to saw on; there, that's all right. Now the first thing

I must do is to cut them the right length. I think that four feet long would be about right for our boys."

As Mr. Clark soliloquized thus, as much to himself as to Mrs. Clark, he took down the "family saw" and ran it across the hard maple boards, where he had scored the four-foot mark.

"Well, now who's had this saw? It isn't but a little while since I filed it, and now it slides over this piece of maple as though it was a glass bottle."

"When was it you filed it, Cyrus?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"I think, yes, it was when I built the corn-crib."

"Was it? Well, it is singular that you find it dull. You built the crib a year ago last October."

Mr. Clark grinned. A few minutes more of exercise with the saw brought out the remark, punctuated according to motion of that instrument.

"This—is—about—the—hardest—wood—I—ever—got—hold—of—."

"There," as the waste ends finally wore off, "that's done. Here, don't throw those pieces in your kindling-pile; I want them for beams to the sled. They are just long enough."

Mr. Clark put the two runners together and fastened them firmly in the vise. Then taking down his drawing-knife he ran his thumb over the edge. Something in its condition seemed to surprise him. He looked at it and then at Mrs. Clark.

"Yes, the boys have had it. Bert says the pine runner gets rough and full of gravel. I suppose that they dulled the drawing-knife in smoothing it." Mrs. Clark was trying hard not to laugh.

Mr. Clark set to work with the dull tool, and it did much better than he expected, so that he soon had the runners turned to a really handsome curve; for, be it understood, he was a pretty clever workman when he set to do a job of carpentering.

"Wish you'd pick me out the three-eighths bit," said he, laying hold of the brace.

"Which one is it?" handing him a half dozen assorted sizes.

"That's it," with a kind of superior tone, denoting that he could tell the size at a glance. Then he bored two holes at the point of the curve through the runners and took them out of the vise. "Runners will be seven inches deep," said he. "I'll mortise down an inch and a quarter and let the beams in the top of the runner; and I must not forget to bevel them so they will stand bracing."

After a few minutes' work Mr. Clark set the runners upon the work-bench and proceeded to put in the beams. "Fits just like a T," said he. "And now for some good oak pins; guess I've got pin timber enough." And from a cobwebbed sill he took down some short, oaken blocks which looked "tough," just as Mr. Clark said. He split out the required number and whittled them down to the proper size. Then he bored three holes in each end of the beams and well down into the runners. The perspiration on his brow shone in the lamplight, and so did the frost on the limestone foundation, a few feet away. Then he

drove in the pins, shaped out the black walnut board elaborately, and fastened it securely upon the beams.

"Now for a roller," said he, taking up the leg of the old bedstead; and sawing it off to length, he trimmed it down to shape. After some rummaging among old irons he secured some solid iron bands on each end. Then, after a longer hunt, two bolts were found, each four inches long and three eighths of an inch thick. He set one end of the roller in the vise and bored holes deep enough to receive the bolts, and in the center he mortised clear through, making a hole three eighths of an inch wide and an inch and a half long.

"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"That's for the tongue; this sled is going to be a clipper." With these remarks he put his coat on, relighted his lantern and sallied forth, but soon returned with a fork handle, from which the broken hay-fork had been removed.

"Couldn't be better shaped," said he; "just the curve, exactly." Another half hour's work and that part was completed; a neat, strong tongue well mortised and braced in the roller, and the roller was set between the runners and the bolts driven in firmly.

"Goes together well," said Mr. Clark complacently.

Mrs. Clark looked at it admiringly and thought it was completed. But Mr. Clark turned it over and passed his hand along the runners. "Wear rough, do they? We'll see about that," and he dons his coat again and selects some tools.

"Where now?" is Mrs. Clark's query.

"Not far," is the cheery reply, and he is soon back with two long, narrow strips of iron, with holes in them at regular intervals.

"Yes," said he, with a slight tone of apology, "these are off our wagon-box; but the box will be worn out soon anyway, and the iron was broken." Then he set to work and ironed the long runners, and when this was done they together admired the masterpiece—finished.

"How pleased they will be," said Mr. Clark, with unusual glory; "I'm glad I made it. It seems as if the children nowadays don't enjoy themselves half as well as they used to, and—what! one o'clock? Well, I can hardly believe it; I am not sleepy a bit."

However, it was much later than usual that morning when the smoke from the Clark residence rose in the clear, frosty air, and it was much earlier the evening following when Mr. Clark sent the children off to bed, because he "had not slept well the night before, and they all wanted to be up early on Christmas."

But before daylight on Christmas morning Mr. Clark was out, and as dawn broke—cold and gray—the last chores were done; not a thing left for the boys to do. And he came in just as the boys were tumbling down-stairs, big and little together. What a rush there was for the row of stockings, and what shouts of joy from the younger, as genuine shouts as though many dollars had been expended in filling the stockings.

What they really contained was some nice pop-corn, singularly like what they enjoyed quite often of an evening, some molasses

candy, or sorghum candy if you please, and a little paper of raisins. What think you of that, ye pampered pets of rich men? For the older boys some heavy woolen mittens, which they thanked mother for, and were satisfied. After breakfast, however, Mr. Clark stepped to the "summer" kitchen door, and opening it, he quickly drew in the fine, strong sled, that looked so keen and saucy, as it sat evenly on its well shod runners. How their eyes opened! Arthur was first to speak, "Oh, pa! is that for 'us boys'?"

Something seemed to rise in Mr. Clark's throat so that he could not reply at once, but he put the cross bar of the tongue in Arthur's hands, who cried, "Oh, Bert, let's hurry and get the chores done and go and try it. I know it will *just fly*."

"No chores to-day, boys; this is your play-day all day long. I'll tend to all the work."

Surprise kept them speechless; such a thing had never been heard of. But if the day was all theirs they must lose no time. So the new racer was dragged out, with all the pride of a volunteer fire company with a new engine. And from that time till the young turkey was set on the table, smoking hot and browned to a turn, they were not seen. They appreciate the fare, however; their appetite for turkey is good, even though in lieu of cranberry sauce they have wild grapes picked from the stems and pressed into a stone jar, and sorghum poured over and through them. After keeping long enough they become better than one would suppose. But there *was* one luxury, a cup of jelly from wild plums, and made with real sugar. Taken altogether the meal was not one for hungry boys to complain of. And what wonderful tales there were to tell of that new sled. It made such a pretty track; and ran so easy; and would hold up the whole family; and ran so straight; and over one course its speed had been simply marvelous, etc.

After dinner, away again, and just as Bert is saying to Arthur, in a boyish glow, "I think pa and ma were pretty good to sit up and make us this," Mr. and Mrs. Clark are standing in the doorway watching them, and Mr. Clark says in a voice a little tremulous, "'Pears like they are having *about* as much fun as we used to have."

THE GREAT ETHICAL LAW.

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH.

PRESIDENT F. M. SMITH.

"The life of Christ from birth to death, from Bethlehem to Calvary, was one of service to others. Harmonizing therewith, we find every teaching, every pronouncement breathing the altruistic principle."

WHEN over the plains of Judea was sung the angelic announcement, "Unto us a son is born, unto us a king is given," it heralded the advent into the world of a being whose life and teachings were to have ever afterward a marked influence on the moral and ethical development of humanity. The king of peace had come.

Jesus of Nazareth, as a Jew, was born in the midst of a nation representing the ethical standard of the world. Justice and equity were had as the objects of the statutory laws of that nation, the

basic principle on which they operated being from the Mosaic economy, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." To the giver of stripes shall stripes be given.

The Christ, whose thirty years of preparation for the glorious work of the three years in which his world-and-eternity-influencing work was consummated, lived and worked under the protection of Jewish laws based on this principle. He recognized what of justice was in the law; but, animated by his intense interest in humanity, his loving heart in sympathy for them in their sufferings resulting from their errors, his lofty mind illuminated by divine wisdom emanating from the very presence of Jehovah, he gave to the world, by example and precept, the great epoch-marking, wonder-working, joy-producing principle of altruism, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," on which were based laws, more nearly just and equitable. This great ethical law, pronounced by the lowly Nazarene as being the first great commandment, has had its steadily increasing effect upon the forward march of civilization and intellectual and moral development. Trace, if you will, the effect of its dissemination, through the advancing cause of Christianity, and note the changes gradually wrought in the civil codes of the Christian nations, the effect upon laws calculated to establish equity. The principle of an "eye for an eye" demanded penal infliction for the sake of retribution, while the operation of the great basic principle of the Christian economy makes the great object of penal servitude not only the protection of society but the reclamation of the criminal. And justice and equity, though mercy may abound, are wrought by the operation of the great altruistic law of the Great Nazarene, Love thy God and make it known through love for thy neighbor.

The great ethical law is destined to change, it is now gradually changing (though we may think painfully slowly), the animus of our social operations. It should cause men (and we hope it does) to consider themselves as social units whose work is a social function, rather than to consider themselves personal units whose chiefest purpose is self aggrandizement. It will remove us from egoism to altruism. Under the old law every man is impelled by motives springing from self; and penal servitude inflicted for infracted law was retributive in effect rather than reformatory. Under the Christian law one's motive is service to others, and our efforts will be to save, not destroy, the erring ones.

The Christ came to enhance the glory, not of himself, but his Father, Jehovah. In his sojourn here he labored not for himself, but continually for others; and when at last he had passed through Gethsemane out upon Calvary, he died, not because of his errors, but as a sacrifice for humanity, that by the glorious consummation of his life of service to man and God, God and man, through sin once separated, could be placed at one. When the agony was over, and when the stiffening lips of the Master had cried, "'Tis finished!" the great atonement was accomplished.

His life, from birth to death, from Bethlehem to Calvary, was one of service to others. Harmonizing therewith, we find every

teaching, every pronouncement breathing the altruistic principle. He constantly taught the eradication of egoism, the institution of altruism. In his humble life he exemplified it, in his glorious death he intensified it.

He taught and lived the love of God through service to men. Have his teachings found a response within us? Does his cry, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," find an echo in our hearts? Are we ready for service to others? Christ, who served us always, in turn demands service to God. Shall we not render it? He taught us how, and in return for his great sacrifice shall we not give him glorious service, render love to our great God by loving and doing for his sons, our fellow men? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two hang all the law and the prophets.'

TO THE MOONBEAMS.

BY MARCELLA SCHENCK.

Gently rest upon her pillow,
Softly smile across her features,
For she loves you, moonbeams fair,
She loves you.

. . . . .

Baby, from her slumber dreaming,
Wakes to find you gayly beaming,
Gladly catches at your gleaming,
And she loves you, merry moonbeams,
Loves you.
Through the leafing branches glancing,
Come you with your ways entrancing,
To the lovers' happy faces.
Silently they watch your dancing,
Feel your warmth so all enchanting,
And they love you, happy moonbeams,
Love you.
O'er the wakeful, restless pillow
Of the sick, the troubled, sorrowed,
Quietly, tenderly, you're stealing,
With a soothing balm and healing,
And companions, dear, they make you,
Silent, sympathetic moonbeams,
You are restful, you are cheering,
All your acts are so endearing,
They must love you, moonbeams dear,
Must love you.

. . . . .

Moonbeams sweet, oh, pretty moonbeams,
God has sent you from his heavens,
And he meant that we should love you,
So I do. Ye moonbeams bright,
I love you.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES IN THE TAHITIAN MISSION.

BY EMMA BURTON.

BRO. JOSEPH AND SR. EMMA BURTON.

I HAD BEEN blessed with the gift of tongues several times before the Island Saints had made any inquiry about it, but they always spoke of enjoying the Spirit when tongues were given. They had not that gift among themselves, though they had heard Sr. Helen Smith speak in tongues. One day while Mr. Burton and Alfred Lanford, the president of the Tarona Branch, were talking of the gifts of the gospel, Alfred made this statement, "Why is it, that Erma (Emma) speaks by the Spirit in languages that she does not know, and yet can not speak in our language? Why does not the Lord cause her to speak in our language, that we would understand without it being interpreted?"

My husband said he did not know why, other than her gift was to speak in unknown tongues, and to speak in the Tahitian language would not be an unknown tongue, for she knew the language when it was spoken, *i. e.*, knew what language it was, and also knew some words, could form a few broken sentences.

"We don't doubt," said Alfred, "that the tongue is from the true Spirit, for we can feel it, but we would like for the Lord to cause her to speak in our language."

About a week after the above conversation, the gift of tongues rested upon me again, and I exercised it freely and joyously. Many of the Saints present knew that it was a Polynesian tongue, but only one understood it. A man by the name of Taiai after meeting said, "That was the language of my island." He was a native of Penrhyn Island, about nine hundred miles northeast of Tahiti. He was greatly pleased, as well as were all the natives, for although the tongue was not that spoken on Tahiti, it was a native tongue, and one that I did not know, nor had I any possible way of learning it. Therefore all doubts, if any had existed, in regard to the genuineness of the gift, would have been overcome. Shortly after that the Lord satisfied them entirely in their desire by causing me to speak in their own language. Now, I had several times borne testimony very briefly in broken Tahitian; some could understand what I intended to say, and some could not. This time I refer to, and several times after, they said I spoke the plain, pure Tahitian that all could understand. It was unknown to me, whether it was the true Tahitian or not, only I knew that the words came readily without my mentally translating English into Tahitian, as I usually did. It was a different manifestation of the Spirit, since it was neither to me a known nor an unknown tongue, but was spoken by the Spirit and with the understanding, for I knew what I said and said the things I desired to.

One other experience in speaking in tongues, not long before we left the Islands, stands out brighter than all others in my life. It was one of our regular Tuesday evening prayer-meetings. I had felt unusually happy during those first few days of the week, and commenced to tell them of it in their own language. After getting fairly started, there came such a rush of words because the power of the Spirit rested on me, that I could not speak Tahitian fast enough, nor was it sufficiently expressive, and it seemed to me as if I had stepped from a rough road to one on which I glided along as smooth as silver. Oh, how pleasant it was to talk in such a sweet, beautiful language, not like the ordinary unknown tongues! The whole house was filled with the Spirit, and I had two distinct experiences while thus talking. One was as if a live coal had been laid upon my heart, that burned similar to that of a coal of fire, yet without the smart. The other was that I saw a soft, white cloud suspended just below where the ceiling should have been, and overspread the entire room, as far towards the upper end of the room as the congregation was sitting. I saw it, whether with my natural or my spiritual eyes I know not, descend gradually, about one foot, perhaps, in thickness, until it

partly enveloped the head of each person. Before it touched them some were sitting straight, some leaned forward, some heads were lower than others; but when this beautiful white cloud rested upon them, all were brought on a level, and I knew by the Spirit that every spirit within the room was brought in harmony with the Spirit that filled the room, and realized that it was a taste of the power of God, or the "world to come," that will bring all things into subjection to itself. The brethren and sisters were so filled with the Spirit that they could scarcely wait their turn to speak and testify of the power and happy influence of the Spirit. Mr. Burton readily gave the interpretation, being filled with the Spirit also. It was a song of praise to God, and a pleading entreaty to the natives to put from them all that was evil, all that hindered them from receiving the greater power of God among them, hindered them from receiving the blessings the Lord desired to bestow upon them as a people. When we had reluctantly left that consecrated place and returned to the missionary house, Joseph said, "Oh, that was beautiful!"

I could find no better words to reply in than, "It was heavenly."

My heart was still aglow with the holy fire that did not vanish immediately, but gradually grew less, until the close of the third day it was scarcely perceptible. The Spirit will bear its own witness to this instance, for the writing of it has revived the warmth and glow in my heart, witnessing to me that the "Live coal from off the altar" did not go entirely out.

EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE, IN SOUTHERN SEAS.—PART II.

(Second Series.)

BY CHARLES H. LAKE.

CONFERENCE was the next event of importance with us, and on March 20 we moved into Papeete in order to help Bro. and Sr. Burton print the Sunday-school lessons, finish the new missionary house, and move. Bro. Burton had had an experience similar to ours, and the house that should have been finished March 1 was not finished by April 1; but it was necessary to move at that time, so we went into the house, although only part of the doors and windows were in place. I learn that it is but lately finished, and that after Bro. Burton and wife had done a good share of the work. Of course, at conference time, all work had to be stopped on the house, and we were as busy as we could be attending to work pertaining to the conference.

This was to be our first conference in the South Sea Island Mission, and we were speculating as to what it would be like. The Saints had been gathering for a month or more, for the reason that in this part of the world when you wish to go about from island to island it is necessary to go when the boats go, and some-

times that may be a month or two earlier or later than would best suit your wishes. Not many came from distant islands, because of scarcity of boats, and another reason was the destitution of the people after the great storm. The delegate system is not in vogue here; therefore any member in good standing is privileged to take part in the deliberations, and to vote.

As in America, the Sunday-school convention preceded the conference, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the fifth we assembled in the little chapel, with General Superintendent Tapu in the chair. There was not a great deal of new business to come before the convention, but among other things was to be the selecting of two division superintendents, and it was thought best

PAPEETE HARBOR.

to elect the same ones chosen by the conference, which was to follow, as presidents of the divisions. It was thought to be necessary to call together the convention at the close of the conference, and attend to that work, but some one moved that the choice of the conference be the choice of the convention as superintendents of the two divisions, but the motion was lost by a large majority.

"How can we elect them now, and not know their names?"

"Who will you elect at the close of the conference?"

"The ones chosen by the conference."

"Then why not say so now, and save calling the convention together again?"

"How can we, we don't know who they will be?"

At the next session after conference, those two were selected without a dissenting voice.

Questions are always discussed before the motion is made, and many times, for quite a while afterwards, each one being so much in earnest that a new comer among them would think they were all ready to come to blows. We have the "talking negation" with us, as well as in America. In fact, we have all the peculiar freaks of a general conference.

The afternoon was devoted to the *"Oaoa,"* and the house was filled to overflowing, many outsiders being present. The time was occupied with recitations from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; whole chapters being recited in a singsong voice, and so fast that any one not a native would not catch a word. There were many hymns, purely native, and some that were quite well rendered. There is always a rivalry between the companies from different islands, and on these occasions it is especially manifest. There was one company from Amanu that kept us continually laughing. Their leader was a natural clown, and although you might not understand a word he said, it was laughable to see him, with his long black coat buttoned tight, his hand between two buttons over his breast, as great orators are often pictured; and to see him turn round and round, like a peacock, was mirth-provoking indeed.

"Friends, I want you to take a good look at this little company of mine, see how small they are, just little things; but they can sing; just listen to them. This one, especially, see how small *he* is [a six-footer], listen for *his* voice." All this, in a strong, well-modulated voice that was befitting the star performer of the day.

I will give you an idea of the introductory remarks of most speakers. The following is the rule, and not the exception:

"Eho'ma, te mau taeae e te mau tuahine, tae noa 'tu to tatou huaai tamarii, tamarii tamaroa, tamarii tamahine, tae noa 'tu to tatou mau taata tupu, te tane e te vahine, ia ora na tatou atoa mai te ioa o Iesu Mesia, te tumu o to tatou ora; amene."

"Friends, brethren and sisters, reaching unto our children, children boys, children girls, reaching unto our neighbors, the man and the woman, may we all have life in the name of Jesus Christ, the source of our life. Amen."

An elders' court was appointed by the conference to try about fifty of our membership for teaching and practicing false doctrine, such as going to the bush in companies of men, women, and children, and spending the night there in prayer, seeking for the gifts, dreams, visions, prophecy, and tongues.

As the trial proceeded, the leaders would accuse us of trying to turn them out of the church because they fasted and prayed and exercised the gifts of the gospel. This charge would be repeated over and over again by each speaker on their side of the question. We tried to show them that they were being deceived by the evil spirit and that they were not being tried for any good work, but rather because of the extremes to which they carried on some parts of the work to the exclusion of others, and further that they were causing a division in the church. It was very sad, indeed, to see those that had always been considered among the brightest minds

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

This group is in front of the "Mission House" at Tarona. Of the missionary force, occupying the front row, you will note (from left to right) Bro. and Sr. Burton, Sr. Lake, and Bro. Lake.

and best living Saints of all the mission, so deluded, and, withal, so stubborn.

Not much else of importance was transacted at this conference, with the exception that it was decided to build a wall around the land at Tarona, and fill in to some extent. According to past experiences, I am afraid it will be a long time in the future before the work is completed.

Conference over, arrangements were made for wife and me to go to the low islands, or the Tuamotu group. We were to sail within a week or two on a trim two-masted vessel, newly fitted with gasoline power. I had a look at the accommodations, and was very much pleased with the prospects of a trip aboard her. "Man proposes and God disposes," and it was not so to be; we were not to have the best vessel of all for this trip. When within a few days of the appointed time for sailing, the owners of the vessel sent word to me that they would make a trip to the westward first, and that it would be at least a month later when we would leave for the Tuamotus. As that would make our start quite late in the season, I began looking about for another chance to go, and found a vessel, owned and manned by natives, that was to leave soon, and hastened to see the man, an American, who had chartered the vessel. He agreed to take us at what I then thought was a very reasonable price, much cheaper than would the other vessel, consequently was congratulating myself on the way we seemed to be favored, and the prospect of reaching the islands so early in the season. After numerous postponements, we were towed out of the harbor, and started on our journey.

One day out was enough to teach us that we had better have waited for the vessel with power; we were becalmed, and for three days did not get out of sight of the mountain peaks of Tahiti. Perhaps some of my readers have been becalmed at sea, and can sympathize with us; if you have not, I hope you never may be. For the first time in the writer's experience he was seasick, and not because of the roughness of the sea either; but to hear the constant rattle of the blocks, the flap of the sails, and to feel the rolling, pitching, whirling, and churning motion of the vessel under me, was more than I could stand. The fourth day out brought a breeze, and it seemed to blow away all my troubles at the same time. How exhilarating it is to sail with a steady breeze, when you can have all sails set; no symptoms of seasickness with me then; no difference how high the waves may run, we were going.

Towards evening we passed Makatea, going quite near the shore. We had a good view of the high cliffs, and as I looked upon the peculiar looking rock, I was curious to know what caused that broad tableland to be raised two hundred or more feet above sea level. It does not have the appearance of volcanic rock, and I am sure it is not coral. What is it? I would have been glad of the opportunity to examine it more closely. Have since learned that while I did not know what it was, I had formed a pretty good idea as to what it was *not*. Just now speculators are very anxious to purchase any part of that island, and would be only too glad to control the whole of it, for when landed in America or England it is worth

all the way from twenty to thirty dollars a ton, both for the soil and the rock. The soil is guano, and the rock is phosphate.

In the remote ages of the past, that island was similar to the other low coral islands about it, but the sea birds, possibly some extinct species, chose to make that their resting- and breeding-ground, and who can estimate the countless millions there must have been, and who knows where they are now? As the guano accumulated, the action of the salt water upon it formed a hard, rocklike substance, that, when pulverized, makes the best of fertilizers.

For hundreds of years men have lived on a mountain of gold, as it were, and never realized that it was of any more value than the sands of the seashore. Nor do they now realize its value, for many have contracted to sell their portion for but twenty cents a ton, and have accepted money in advance from the speculators with which to build themselves nice frame houses, that will rest finally upon the bare coral rock but a few feet above the sea, with no trees or any growing thing about them. If they would only buy a home for themselves in Tahiti, it would not make so much difference whether they saved any money or not, they would always have a home at least. It is estimated that it will take but fifteen years in which to take away the whole island. We are expecting to visit that island on our way to Tahiti, and I may learn other items of interest at that time.

We soon left Makatea in the rear, and the next island sighted was Rairoa, where we were to stop long enough for the ship's boat to go ashore. The wind had been blowing for about twenty-four hours, and quite a sea was running, so that it was quite exciting to see them launch the boat. The vessel tacked back and forth for about two hours, and it became very tiresome indeed, yet not nearly so wearisome as was the calm of the few days previous. When the boat was finally aboard, and we had started for Kaukura, the wind was blowing a gale and dead ahead, so that it took us as long to get out of sight of Rairoa, as it had to leave Tahiti. While the waves were probably no more than fifteen to twenty feet high from hollow to crest, I can understand why they are generally spoken of as "running mountain high." We were five days beating our way about seventy-five miles, with occasional showers that drove us below into the foul cabin, where bales of cloth, boxes, and chests were piled promiscuously, so that it was necessary to climb or *fall* over them to get to our single bunk, which we two were expected to occupy. Every crevice and crack which might possibly admit some fresh air would be closed tight, and if I should protest, the captain would point to the companion-way and say, "plenty of air comes in there," but when I looked that way, it would be to see one of the crew sitting in it smoking a cigarette.

It was surprising how many of the crew were permitted to sleep in the cabin, and when it would rain for an hour or two and keep us all confined there, ours was not like the proverbial "bed of roses," yet similar to one in a hot house, *well fertilized.* Had the captain permitted, I think we would have preferred the deck, rain or no rain.

We stayed on deck day and night, unless the rain promised to be prolonged.

The American gentleman (?) with whom I had made arrangements for the trip, told me that we would be entitled to wine with our meals. I assured him that we did not care for wine or liquor of any kind. I am sure now that he said that to make me think we would live pretty well on his vessel, for I saw no wine at all, although the effects of it was noticeable on the crew for several days out. What we did have was tea and hard bread for breakfast, I to furnish my own milk; canned beef, hard bread, and potatoes for dinner; hard bread and canned beef for supper, varied with a can of baked beans now and then. After two days, the potatoes were all gone; but of hard bread and beef there was no lack.

After ten days of "otherwise" experience, we landed at Kaukura, and I resolved that, except as a last resort, I would never again take passage on a vessel owned and manned by natives. All others take warning. We had been ten days on a trip that should have taken but four at the most, and were only half way to the island for which we had started. Of course the captain and crew could not help that, but they could have made our condition a little more bearable.

When a boat or vessel comes in sight of an island it is quickly perceived by some watchful eye in the village, and the cry raised, and carried from one to another, until the whole village is notified and the greater part congregated at the landing-place to meet it and hear the news. It is much the same as at traintime in a small town, where there is but one train a day; however, the arrival of a boat at one of these little dots in the ocean means more than does the arrival of a train in the small country town, for there is no telegraph to bring the important news, nor do boats arrive any too often. When in Tahiti, one feels that he is about ten miles from "nowhere," but when in such a place as we are now, he may well think that "nowhere" is lost and "anywhere" is yet to be located. No boat has arrived at this island for the past month, although three different ones have been expected any day during that time. We may speculate as to the cause of delay; but what's the use, we must wait to know.

Wandering again! I must not forget to tell of our reception by a branch of Saints, none of whom had met us. When the ship's boat grounded, we were still some distance from shore, so one strong fellow took me on his back, another took wife in his arms, and carried us the remaining distance. I wonder if they would draw lots as to who should carry Bro. Alexander Smith, or Bro. Burton ashore. Just think or a man with two hundred and thirty or forty pounds on his back, feeling his way, barefoot, over stones that are similar to broken bones. "No, thank you."

Numerous hands readily took our bags and packages, and every one extended us a cordial welcome. We were taken to a large frame house, and as a *treat,* a large can of boiled beef, with hard bread and tea, was brought us for our suppers. Please do not understand me to be complaining—canned beef is indeed a treat to

the natives, and costs much money; nor did they know that we had had nothing else to eat for ten days past. Next morning, however, a nice fat chicken was in the pot, and for the next two weeks we were fed so highly on chicken, fish, and a constant supply of water-cocoanuts, that the brethren, with a happy smile on their faces, like a farmer watching his pigs fatten, would say, *"E tupu orua mea rahi"* (You two will grow fat); and at the same time curving out their arms, as though they expected us to grow to prodigious proportions.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL SONG.

In the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimm'ring under the starlight
The sheep lay white around,
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heavens above
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love;
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.

—Dean Farrar.

AUTUMN SCENERY IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

BY W. W. F.

TO THE mountains and lakes of the great Northwest, among the great Rockies, nature has been very generous in her gifts of beauty. A high order of scenery meets the eye at nearly every turn. The delicate tints on the mountain-sides at this time of the year give enchantment to the eye of the artist. All colors are arrayed in an infinite variety that shows the wondrous skill in the work of God. One finds embarrassment in determining which has the most lavish beauty and charm, the lakes with their crystal waters reflecting the scenery of the great peaks, and white pines, fir, and tamarack beyond; or the rugged cliffs, whose dumb visages overlook the valleys and lakes below. All is great. The mountains are wonderful. The ever green valleys and scented alcoves, viewed from some high summit on a sunshiny day, are awe-inspiring. The lakes with their rugged rim of rock and pebbly beach, lead to sober reflection at the great and stupendous workmanship of the ancient alchemist. The beautiful lines found in Thanatopsis only speak feebly of the wonderful meaning of all this panorama in nature's art gallery:

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Here are pictures that never will be transposed to canvass. Here are scenes that the weak effort of mere words never will describe. Here is found much of the subject-matter that has

THE ETERNAL HILLS.

"A contact with the primitive gives us a higher conception of and deeper love for the character of our Great Father."

furnished inspiration for the poets, scientists, orators, and great men. The forest, whose towering trees, with an occasional tall, bare, lance-like projection of the dead monarch of the surrounding trees, whose span runs up to dizzy heights and tells the tale

of former greatness, all has its charm of simple grandeur that the poets rhyme will never depict.

The clear, sparkling, shimmering stream, fed by brooks from the dark recesses of the mountain-heights and the banks of snow that crown the summits of the peaks, must be seen to be properly appreciated. Here in the fastnesses of these mountains, in places one can behold with rapturous awe abysmal precipices, ancient crags, and lofty summits and peaks. Here in profusion are springs, creeks, rivers, lakes, canyons, passes, gorges, lofty peaks of mountains, mesas, bewitching scenes in nature, worthy specimens for science to solve, and enticing models for the novelty hunters in art. A thousand subjects entertain, entrance, and enrapture the appreciative soul.

The points of interest in these regions of the Rockies, as well as elsewhere, are particularly innumerable. These attractions can not be ranked as commonplace. Here is one endless round of variety of contour. It is here one finds in gorgeous display the wonderful combinations and harmonious blendings of all that go to make the beautiful. One touch of nature should make the whole world kin. Truly a contact with the primitive gives us a higher conception, deeper love, and nobler realization of the profoundities of Him who is of a truth, "Our Father who art in heaven."

September, 1908.

MEDITATION.

BY J. E. VANDERWOOD.

There's a day in the future, we see it by faith,
  When the Lord will be king over all;
He will gather in one all the faithful and just
  Who in life have complied with his call.

When he came as the Shepherd of Israel's flock
  He bade them all "Come unto me,"
Saying, If you'll obey me and walk in the light
  My salvation you surely will see.

I have come as the Shepherd to seek what was lost
  And gather you back to the fold,
To that haven of rest, with the true and the blessed,
  Which by prophets of old was foretold.

I ask you to turn from your service of sin
  And to honor my Father above,
By whom I am sent, and I bid you repent,
  That you all may be saved through his love.

But Israel rejected the words of the Lord,
  And his counsel they sought to defy;
And with accusations unfounded in fact,
  Through Pilate condemned him to die.

Through blindness in part they rejected their King,
  Who in glory will reign upon earth,
As was sung by the angels, when Bethlehem's star
  Arose as a sign of his birth.

The day is before us, we see it by faith,
Let's prepare for the joy and the mirth,
That alone can be found in the service of God
With a thousand years' peace on the earth.

THE SIGN OF HIS COMING.

BY SR. BERTA.

"Insomuch that the night before he cometh, there shall be no darkness."
—Helaman 5: 5.

Crimson the morn in the east,
Golden the time of noon;
The hours on wings flew swiftly past,
Each hour more quickly than the last
O'er the land of promise went speeding fast,—
Eve cometh soon.

The hush of a waiting throng,—
And a sound as a gasp of fear,—
A prayer as the rays of the sun grew long,
And stilled the one-time dance and song,—
And the strong grew weak and the weak are strong,
With sunset near.

"The promise is sure," they said,
And they whispered it soft and low.
"Did the sign come not our hope were fled,
Did the sign come not would our blood be shed,
Both youth and aged to death be led
Ere morning glow."

The sun to his rest went down
And a joy-throb thrilled the throng,—
For the night was clear as the crimson morn,—
For the night was bright as the golden noon
And the cry went up, "The Christ is born!"
With a song of praise on the air up-borne,
That day-night long.

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION.

HOW I HEARD AND ACCEPTED THE LATTER-DAY MESSAGE.

BY ELDER JAMES MOLER.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Other articles of a nature similar to this will appear during the year. Have you something of this kind to contribute?]

I WAS BORN in the state of Ohio, October 24, 1843. I grew up under the influence of the Christian Order, or Newlight Church. After serving four years in the Union Army in the Rebellion, I returned home, settled down in life, formally accepted the doctrine of the aforementioned church, and was immersed. I remained with that people about nine years. I tried earnestly to get a testimony of my acceptance with God. I prayed and fasted that I might receive some sure testimony. I, at times, felt to rejoice; but there still remained that longing and hungering which I thought ought to be satisfied.

I finally moved to West Virginia, where I came in contact with the Christian or Disciple Church. I investigated their claims and doctrine. I thought they had more truth than I had; and, inasmuch as I had made a solemn promise to accept light and truth, find it where I might, I expressed my willingness to cast my lot with them. In the year 1879 and 1880 I was received into full fellowship with that people, by the hand of fellowship, being received upon my former baptism.

In a short time thereafter, I was set apart and ordained an elder in that church, and was chosen to preside over the Salem congregation. I labored faithfully and earnestly with that people, until the summer of 1881, but my longing and thirsting was still unsatisfied. About this time, or some time in the year 1880, my brother-in-law, T. J. Beatty, living in Ohio, with his wife and two older daughters, accepted the gospel in its fullness, as they expressed it to me. My brother-in-law and I began corresponding in regard to the claims of the Reorganized Church. I thought they were deceived; and that in reality they had accepted Brighamism.

We (the Salem congregation) had built a fairly good house of worship; and in the month of July or August I received a letter from my sister-in-law, Mrs. T. J. Beatty, asking if we would entertain an elder a day or two, if they would send one there to preach the doctrine. I replied at once, "Yes, not only a day or two; but a week or two. Send him along. We will treat him kindly."

I fully expected, let who come that would, that I would remove the scales from his eyes, and send him home a better man. Shortly after I wrote my sister-in-law to send the preacher, my brother-in-law, T. J. Beatty, came. I thought that he was the forerunner, and that the preacher would follow later on. But, after conversing upon different topics, to my surprise he asked me if I would be willing for him to preach a few times in my church. I said, "Yes, certainly, just as long as you please. Just make yourself at home, and I will see that you get a good hearing."

We arranged for meeting to begin on Thursday night. There was a fair sized congregation of good listeners. The preacher asked me to open the service for him, which I did. I then stepped down and took a seat about midway in the house, where I could look him in the face, expecting that he would make a failure.

ELDER JAMES MOLER.

He and I had worshiped together in the other church; and while with that people I thought that he was a long way from being a preacher. He took his text in Romans 1:16, 17. He preached Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights with ease and power. I listened and wondered, though I thought he would make a break after a while, and then I would step in and show him his folly.

Sunday came, and a full house. He spoke at eleven o'clock, and at the close he said, "Now, if there is any one present that has anything to say, either for or against what I have said, they have the privilege to speak," and he took his seat.

All eyes at once turned to me. They well knew that I would not allow a man to preach a doctrine in my pulpit that I did not believe without opposing it. So I stood up and said in part, "My manner of life and conduct while among you has impressed you with the thought that I am honest and sincere in my religion, and years ago I made a solemn promise that I would accept truth and light wherever I should find it. And this man has come among us. He has conducted himself as a gentleman. He has preached the gospel in word; but whether or not he has what he claims, I do not know; and whether or not he has authority to preach the gospel and administer its ordinances, I do not know. But, if he has, he has more than I have, more than you have."

I then turned directly to him and said, "Will you tell me in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you have authority from God to preach the gospel, and administer its ordinances?" He said, "I have."

I then said, "Will you tell me in the presence of God and these witnesses, that if I obey the gospel as you have taught it, and as it is recorded in the New Testament, God will give me the testimony that it is true."

He then stood up with tears running down his cheeks, raised his right hand toward heaven, and said, "I will meet you in judgment at the bar of God, and I say unto you, If you will obey the gospel with an honest heart, having nothing in view other than to honor God and to save your soul, God will give you a testimony that the doctrine is true."

I said, "I am ready."

We then went and had dinner, and then repaired to the water, and wife and I were baptized, and were confirmed at the evening service; and in the Lord's own time the promise of the preacher to me was fulfilled. I received the testimony as promised, and my longing, hungry soul was satisfied.

One testimony I wish to mention. Some time after coming into the church, I became somewhat exercised or concerned about the successor of Joseph the Seer, and in regard to the authority; and one night about the hour of midnight, as I thought and prayed earnestly in regard to the matter, the Holy Spirit came upon me, beginning at my head, passing over and in me, filling my entire being with a holy peace, joy, and light that I can not explain. I did not understand it. I still called upon God in silent prayer to know the meaning of the manifestation.

I said, "My Father, do you give this to me as a testimony of young Joseph being his father's successor? If so, and if he is your prophet, seer, and revelator, and if this the Reorganized Church is the true church and accepted of thee, I pray, in Jesus name, let the same manifestation be given me," and immediately I was filled again with that holy influence and peace. It remained

with me longer than the first time, then passed quietly and slowly away. I prayed again and said, "O, my father, that I may not be deceived, and that I may be able to bear a faithful testimony, let me have another testimony," and at once I was completely immersed in the same element. It remained with me a long time, and quietly left me rejoicing in full and complete satisfaction and assurance.

Many testimonies have been given to me along the way, and I hope to abide faithfully in the great work, and overcome myself, and assist others to overcome, and finally be saved with a full and complete salvation.

HOLDEN, Missouri.

Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE GREATEST BIRTHDAY.

THERE is one individual whose birthday all good men can unite in celebrating. Even a Jew, though denying the Messiahship of Christ, might well join in honoring him as the greatest Hebrew. He is the one individual whose life has silenced all adverse criticism. He was bitterly persecuted while he lived, but since he has passed to the other side, and his teachings are better understood, there lives no man who dares to ridicule or deny those teachings. In fact, men consider that they honor themselves when they honor Christ, and unfortunately many take advantage of this to win preferment by claiming to be followers of the Nazarene.

His teachings and his life silence adverse criticism because they were always strictly within the law of justice and right. That is the only way in which his followers can silence adverse criticism, and if they adopt that plan, though persecuted now, the time will surely come when they shall be understood and shall be justified in all their conduct and teaching.

All civilized people unite in celebrating Christmas. They are willing, on that day at least, to remember one who made it his life work to do good to others. In fact, we are obliged to remember him in various ways during the entire year. Every letter that we date, dates back, so nearly as our system of chronology will permit, to the birth of Christ. Every legal document that we sign cites us back to that great event. Every year since that day is "the year of our Lord."

There are various ways to honor Christ, and though the world

does honor him, too often it is a cold formality demanded by law or custom, and though men are forced to admit that his life and teachings were above reproach and have the assent of reason as well as of our higher spiritual aspirations, they have not overcome their own selfish and sinful inclinations sufficiently to render him the highest honor by following his example in all things. Imitation is said to be the sincerest homage. If we really wish to honor Christ at the Christmas time, or at any other time, our very best way to give him honor is to follow his example and keep his commandments. He was unselfish and thought always of others. He declared that it was better to give than to receive. If we think of ourselves first, and of others second, we are not honoring Christ. If we give to others with a view to getting in return as much or more than we give, let us face the situation as it is and not claim that we are following his example. Let us be loyal to Christ in deed as well as in word. The great call to-day is for loyal followers of Christ.

LOYALTY UNTO CHRIST.

"Loyalty unto Christ" the trumpet now is sounding,
And the echoes answer from the fields of sin;
Nations are awaking, idol thrones are shaking,
For the great millennium is coming in.
Like a mighty army,
The heralds of the cross are marching over land and sea,
Bearing through the darkness,
The light that leadeth to salvation, full and free.

Long and loud, "Loyalty unto Christ" we sing;
Till every human tongue, shall hear his praises rung!
Let the hills, valleys, and desert places ring,
With "Loyalty unto Christ, our Lord and King."

Loyalty, faith, and works, in holy consecration,
Shall the scattered nations unto Him restore;
Then the world shall own him, and with joy enthrone him,
King of kings and Lord of lords for evermore.
See the darkness rifting!
The gospel light of truth is spreading to the perfect day!
Clouds are backward drifting!
Renew endeavor! for the King prepare the way!

Long and loud, "Loyalty unto Christ" we sing;
Till every human tongue, shall hear his praises rung!
Let the hills, valleys, and desert places ring,
With "Loyalty unto Christ, our Lord and King."

"Loyalty unto Christ!" O what a mighty power,
Were the hosts of God united in His name!
Then would angels greet us, Christ Himself would meet us,
And baptize us with the Pentecostal flame.
Then would come the triumph,
And Christ be known and loved, His praise be sung from shore to shore;
Earth would then, in glory,
Become the kingdom of the Lord for evermore.

—Charles H. Gabriel.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Do not forget our own magazine. Are you a subscriber to AUTUMN LEAVES? Then do not neglect to renew your subscription. We can not afford to lose one subscriber. If you are not a subscriber, can you not send in your subscription at once? Do a little missionary work for our magazine. Tell people how well you like it. Ask them to take it. Send all subscriptions to Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The very little folks are to have more pictures and stories all their own in *St. Nicholas* in 1909 than ever before. One series, of an originality and humor to charm the whole household, will be a set of "storiettes" called "Doctor Daddiman's Stories." They are to have illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory. A promising new feature of *St. Nicholas* the coming year will be a two-page department to be called "The Cozy Cooking Club," conducted by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. The recipes will be given in easy rhyme, with, of course, a brief prose list of ingredients; and will cover simple dainties specially appropriate to the season. Each month of the year will have its own menu.

A jolly feature of *St. Nicholas* in 1909 will be a series of rhymes and pictures by W. W. Denslow, the illustrator of "The Wizard of Oz," "Father Goose," "The House that Jack Built," etc. "When I grow up" will be the title of the series, which will portray the "day dreams" of an American youngster. Besides the black and white pages each number will have two pages of "When I grow up" in color.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (a weekly a visitor to many people) is this year giving free to every new and renewing subscriber a most attractive gift, which is very appropriately called "The Art Gallery De Luxe." It consists of six famous paintings, superbly reproduced in fourteen colors, aggregating one thousand square inches. The artist catches the glint of the sunbeams through orchard trees and makes them dance and gleam on canvas. But how can we paint in mere words the beauty of these six exquisite pictures? A handsomer premium was never offered by any magazine.

Probably no comment is necessary concerning *The Christian Herald,* "The magazine that fully satisfies," as only the best in literature and art is presented and every one of its fifty-two issues, the whole year around, sparkles with gems from cover to cover. *The Christian Herald* contains twelve hundred large pages and one thousand illustrations yearly— as much as any four one-dollar magazines.

The subscription price is $1.50 per year, but every *new* subscriber who sends $1.50 to *The Christian Herald,* 444 Bible House, New York, will receive *The Christian Herald* every week from date of order until January 1, 1910, and in addition the incomparable "Art Gallery De Luxe" free.

You must act quickly, as this splendid offer expires December 10, 1908.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The amount of good reading given to subscribers to *The Youth's Companion* during the year is indicated by the following summary of contents for 1909:

50 Star Articles contributed by Men and Women of Wide Distinction in Public Life, in Literature, in Science, in Business, in a Score of Professions.

250 Capital Stories including Six Serial Stories; Humorous Stories; Stories of Adventure, Character, Heroism.

1,000 Up to Date Notes on Current Events, Recent Discoveries in the World of Science and Nature, Important Matters in Politics and Government.

2,000 One-Minute Stories, Inimitable Domestic Sketches, Anecdotes, Bits of Humor, and Selected Miscellany. The Weakly Health Article, the Weekly Woman's Article, Timely Editorials, etc.

A full Announcement of the new volume will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address on request. The new subscriber for 1909 who at once sends $1.75 for the new volume (adding fifty cents for extra postage if he lives in Canada) will receive free all the remaining issues for 1908, including the Double Holiday Numbers; also *The Companion's* new calendar for 1909, "In Grandmother's Garden," lithographed in 13 colors.—*The Youth's Companion,* 144 Berkely Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, secretary, 630 South Crysler Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. E. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

A CHRISTMAS CHILD.

She came to me at Christmas time and made me mother, and it seemed
There was a Christ indeed and he had given me the joy I'd dreamed.

She nestled to me, and I kept her near and warm, surprised to find
The arms that held my babe so close were opened wider to her kind.

I hid her safe within my heart. "My heart," I said, "is all for you,"
But lo! She left the door ajar and all the world came flocking through.

She needed me. I learned to know the royal joy that service brings;
She was so helpless that I grew to love all little helpless things.

She trusted me, and I who ne'er had trusted, save in self, grew cold
With panic lest this precious life should know no stronger, surer hold.

She lay and smiled and in her eyes I watched her narrow world grow broad,
Within her tiny, crumpled hand I touched the mighty hand of God.

—Isabel E. Mackay in *Scribner's*.

DO YOU APPRECIATE YOUR MOTHER?

AT THIS season, when joy and good will abound, any reminder of the sad lack in the world of love and the consideration it prompts seems almost out of place, but in the time when hearts are more than usually warm and tender, such a reminder may, perhaps, make a more lasting impression for good.

It is an extreme case of heartlessness in a daughter in response to her mother's devotion which is presented to us in the quoted story that follows, but the regret which all must feel who read it may stir to greater tenderness and more grateful appreciation some who might not be so grossly selfish and unfeeling as this daughter, who yet inflict wounds where they should give happinesss.

In the matter of dress, girls seem especially liable to come in conflict with their mothers, whose judgment, as a rule, is superior to theirs, but is not always approved by them. At times there comes before me a picture,—it is one I can never forget—in which a young girls stand before a mirror putting the finishing touches to her toilet before going out to join some young companions for an afternoon of pleasure. In dress of white, with long, soft-falling, wavy hair, she forms the center of a picture which would have been a pleasing one but for the expression upon her face and the feeling in her heart, which it reflected. I wish I could forget them.

By the window at her side, her mother sits at her sewing; the dear, patient mother, who was always sewing for her girls. There had come a difference of opinion in regard to some article the daughter wished to wear, and now, in answer to some remark of the mother's, the look which the mirror caught and holds to her memory is one of impatience and of actual contempt. Her mother's face, lifted in time to catch the look, grows sad as she says in gentle tones, "Oh, my child, it grieves me to see you look like that."

It is not because she could not do as she pleased that she carries regret. Oh, no. It is because she gave pain to the wise mother who merited and who usually received loving deference from her family.

A mother's judgment may not always be beyond criticism; her work may not be done with the greatest skill, but the love she puts into it should be held precious; and there is something else that is precious, too—for the daughter who spares her mother's feelings, and gives only loving appreciation of her mother's efforts for her weaves into her character a beauty that will endure when unsightly garments are gone for ever; and, moreover, her memories of her daughterhood will be comforting ones.

This story of an ungrateful daughter is from one of our daily papers:

"I witnessed, the other day, an instance of the brutality of the ungrateful daughter toward the self-sacrificing mother, which impressed me so strongly that I am impelled to write on the subject.

"I say I witnessed the inhumanity of this daughter. I mean I was made aware of it through a letter, and that in a most unusual way.

"The letter was shown me by the mother herself—an entire stranger to me. It was one of those little tragedies that appear so trivial in the eyes of the world at large, yet are of such overwhelming significance to the individual heart.

"The experience was a curious one. I was returning from an errand in the poorer section of the city, and was about to take a car, when an old woman with a shawl over her head and a basket in her arms hurried up to me calling, 'Please wait, lady. Please wait!'

"She sat the basket down in the street. I saw it contained laundry —and began fumbling in her belt. Her hands were knotted and toil-worn and trembled with eagerness.

"In a second she held forth a letter.

" 'Please read, lady!'

"I thought I could sense a petition for charity, and began to unfasten my purse.

" 'No—oh no!' she cried, distressed. 'You not understand! This is my daughter's letter. I not read! I thought you might——'

" 'Why, of course!' I said. I took the missive at once and unfolded the sheets.

"The old woman's face shone with such eagerness I forgot its wrinkles and unsightly lines.

" 'I give Christmas present,' she confided. 'I make it all myself—all! Fine coat—all for my girl! I see if she got it!'

"I understood now the keen anticipation in the watery blue eyes, the mother love that transfigured the furrowed face. The letter was written in a careless, unformed, girlish hand:

" 'Dear mother,' I read, 'the package came all right—'

"I paused to glance at the woman, nodding and smiling, her entire attitude intensely, pitifully expectant. Then I read on:

" 'I tried on the coat, and I must say I don't see how you ever made such a cheap job of it. I am terribly disappointed. It fits awful about the waist, and the girls in the store say the sleeves ain't one bit stylish, and the collar bulges and wrinkles at the back—'

"I could not read another line. How I had managed to proceed that far I don't know. Curiosity and a sort of desperation had urged me, in spite of the consciousness that the words I uttered were stabbing this poor woman to the heart.

"I looked at her now. All the light had vanished from her face, as though an inner candle had been suddenly extinguished. I could see the wrinkles now, startlingly distinct. Every line stood out

sharply. The toil-hardened hands had ceased trembling. They were curiously rigid—pressed hard one against the other.

"She stood thus—stunned—her eyes fixed blankly upon me. Then she said, in a low, patient, resigned voice: 'Go on.'

"I continued to read: 'Mother, why did you ever try to make a coat? Why didn't you get one ready made? It would have had at least a decent shape and style.'

"I stopped abruptly. The old woman understood. She reached for the letter.

" 'Never mind—that's all—you needn't read any more. Many thanks—many!' She tried to smile.

" 'I'm very, very sorry,' I said, feeling somehow that I was responsible for her suffering.

"She put the letter back in her belt and stooped for the basket. I could not trust myself to look at her face again. My car was coming.

" 'Good-bye—I'm so sorry!'

"The words seemed silly—futile. I felt them to be unutterably so. I was miserable when I boarded the car and saw the mother trudging on, the basket in her arms, her face sad and set—all the hope gone from it.

"I can not forget that woman. I can not forget the letter of that selfish, cruel, ungrateful daughter. And yet, inhuman as this girl's attitude seems to us, we must admit it is not more so than that assumed by thousands of girls far better educated, whose superior advantages should certainly have taught them kindness and consideration for their mothers.

"It is nothing less than brutality. I have seen it time and again. There is positively no excuse for such savagery among young women in this civilized age.

"Girls, stop thinking of yourselves; of your own petty desires and dislikes and whims, and think of your mothers, working and planning and struggling always for you.

"It takes so little to compensate a mother for her self-denial. A word, a smile, a kiss—these will be valued as gold by the mother who denies herself for her child.

"Some day you will have children of your own, maybe. Perhaps they will be ungrateful. Then you will understand, if you do not understand now, what pain, what desolation a mother feels when her efforts go unrewarded, when no appreciation comes to gladden her days.—Angela Morgan.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember? I have been remembering. I remember the cold, crisp, winter weather, the snow and ice; the sleigh-bells and dancing, prancing horses, drawing gayly painted sleighs, with loads of gay, laughing people. There were Christmas trees and spicy Christmas greens, and brilliant shops, and people laden with

packages. And there were home, and mystery, and whispered consultations, and mysterious, humpy bundles.

Then there was a tree, gorgeous, loaded with presents, the work of fairies, that reached away up toward the ceiling of a big church, a church crowded with eager, bright-faced children and pleased parents. And there were music and songs and presents and laughter. And there was the walk home, with the snow crunching under the feet, while excited children talked of the wonderful affair and hugged cornucopias of candy, and oranges, and dolls, and books, and beautiful things close to their hearts.

Then the stockings were hung up and all the little folks went to bed, some to fall asleep immediately, others to lie awake and listen to the rustling of paper, as parcels were unwrapped and stockings filled; and to the murmur of voices—until—why it is Christmas morning!

What fairyland! Just all the things we have wished for! What munching of nuts and raisins and candy, and—does the smell of things bring back memories easily? I can always smell oranges when I think about Christmas in the old days, and the smell of oranges at Christmas time brings back the vision of little people with their stockings in their laps and presents strewn about. And how gay the "Merry Christmas" to father and mother sounded!

Later, father drew us over to the pond on the newest sled and helped us to try the new skates. Oh, the skates and the sleds! How the children did enjoy them. Yes, I am remembering.

One year a little girl didn't get a new sled, and a young admirer painted hers for her—painted it white, striped with red, and on the top, "Dora." How it did skim along, and how happy the little girl was because it was pretty and because the boy had painted it for her. She could coast down one hill after another till she was nearly a mile from home. And the walk back wasn't hard, for there were little friends with her, and some one to draw her sled. The boy was afterward a real artist, and has since died. There—I've gone into a reverie, and I'm forgetting to write!

I remember how we went to church and heard the choir sing beautiful anthems, and we had on our most wintry Christmas dresses and wraps, and the newest hair ribbons, and carried handkerchiefs out of the stockings, and some of the candy. And afterwards there was the dinner and the relatives and songs and games —and Christmas was over!

I remember, too,—but that was later. It was early morning. Everybody was hurrying and skurrying to see who would get into his clothes first, though he who did had the longest to wait; and the children's father was fixing the furnace fire and lighting the —there—I musn't tell.

And then he came bounding up the stairs and we all marched down, grown people and boys and girls. And there were holly wreaths and festoons of greenery, and there it was,—the beautiful tree, sparkling, dazzling, brilliant!

And the presents were distributed, and everybody was dressed

and warm and happy, and the children could play as long as they pleased.

Did you ever read Annie Hamilton Donnel's little story, "The Feel Doll"? Rebecca Mary had a doll, but it wasn't a "feel doll." Her aunt was too straight-laced to let her have one. But it was "a great comfort to rock her *soul* to sleep," Rebecca Mary said.

The spirit of Christmas is beautiful. It is blessed to remember the Christ-child and all that the wonderful Christmas festival stands for. That should never be left out of a child's life or out of your life, or mine. But that our happiness on that day may be complete, we want a "feel" Christmas; we want to give the children a "feel" Christmas; we want to be conscious that we have made a really, truly "feel" Christmas for some one who might have had only the "soul" to "rock to sleep," might have had only the spirit of Christmas to make them happy.

It is so blessed to remember and so pleasant to be remembered at this happy time. Giving is a habit. If you haven't cultivated it, get into the good habit now, as quickly as possible. Help to make some one or some family gloriously happy this year. Just look back and remember; and then help to make happy memories for others. HORTENSE SELLON CRAMER.

BABY LOGIC.

She was ironing her doll's new gown,
  Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown,
  Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in,
  Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
  On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
  Thus answered the wise little tot:
"Now don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
  This little iron isn't hot?"

—Elizabeth W. Bellamy, in *Wide Awake.*

TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SMALL CHILDREN.

"Have you got your Christmas offering yet?"

"No."

"Well, I have. I have a whole dollar; but my! I worked awful hard for it, picking berries and lots of other things. I earned another dollar, too. It's in my bank—all but ten cents. That belongs to the Lord you know. I paid my tithing."

"Say, have you paid your tithing? Well, I'll tell you where you must go. You know that brick building with a big scale on

one side. Well, that's the place. You go in there to pay it, and the man will give you a piece of paper that shows you've paid your tithing, and he'll say, 'That's right! Thank you, my little man."

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Of all the tasks which are set before man in life, the education and management of his character is the most important; and, in order that it should be successfully pursued, it is necessary that he should make a calm and careful survey of his own tendencies, unblinded either by the self-deception which conceals errors and magnifies excellencies, or by the indiscriminate pessimism which refuses to recognize his powers for good. He must avoid the fatalism which would persuade him that he has no power over his nature, and he must also clearly recognize that this power is not unlimited.

Man is like a card-player who receives from Nature his cards, —his disposition, his circumstances, the strength or weakness of his will, of his mind, and of his body. The game of life is one of blended chance and skill. The best player will be defeated if he has hopelessly bad cards, but in the long run the skill of the player will not fail to tell. The power of man over his character bears much resemblance to his power over his body. Men come into the world with bodies very unequal in their health and strength; with hereditary dispositions to disease; with organs varying greatly in their normal condition. At the same time a temperate or intemperate life, skillful or unskillful regimen, physical exercises well adapted to strengthen the weaker parts, or physical apathy, vicious indulgence, misdirected or excessive effort, will all in their different ways alter his bodily condition and increase or diminish his chances of disease and premature death.

The power of will over character is, however, stronger, or, at least, wider than his power over the body. There are organs which lie wholly beyond his influence; there are diseases over which it can exercise no possible influence; but there is no part of our moral

constitution which we can not in some degree influence or modify.

By cultivating the taste for reading, a young person can greatly improve his character and create within his being an ardent enthusiasm for all that is good and lovely and elevating. The taste for reading is illimitable in the vistas of pleasure it opens; it is inexpensive, easily satisfied, not dependent on age, seasons, and the varying conditions of life. It cheers the invalid, stores the mind with pleasant thoughts, banishes ennui, fills up unoccupied interstices and enforced leisures of an active life, makes men, for a time at least, forget their anxieties and sorrows, and, if judiciously managed, it is one of the most powerful means of training character and elevating thought.

"Many tastes and one hobby" is no bad ideal to be aimed at. The boy or girl who learns to collect and classify fossils, or flowers, or insects, or leaves, or postage-stamps, who has acquired a love for chemical experiments, who has begun to form a taste for some particular kind or department of knowledge, has laid the foundation for much happiness in life.

Passions weaken, but habits strengthen with age, and it is the great task of youth to set the current of habit and to form the tastes which are most productive of happiness in life. Happiness is most likely to be obtained when it is not the direct object of pursuit. Few lives produce so little happiness as those that are aimless and unoccupied.

Satisfied contentment with present conditions is the end of prosperous achievement. A discontent with existing circumstances is the chief source of a desire to improve them, and this desire is the mainspring of progress.

The power of man to improve his character is more within his reach than is his power for intellectual development. Time and opportunity are wanting to most men for any considerable intellectual study; and, even were it otherwise, every man will find large tracts of knowledge and thought wholly external to his tastes, aptitude, and comprehension. But every one can, in some measure, learn the lesson of self-sacrifice, practice what is right, and correct (or at least mitigate) his dominant faults. What fine examples of self-sacrifice, quiet courage, resignation in misfortune, patient performance of painful duty, magnanimity, and forgiveness under injury may often be found among those who are intellectually the most commonplace!

Some temptations that beset us must be steadily faced and subdued. Others are best met by flight—by avoiding the thoughts or scenes that call them into activity.

Marriage is, in numerous cases, the great turning-point of a life, and in all cases when it takes place it is one of the most important of life's events. Marriage never leaves a man unchanged. His intellect, his character, his happiness, his way of looking at the world, will all be influenced by it. It will raise or strengthen him, if it does not lower or weaken him. Marriage brings with it duties, interests, habits, hopes, cares, sorrows, and joys that

will penetrate into every fissure of his nature, and modify the whole course of his life.

Dean Swift said that "there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world, if women thought less of making nets and more of making cages."

The young man who possesses the four cardinal virtues of wisdom, justice, courage, and temperance, has a firm foundation on which to build. Such an one will accomplish the purpose for which we are all created, will successfully glorify God, by being wide-awake and tactful, genial and courteous, kindly in his comments on others, cheerful when things do not quite suit him, generous in small things as well as great. He will give nothing less than his best, and take nothing from his fellows that he has not fairly earned. He will lose thought of himself in devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. He will put forth the last ounce of energy in him before he will give up the game he sets out to play, or the work he "goes in for," or the friend whom he loves.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri. J. C. GRAINGER.

A CHRISTMAS PSALM.

We celebrate, Lord, thy presence on earth,
When singers from heaven announced thy birth;
Thou camest not with pomp, nor glory, nor show;
Brought none of thy bright, princely robes here below;

But came as a babe, a blossom fair,
To grow in the love of a mother's care.
We have read of thy life, sublime and serene,
Its equal on earth has ne'er yet been seen.

We rejoice o'er thy victories; we admire
Thy righteous walk in life—to this we aspire.
In fancy we've seen thee walk on the wave,
And bade the dead Lazarus arise from the grave.

We are glad that thou art the beloved Son;
Sought not thine own will, but his "will be done."
A friend of the fallen, the oppressed, the poor,
Jesus of Nazareth, who unbarred heaven's door.

So we Religians praise thy wondrous name
Because thou remembrest all people the same;
The red man's fathers, the Lamanites of old,
Were kindly invited to enter the fold.

O, thou Jesus of Nazareth, holy one;
Savior of nations, respecter of none;
Blessed Bridegroom, the church, thy fair bride,
Robed in garments so white, may we abide.

We celebrate this happy Christmas tide,
The Father's gift to the world far and wide.
As a present we send on through heaven's door,
A promise,—we'll serve thee for evermore.

JOSEPH FERRIS.

THE ANNUAL OUTING OF THE LONDON, ONTARIO, LOCAL.

The *Mirror*, published by the local Religio Society, London, Ontario, has the following account of an annual picnic enjoyed by the Religians of that city. Cuts used with this article are furnished by courtesy of the *Mirror*.

"The crown met at half past two in the afternoon, proceeded to the park, [Springbank Park] and after unloading all the baskets and bundles, hats and umbrellas, they at once began to throw the ball. Two captains were chosen, teams picked out, and Bro. Farthing

AFTER THE BALL GAME WAS OVER.

appointed official scorer. Bro. Insell was umpire, and let us state right here that he made a capital man on the job.

"After the above photo was taken by Bro. A. J. Nelson, the races were started, some of which were very amusing. The watermelon contest was supreme, and some are laughing over it yet.

"Everybody was doing something. Some of the men were much interested in throwing a heavy stone, while some of the sisters amused themselves throwing pebbles and running around keeping warm. While the games were being finished the sisters prepared supper, and it was a feast rather than a meal. Everybody was

seated at one long table, and ate to their hearts'—stomachs' content. It was a beautiful sight to see all present so happy, and such a peaceful feeling came over the assemblage that one of the brethren suggested that we sing that old favorite and ever inspiring hymn, 'We thank thee, O God, for a prophet.'

"It was truly something to be remembered, and how we wish all could have heard that singing. That scene forms one of the pictures that will for ever hang on memory's wall. The sun was slowly sinking in the west, and the old trees seemed to keep time, as they heaved to and fro, while the little picnic party sang from

"EVERYBODY SEEMED HAPPY."

their hearts that grand old song; and their voices seemed to fill the air with its harmonious strains. After singing, the president of the local asked Elder T. R. Seaton, honorary president, to offer prayer, and then all departed to their homes, a little tired, but all happy.

"We are now waiting for next year's picnic, for the Religio picnic is always enjoyable and passes off without the slightest discord."

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN TEACHING.

How shall we obtain and retain the best order and attention in class-work? The classes are the primary divisions of our Religio. If each integral part runs smoothly, the whole will be harmonious.

What qualifications in the teacher are essential to the easy control and guidance of pupils? Or, in other words, what are the important elements in governing power?

Some teachers are blessed with a suitable personality or natural aptitude. Much skill can be acquired, however, by studying and applying the principles governing the art of controlling children. A very important element is a thorough and fresh knowledge of the lesson to be taught. Some may not see its vital relation to easy control. Whatever increases the confidence of pupils in the teacher adds to his controlling power, and whatever lessens their confidence decreases his control. Other things equal, the confidence of a class in a teacher will rise or fall with the thoroughness and freshness of his knowledge of the lesson taught.

The reason is obvious. The teacher stands before the class as an instructor, and even the youngest have wit enough to see that the teacher should know what he attempts to teach. Thorough and accurate knowledge wins the esteem and confidence of pupils, but ignorance and inaccuracy destroy confidence and multiply occasions for outward control.

Some teachers who are weak in what is commonly regarded as governing ability easily control large classes by the clearness, accuracy, and fullness of instruction. More teachers fail in discipline from inadequate scholarship than any other one cause. Scholarship is governing power. We often pray for the assistance of the Spirit, asking that it may bring all things to our remembrance, which is right and proper; but the Holy Spirit will not violate a natural law. Can we expect it to freshen our memory of that which we never knew?

To illustrate: A teacher takes charge of a strange class, and by his pleasing manner makes a good impression and soon wins the confidence of the pupils. A pupil asks a difficult question and the teacher blunders. His lack of knowledge is soon known to the class and other test questions follow. If he governs the class easily after such a disclosure, it will be by virtue of superior power in other directions.

Another element of easy control is love for pupils. That love must be conscientious, and shown towards those that need it most. There is no incentive or restraint so potent as that of love. The love that wins the hearts of children is real love, and not merely its profession. We wear no veil over our hearts in the presence of children.

"Love in the heart does not need to be proclaimed. It beams from the eyes, radiates from the face, breathes its benedictions in the voice, and discloses itself in movement and bearing." Our professions of love must bear the stamp of the heart, or they will not pass at par over the counters of childhood.

Silent control is the true kind. A quiet motion of the hand, if

equally effective, is much better than a storm of words. A child acquires the habit of quiet self-control as a result of training, not of talking. Boys, like horses, respect a firm hand and a steady line. It is evenness of control that wins.

Another element of governing ability is common sense—practical wisdom in dealing with the little affairs that come up in a class. Common sense is not sense common to all persons, but sense in common things—practical wisdom in dealing with common affairs. Common sense thus defined is an important factor in discipline. It knows when to speak, and when to keep silent; when to make a request and when to command; when to commend, and when to reprove. Common sense knows how to unlock the door of a child's heart; how to find a side-door when the front door is bolted with obstinacy; how to come up on the right side of a displeased parent.

We sometimes attribute wrong motives to unruly children. Children act more from impulse than from reflection. We should study the feelings and motives that govern them and have more genuine loving sympathy with them in all their little trials.

One of the most vital elements of governing power is positive moral character. We can not impart unto others that which we have not. Doctor Blackie says: "There is no kind of a sermon so effective as the example of a good man." If we would have our pupils gentle, kind, and pure, our own lives must daily exhibit these virtues. Instruction should come from the teacher's heart, and be emphasized by his life.—W. H. Callin in "Reflector," Independence Z. R.-L. S.

A SHORT TALK ON EDUCATION.

This being "College Day" it might be well to consider the subject of education as regards its general relation to us and our welfare.

Education is derived from the Latin verb *educere*, to lead forth or to draw out, and therefore implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the mind, the formation of, and the regulation of character. In this it should be distinguished from mere instruction which, though good, is only for the accomplishment of some given purpose, as technical training, for instance, may be narrowed down to the mere dollar and cent basis.

Education on the other hand is the drawing out of the good qualities within us and the developing of a longing for a fuller and better knowledge of the truth. The study of history gives us an idea of the ideals and habits of the people of the past. To get real benefit from this source, we must learn to put ourselves in the places of these people of long ago, to see as they saw, to feel as they felt, in order that we may not too severely condemn their deeds. We should see what led up to certain abuses of their day and prevent their recurrence in our day, by eliminating the conditions that led up to them. When we hear of the battle of Marathon, we should be able to picture the Grecian heroes, fighting for free-

dom, sweeping down from the hils above Marathon on the Persian army clustered about the beached ships by the sea, not fighting for a country or a principle, but lashed into line by its officers. When we can thus feel the actuating impulses of others and correct our lives by avoiding their mistakes, then shall we be broader minded citizens and better church members.

The Lord has commanded us "to seek out the best books of wisdom, to seek learning even by study, and also by faith."—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 36. Also, in the same paragraph, we find a house of learning classed as a needful thing. In the Book of Mormon, we find that "to be learned is good, if they hearken unto the counsels of God."—2 Nephi 6: 12. Joseph Smith was commanded

GRACELAND COLLEGE.

"to obtain a knowledge of history, of countries, of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion."—Doctrine and Covenants 90: 12.

But how shall we obtain this education? We may get it by experience, a slow, hard, and often painful method; we may get it by studying all good books, or we may get it by going to college. For those who have the opportunity the latter is to be most highly recommended. A diploma, however, does not always mark the highly educated man or woman, and some of the brightest minds were not college trained; but the ordinary mortal has not the perseverance and general ability to attain such heights alone.

Here the college steps in and gives the necessary help, and let me here emphasize the fact that the mission of the college or university is not to create a privileged class, but to raise the status of all humanity to a higher level. We have a college, small, it is true, which from the fact that it is a non-sectarian institution founded

by a religious denomination, is founded on the broadest views ever set forth by a college of its class. To support this institution is our duty, not because of the individual gain resulting, but because of the general uplifting of our entire social institution. When we place this college on equal terms with the greater institutions of the land then Graceland will be not one of the best, but the best college in this country, because of also having the students surrounded by a pure moral and religious atmosphere.

To the students of Graceland the golden "G" on the blue background should represent grace, goodness, grandness, glory and godliness, standing on a field representing honor and justice. The very pennants of Graceland should therefore be an incentive to a higher plane of living.—Read before the Oakland local, "College day," by Arthur Domonoske.

THE OLD YEAR.

It is always hard to talk about the old year, since it is impossible to picture it in imagination with dreams of wealth and happiness, as we might the new year. It is as a "song that is sung, a tale that is told." Yet we believe a little reminiscence at this, the close of the year, good for us individually.

We might well ask, How has the old year served us, and how have we served the old year? To some it brought only happiness and prosperity; to others, sorrow and disappointment. The sun can not shine everywhere at the same time.

If it has been our good fortune to get the sunshine,—have we looked about us to see if our brother, or friend, who was having the sorrow and shadow, needed us? Have we mingled our tears with those who wept? Have you let no opportunity to help one another pass unheeded? Do we always remember the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens"?

Have those who have met with misfortune or sorrow striven to rise above such, keeping their faith firm in God and man? Have we endeavored to live for the good we might do in the world, rather than the good it might do us?

If for us the old year was laden with happiness, or burdened with sorrow, we are sure of this fact, it brought to each one opportunities to build character; to grow more like our heavenly Father. This is as sure as that the days come and go; whether we live in sunshine or shadow, the opportunity for this development is never denied us. If we have failed to make this development, this should be our saddest thought when we say, Good-bye, old year.

Looking backward is not always to be recommended, but where we might see an opportunity to do good we failed to improve, or a sorrowing one we forgot to comfort, it is well to take note, and strive to make no such mistake during the new year.

"Speak a shade more kindly, than the year before;
Pray a little oftener, love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the Father's love;
Life below shall liker grow to the life above."

Then we can say at the close of the old year, Good-bye, without any heartaches or regrets over wasted opportunities or duty neglected. And when we have bidden a fond good-bye to all the years of our lives, and Father Time has caressed our locks with frosty fingers, we can whisper to those around us, Good-bye and farewell, with the assurance that a golden dawn awaits us with Him who said, "Love one another."

EMMA MORGAN MARMADUKE.

HOME DEPARTMENT WORK.

The home department work is largely dependent on the various superintendents, and as there may have been some elected that we have received no notice of, we wish to call attention to the methods used in inviting and inducing the Saints to study. We have complete instructions in the revised leaflet, number two, of 1908. The pages 9, 10, 11, and 12 define the duties of the superintendents. It is desired that they see that local visitors are appointed in every branch of the church in their district. We have provided a visitor's canvass blank and report, and the name and residence, with reasons for refusal to study, are to be recorded.

We desire that every Saint in your district shall have an invitation at least, before the year is out.

This visitor makes a quarterly report, on blanks furnished by the district, to the superintendent of local or district. There is also an envelope to receive your contributions, as there are no fixed dues, and on which the lesson is recorded.

Every student is entitled to a membership card signed by superintendent of local or district.

As we have a large corps of workers we expect grand results this year,—perhaps not so great a membership, but showing the amount of effort done by invitations. We wish the district superintendents to send all visiting canvass blanks to us as they come in, that we may know just what the status of the work is and thus feel the pulse of the Saints the world over.

This is the Lord's work and when we realize that we are privileged to help him and are thus representing him on earth, the burden rolls away and it becomes a pleasure. Once we were called to care for a sick person. It was a distressing case and required great endurance. We felt to give way under the work, when these words came to us, "As ye do it unto the least of these so do ye unto me." We were immediately strengthened and said, "Lord, we can do it for thee." And we tried to make it seem that it was Christ we were ministering to.

Thus it is in this work, and it becomes a labor of love.

We would like to hear from every one who is interested in the work of development along the lines of our department. We are anxious to enroll the name of every member of the church in this great work.

ALTHA R. DEAM.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Independence, Mo.—During the last four months some may have thought the Independence local either dead or asleep, so far as reporting is concerned, but she is again awakening to her duties and desires to report that present symptoms are favorable for a steady growth and development.

During the summer our attendance was somewhat light, the reunion being responsible for a share of this, also breaking into our committee work. However, our committees are busily at work now, and find a wide field for service.

We are making a special effort to develop new material, working in the untried metal on our programs and in our committees. Many have responded promptly to our appeals for service, and we find a number of the backward ones are qualified for service, and need only experience and opportunity to develop into most earnest, faithful workers.

On our last parliamentary evening, we tried a new plan, the seniors combining in one class, taught by Bro. Joshua Nunn, while the juniors had class-work as usual. We believe that with the aid of a large blackboard on which to outline the lessson, this plan will make the parliamentary work more effective and will be more interesting. W. H. CALLIN.

Dow City, Iowa.—Although the membership of our society is increasing very slowly, we are not at all discouraged. The interest during the last few months has been good, but we expect it to be better this winter. A few of our committees are doing good work, which we hope and trust will be used as an example by the others.

A short time ago the society gave a temperance program which we believe did much good.

We know that the hand of the Lord is in this work and that he will push it onward if we but put our trust and confidence in him and do all that is required of true loyal disciples of Christ.

RAYMOND BUTTERWORTH.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—I am sending, inclosed herewith, for publication, two of the literary selections of our rally program given October 24. The following week a Halloween social was held at the home of Bro. A. E. Dempsey. We are in hope that these events have created an interest that will continue throughout the new course of study taken up by the last *Quarterly.*

Our committees are working faithfully, and all looks bright for the future. We still hold our monthly prayer-meetings, and they are very beneficial to us. MRS. S. C. JACOBSON.

Des Moines, Iowa.—We are still trying to keep pace with the times. There are a few more interested workers now than when we reported last. But not as many as we wish to see, knowing there are a number here in our local that could make themselves useful if they so desired. The lookout committee, assisted by the executive committtee, have tried and are yet trying to make a better record in the way of not having so many "*dead*" members. For we feel

as though something should be done. If they do not intend to attend our meetings or to do anything for the Religio, we had better drop them from the list of membership.

Our "Journal" published by Sr. Orpha Emslie continues to grow in interest, the members looking forward to its appearance.

MRS. MARY RUDKIN.

Independence Stake.—The semiannual convention of the Independence Stake Religio Society was held at Holden, Missouri, November 7 and 8 (Saturday and Sunday). There was a very good delegation, from Kansas City, although not quite as large as was expected, but the convention was a profitable one to all who attended. Our Holden brothers and sisters are to be thanked kindly for the cordial reception given the delegates from other places.

Saturday, with the usual morning prayer-service, the convention opened. The reports of officers and committees followed, and were very pleasing to all. Reports indicate that the work has not fallen back in the least, but that all have been awake to their duty, and the fact that we have made notable progress during the past six months warrants us in trusting and striving for a continuance of the good work in the future. The total enrollment of the stake, including home class members, is 1,446, with an average attendance of 32. One year ago there was a total enrollment in the Independence Stake, including home class members, of 1,179. We have gained 267 members in the last year. While we have enjoyed progression in the past, that fact alone does not assure its continuance, and the sentiment which seemed to prevail at the convention was a requirement of more diligence and persistence on the part of officers and committees of the locals, in order to make our present ideals a matter of reality, and we should, as an earnest body of Religians, with a faith and a hope that will encourage us to the use of personal endeavor, move onward and upward.

PAUL KUNTZ, Sec'y.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The result of the Religio work for November has been very satisfactory indeed. The attendance and interest are much improved, and programs are interesting and instructive. Our temperance program was fine; and the children's program, in charge of Sr. S. R. Burgess, could not have been better. Some pleasing features were the lesson review, given by one of the juniors, Bro. David Archibald. A sketch or dialogue from the "Babes of Toy Land" between Bro. S. R. Burgess and nine little girls; a doll-dressing contest of children under fourteen years of age, and a guessing contest of the attendance by the older folks.

Sr. Florence Burgess, with the chorister, Bro. Joerndt, gave a musical program recently, and good music was enjoyed throughout all meetings.

We are looking forward to good programs, which are promised to follow, and are now being prepared.

E. M. PATTERSON.

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5. "How I heard and accepted the Gospel," by Elder J. H. Lawn. (One of the series, "How I became converted.")
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7. Editor's Corner.
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The foregoing is merely a rough sketch of the contents for January, subject to slight changes. It is a fair sample of what AUTUMN LEAVES will be during 1909. Many new features are to appear.

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